Liberty

UNE 7, 1947

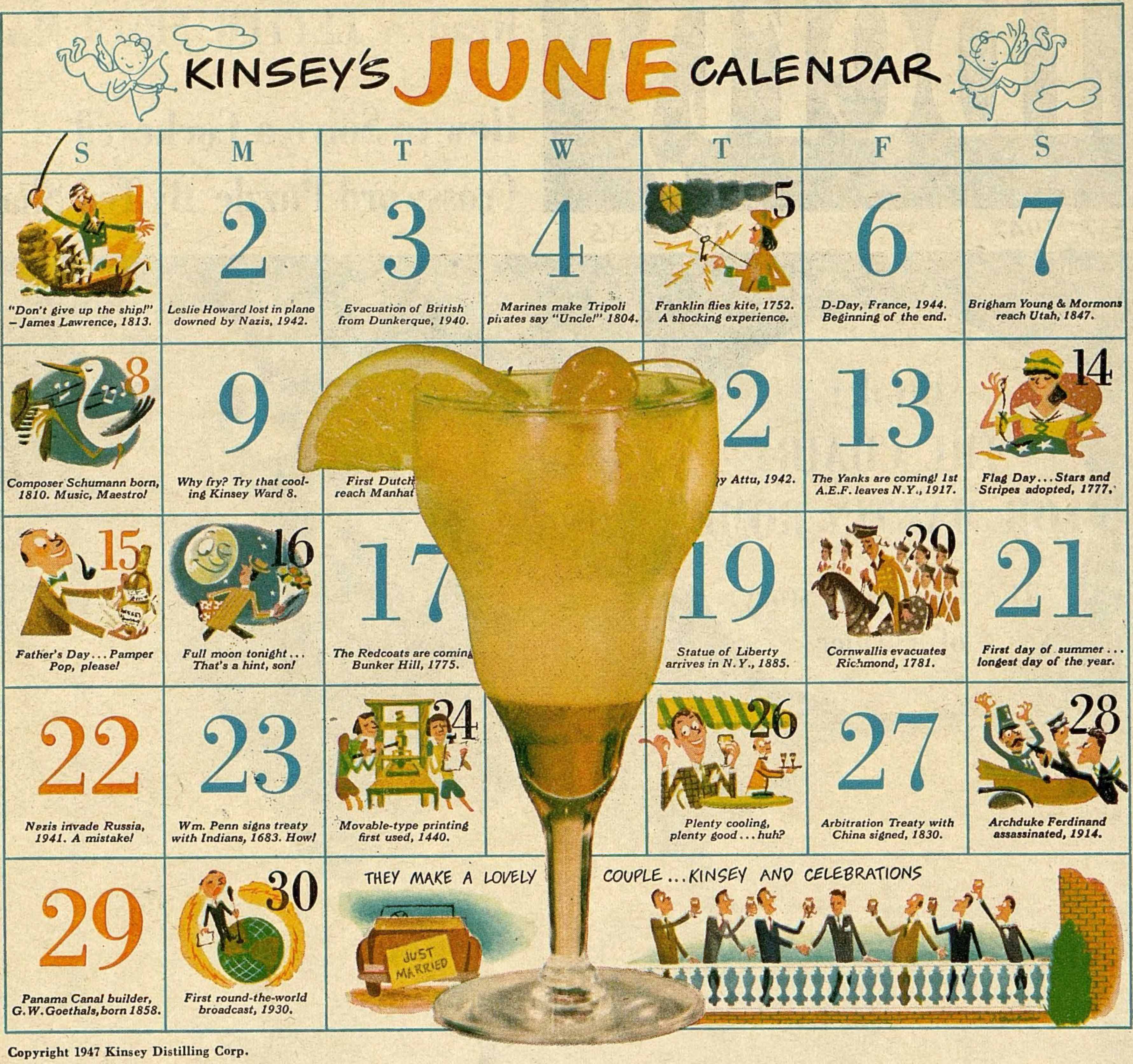
10 CENTS

Does True Love Ever Die?
Read A LETTER FROM MAC

How to Solve a Cockeyed Crossword Puzzle By Ted Shane

Book:
THE CHAIR FOR MARTIN ROME
The Terrifying Story of a Killer

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH)



KINSEY'S JUNE CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1 "Don't give up the ship!" – James Lawrence, 1813.	2 Leslie Howard lost in plane downed by Nazis, 1942.	3 Evacuation of British from Dunkerque, 1940.	4 Marines make Tripoli pirates say "Uncle!" 1804.	5 Franklin flies kite, 1752. A shocking experience.	6 D-Day, France, 1944. Beginning of the end.	7 Brigham Young & Mormons reach Utah, 1847.
8 Composer Schumann born, 1810. Music, Maestro!	9 Why fry? Try that cooling Kinsey Ward 8.	First Dutch reach Manhat		2 y Attu, 1942.	13 The Yanks are coming! 1st A.E.F. leaves N.Y., 1917.	14 Flag Day... Stars and Stripes adopted, 1777.
15 Father's Day... Pamper Pop, please!	16 Full moon tonight... That's a hint, son!	17 The Redcoats are coming Bunker Hill, 1775.		19 Statue of Liberty arrives in N.Y., 1885.	20 Cornwallis evacuates Richmond, 1781.	21 First day of summer... longest day of the year.
22 Nazis invade Russia, 1941. A mistake!	23 Wm. Penn signs treaty with Indians, 1683. How!	24 Movable-type printing first used, 1440.		26 Plenty cooling, plenty good... huh?	27 Arbitration Treaty with China signed, 1830.	28 Archduke Ferdinand assassinated, 1914.
29 Panama Canal builder, G. W. Goethals, born 1858.	30 First round-the-world broadcast, 1930.	THEY MAKE A LOVELY COUPLE... KINSEY AND CELEBRATIONS				

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

The Kinsey drink for June is great—
Try it soon—a smooth Ward 8!

Question: What is so rare as a day in June? *Answer:* A drink as delicious and satisfying as a Ward 8 made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how to mix one:

¼ oz. Grenadine . . . gently add crushed ice . . . ½ oz. lemon juice . . . 1¼ oz. Kinsey Whiskey. Decorate with slice of orange and cherry. Stirring is optional.

Mouth-watering, isn't it? But so is *any* drink made with mellow, flavorful Kinsey. Why not try this whiskey soon? We think you'll find it a really delightful discovery.

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BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

KINSEY
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

Since 1892

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

Make a wish! Little Bette Daly (third from the left), just four years old, may well wish that she grows up to be as pretty as her Mommy. Read why she's well on her way toward having her "model" mother's sparkling smile!

Betty Daly is a Model Mother—five times over!

She safeguards the future smiles of not one, not two, but five little Dalys!

PROBABLY you've met Betty Daly. In newsreel fashion revues, smiling at you from under John-Frederics' newest creation. Or modeling a smart little $15,000 mink number.

Now meet the *real* Betty Daly—mother of 3 boys, 2 girls! A "model" mother who teaches her children what models know so well: The importance of a smile. The older Daly children, in fact, already follow Betty's prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

For this Jackson Heights, N. Y. mother knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for healthy gums.

Jere, Joan, Jackie and Bette hear Mrs. Daly explain proper care of teeth and gums. Among adults, sensitive gums, "pink tooth brush," are signs to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Peace and quiet descend on the Daly household after this nightly workout. Nightly, the Daly gums, too, get a workout—with Ipana and gentle massage. For Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums become firmer . . . teeth brighter . . . smiles more sparkling.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Firmer gums, brighter teeth—with Ipana and Massage

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The LION'S ROAR

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The greatest star of the screen!

"LIVING IN A BIG WAY" is not a bad idea.

★ ★ ★ ★

It involves embracing life. Recommended for those who like embracing.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's new musical, "Living in a Big Way" will make you merrier. It may make you live in an even bigger way.

★ ★ ★

Gene Kelly and Marie McDonald are the "Boy-meets-Girl" of this hearty, happy picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gene is the shiniest dancer—the best "timer" of scenes—and, to our and the public's mind, one of the very top stars in pictures. He has never been better, not even in "Anchors Aweigh". How the boy can dance!

★ ★ ★ ★

What originality characterizes his dance plots! The scene in which he does a terpsichorean routine on the girders of an unfinished dream-house is worth your week's movie allowance.

He teeters on a block and tackle, totters on ladders. Sure-footed, sure-fire Gene!

★ ★ ★

Marie McDonald has been bruited about a bit in the columns. She is known as "The Body". Her curves are classic and where she walks one hears a whistle.

★ ★ ★

In addition to Gene and Marie, you will see Charles Winninger, Phyllis Thaxter, Spring Byington, and others.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gregory La Cava, the director, is also the author, collaborating with Irving Ravetch. Pandro S. Berman, one of our better producers, is the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

When William James, the philosopher, was asked, "Is life worth living?" he said, "It all depends on the liver".

★ ★ ★ ★

And if the liver is "living in a big way", then life has its worth. So roareth the Lion among philosophers—

—*Leo*

Liberty

PAUL HUNTER
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The World Today in Fact, Fiction, and Pictures

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The next issue will appear Friday, June 6, 1947

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Star of this famous Indian Rope Trick is
JACK CARSON
starring in
"LOVE AND LEARN"
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...but fate pulled the trigger!"

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Produced by Aubrey Schenck •
Bryan Foy in charge of Production

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

FINE AND DANBY

CHICAGO, ILL.—John B. Danby, author of The Piano Industry Tunes Up (March 29), should be complimented on the manner in which he dealt with a specialized industry. His article demonstrates that he went to sufficient trouble to ascertain the facts and to present them correctly.—*Roy E. Waite, Editor, Piano Trade Magazine.*

ISOLATIONISM?

SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA—At the risk of being called a Fascist by the so-called "intelligentsia," I wish to register a strong protest against admitting "displaced people" to this country. The immigration laws should be tightened, not loosened. We don't want to flood the country with cheap inefficient labor and possible foreign propaganda. Let us use common sense instead of maudlin sentiment. Why not use part of the proposed Greek and Turkish loan to help the *American* displaced person *first*? Why not take care of our thousands and thousands of veterans *and* civilians who are homeless and jobless?

We are tired of being constantly asked to give to this or that foreign relief, but never to any relief to Americans. At present the whole world regards us as a "Sucker Santa Claus." Let us take care of Americans first, last, and always. Let us give *them* a fair deal, which they so richly deserve.

Please do not publish my address—merely my name.—*Mrs. Ann V. Aurentz.*

Well, the name, as that man Allen might say on the air, isn't Colonel McCormick, kiddies!—VOX POP EDITOR.

SORRIER NOW?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Just read Sorry Subscriber's letter about "stork plumage" (Vox Pop, April 26). I am wearing the maternity styles now, and I certainly don't consider my appearance "vulgar." Confidentially, I'm pretty proud of it. My husband and I were pleased to see that the fashion experts hadn't forgotten the expectant mother.—*Mrs. John Haver.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In reply to Sorry Subscriber, I want to say it is ridiculous for a grown woman to make such a statement. Sorry Subscriber will probably consider me a mere child (I am 14), but I think I have a lot more sense than she has. If she ever gets married (???), she'll learn that expectant mothers like to be in style, too.—*A Disgusted Bobby-Soxer.*

?
Dear Liberty

These happen to be the top two of a tall stack of letters from feminine Vox Poppers, all telling off Sorry Subscriber and her boy friend. We'd suspected she might be kidding about their having been embarrassed by Liberty's Eyewitness pictures of "stork plumage."—VOX POP EDITOR.

G.I. PARADISE?

FARRAGUT, IDAHO—I was a student at Farragut College and Technical Institute during the last quarter. I dropped out in protest against this school's disservice to the veterans of World War II. In Alice Maxwell's article, They Learn to Earn (March 29), I can find a misstatement in almost every paragraph.

It is *not* a fact that almost every trade is taught in the trade school. Only ten are now being taught. One taught last quarter was watchmaking. Students came from all parts of the country to enroll. They went through the whole quarter with practically no tools and no watches to work on. This quarter, watchmaking has been dropped from the curriculum. Imagine how those students feel who spent large sums to come out here and then found that, after wasting three months here, they must move again!

Almost every trade-school student is dissatisfied with the amount of tools and shop equipment. At least one instructor tried to resign because of the lack of tools and the lack of co-operation in securing them that was shown by the administration.

The fine nursery of which Alice Maxwell wrote has not been in operation during the past three months. There are a very fine building and play yard, but the college is not using them. All prospects are that there will be no nursery.

Although I had read in several places of a shortage of labor at the college, I found it impossible to get a job. Now, three months later, I still do not have one. The employment office promised to inform me at the first opportunity; but I was never called. No work!

We are too far from town to make it profitable to commute to work there, so I tried to live on my subsistence allowance, $90 a month. I found it impossible. The so-called nonprofit commissary store is really a privately owned store whose prices are slightly higher than will be found in neighboring towns.

According to the latest reports of the War Assets Administration, there will have to be improvement in teaching techniques, an increase in enrollment, and a sound financial condition. If these conditions are not met before the start of the summer quarter, the WAA will not grant a lease to the school. This refusal would be for the protection of veterans.

Many inquiries have been sent in recently by hopeful veterans, most of whom mentioned the article in Liberty. Some were so misled that they asked about postgraduate work. This college, so far, cannot offer any degrees, and only freshman subjects are taught.

Registration for the spring quarter was going on for five days. By 3 P. M. of the fifth day, only 568 students, new and old, had enrolled. For the winter quarter, there were approximately 1,000 enrolled. This will give you some idea of the number who left school. Many of my friends have told me they will not remain past June unless there are definite improvements.

The foregoing has been shown to the Administrative Assistant of the college. He admitted it was much closer to the facts than the impression left by the article in Liberty. He also gave me his word that anyone interested in Farragut College can now get the straight word by requesting it of the registrar.—*An ex-student.*

That's one of several long letters from student vets or wives who found They Learn to Earn a far too flattering portrayal of Farragut College and Technical Institute as it is today.—Vox Pop Editor.

WHERE CREDIT WAS DUE

New York, N. Y.—We are grateful for your article, Holiday Without Women (February 1), which will acquaint more people with the benefits of Russian and Turkish baths. However, you did not mention the name of the hotel of which the pictures were taken.—*L. Turin, Luxor Baths Hotel.*

The hotel was, of course, the Luxor Baths. Its name was omitted through inadvertence. —Vox Pop Editor.

FOR YOUR TOUR THROUGH HISTORY...

Switch to—

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Three great documents of freedom were signed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia . . . the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Federation and the Constitution.

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AUTO-LITE MEANS PRECISION MANUFACTURING

• Travel is an American freedom, too . . . born with our free roads, come of age with modern automobiles. See America this summer in a car with a smooth running engine. Replace faulty plugs with ignition-engineered Auto-Lites, specified as original factory equipment for many of America's finest cars. Money cannot buy a better spark plug. Switch to Auto-Lite!

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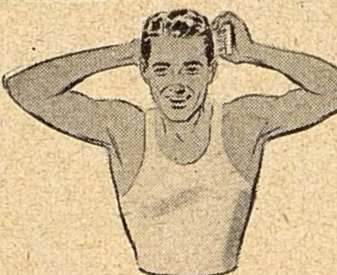
Scorching sun and drenching water leave hair dull and brittle!

Summer can be your hair's worst enemy. Precious scalp oils get baked out by sun, dried out by wind, washed out by your swim and shower. You wind up with dull, brittle, misbehaving hair. But *not* if you . . .

Use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

1. 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp. As you rub briskly, depleted natural scalp oils get the extra, *hair-shielding* help of Vitalis' pure vegetable oils. You prevent dryness, rout loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair.



2. 10 seconds to comb. And man, have you *ever* looked *better?* No greasy, "patent-leather" look, either—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. And that fresh, natural lustre is only *half* the story. Your scalp feels refreshed, invigorated! Get Vitalis today.

Keep hair handsome with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

Just Between Ourselves

"I HAVE the best job in New York," says John Chapman, author of BELL FOR BROADWAY (page 38). Mr. Chapman is drama critic for the New York Daily News, a job which requires him to attend all Broadway shows on opening night. Such positions are not easy to come by, and Chapman is no exception to the rule. He started reviewing plays in Denver—one of the greatest of the old "road" towns—when he was only seventeen. He worked with his father for a time on the Denver Times.

JOHN CHAPMAN

His father, Arthur Chapman, was the author of the immortal poem, Out Where the West Begins. Notwithstanding this and Mr. Greeley's advice, young John soon took it on the lam for New York and Columbia University. He left Columbia in favor of a part-time job on the Daily News. In 1926, Chapman became assistant to Burns Mantle, one of the greatest of all New York drama critics. After spells of columning both on Broadway and in Hollywood for the News, he became first-string drama critic when Mantle retired.

Tall, thin, and wearing tortoise-shelled glasses, Chapman looks like the public's conception of a drama critic. The resemblance ends there, however.

Unlike most professional night owls, he is a commuter. He lives in Westport, Connecticut, where he can putter around a garden in his spare daylight hours. On opening nights he puts up at his Manhattan apartment. His wife and fifteen-year-old daughter usually see the openings with him. Summers, the Chapmans rent their Westport house and head for California.

Chapman is fastidiously impartial about the plays he covers. He is so determined not to be influenced, that he makes it a point not to know who wrote, directed, or designed the sets for any show he covers. All of which is praise indeed for Marion Bell, the lovely lass from the Broadway hit, Brigadoon, whom Chapman writes up in this issue of Liberty.

DAVID ALBRECHT, who views with alarm the annulment situation in FREEDOM WITHOUT DIVORCE (page 13), is a family man himself. His wife, Rosalind, studies psychology at New York University; while daughter Lois, age thirteen, is interested almost entirely in the movies; and son David, age seven, wants to be a writer.

Mr. Albrecht is a lawyer and a specialist on marriage and divorce. He is bringing a book out on the subject next fall. His first law case—shortly after graduating from New York University's law school in 1934—was somewhat far afield from this specialty. He became receiver for a bankrupt pie manu-

DAVID ALBRECHT

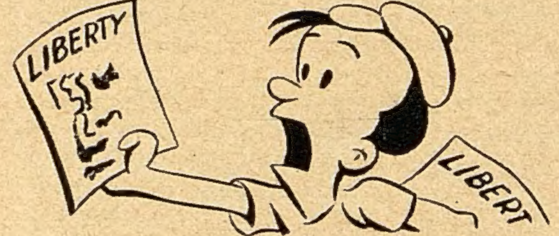
facturer, and so successfully operated the company that he was able to cut a nice pie for himself at the end of the year.

The Albrechts live in New York during the winter, and at Port Jefferson, Long Island, during the summer. The summers are enlivened for the family by their two goats, Sugar and Candy, who haul the children around in a cart, supply milk, and have suprisingly conventional and modest appetites.

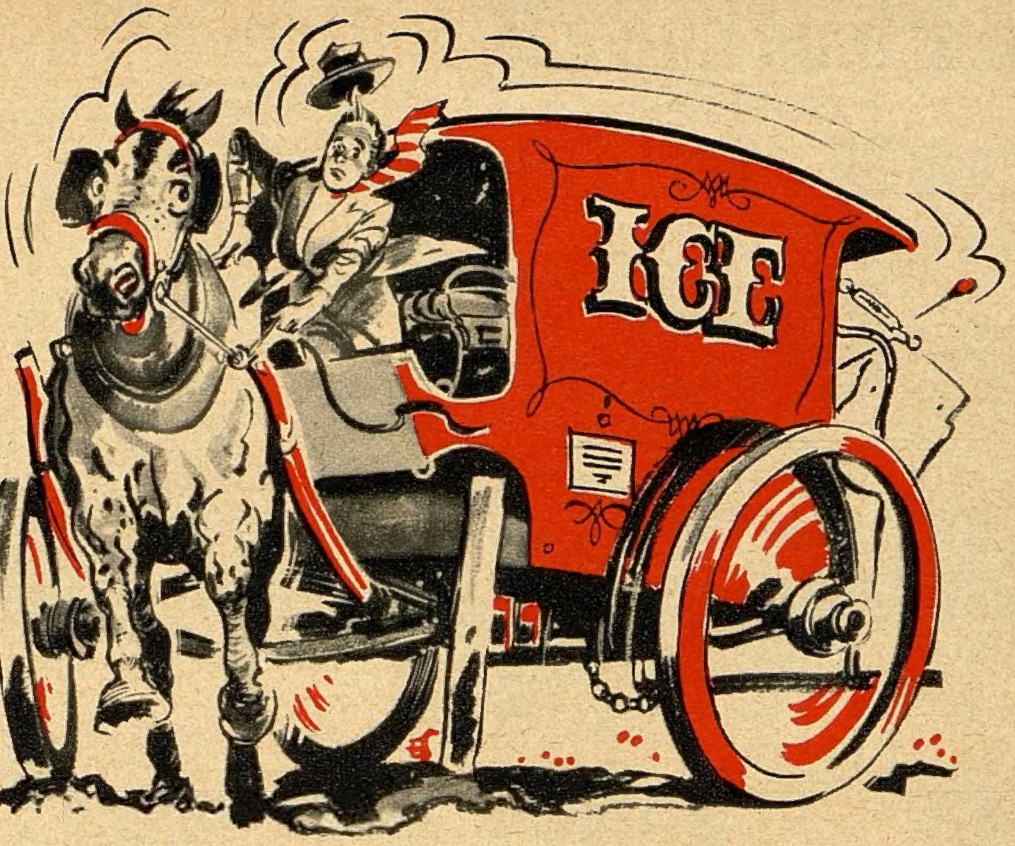
JOSEPH AUSLANDER, author of RUNNER AT MY SIDE (page 54), is the famous American poet. As a poet, he has a special distinction. He is married to a poet—or poetess, if you prefer. Mrs. Auslander is Audrey Wurdemann, the 1935 Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry. The Auslanders have collaborated on at least one poem, More than Bread, which they wrote together in 1936.

THE idea for one article in this issue was born on a Provincetown-to-Boston boat one bright afternoon last summer. Your correspondent, then Liberty's Executive Editor, was reclining peacefully in a deck chair when his repose was shattered by three Waves who seemed to be having some trouble. He noticed that one of them had a copy of Liberty, and all were desperately attempting to solve Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crossword Puzzle. Knowing that the U. S. Navy required more than a modicum of intelligence for its personnel, we thought it might be a good idea to publish the answer to the question Liberty's Executive Editor would not have been able to answer that day—had he been so foolhardy as to identify himself to the puzzled Waves. The question, of course, is HOW TO SOLVE A COCKEYED CROSSWORD PUZZLE, and it is answered on page 22 by the one man who presumably can solve them—Ted Shane.

PREVIEW OF THE NEXT BIG ISSUE



REDS IN OUR ATOM-BOMB PLANTS, one of the most important articles Liberty has ever published, comes up in the June 21 issue, out June 6. The author is Representative J. Parnell Thomas, chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. You can't afford to miss this astounding revelation of Communist intrigue at Oak Ridge. . . . Another provocative revelation is BRITAIN'S FABULOUS BID FOR NEW EMPIRE, by Beverley Owen. This fact-packed piece tells how impoverished Britain is staking one hundred million dollars on a powerful atomic-age fortress in Africa. . . . You'll also want to read LOW MAN ON THE LINKS, an article by Stanley Anderson about Bobby Locke of South Africa who is burning up U.S. courses now. . . . And there's a bright close-up of luscious Hedy Lamarr by Elizabeth Wilson. . . . In fiction, you'll be thrilled by THE WOMAN WITH A SCAR, a great story of love and intrigue in postwar Japan. . . . Golfers, and even those who just stand around and watch, will be gripped by a powerful story of the links titled 18th HOLE. . . . And don't miss the short short, THE NIGHT OF HAPPY WORDS, containing enough happy words for any night or day. . . . See you at your nearest newsstand. —*D. B.*



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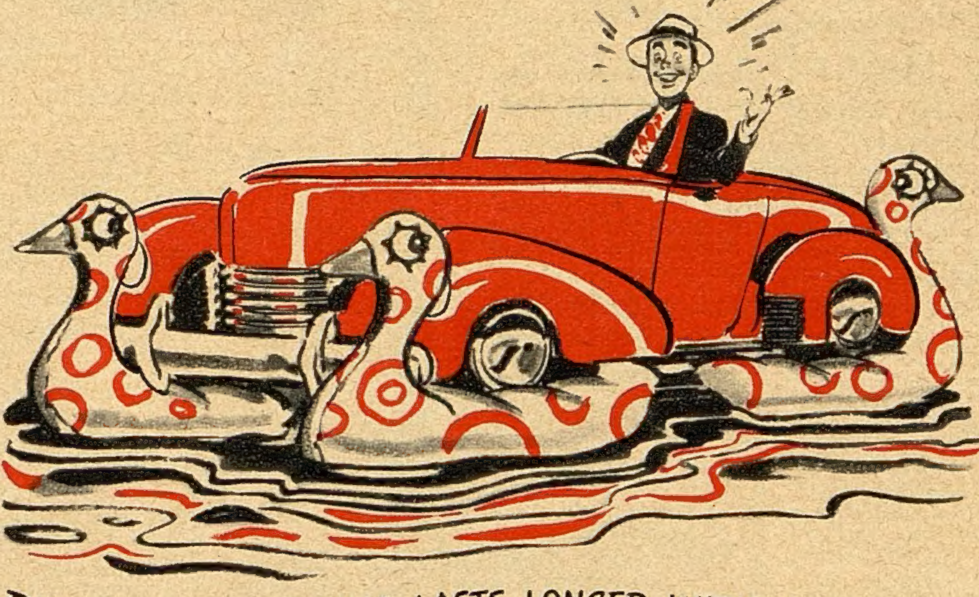

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Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the new TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

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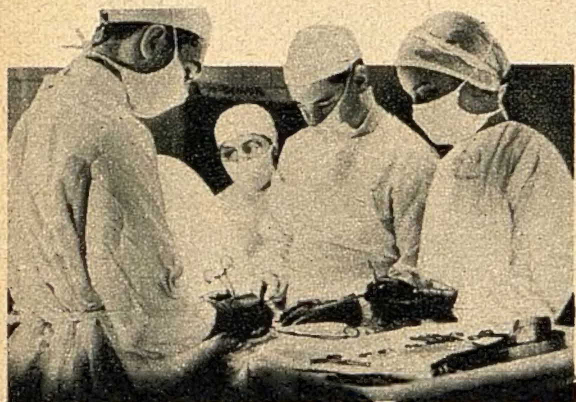
IN CASE OF
SICKNESS or ACCIDENT



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WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

TRADE PRIMERS • There is one factor behind the "Truman doctrine" about which little has been said but which is of key importance to U. S. business. This is the direct effect our loans have in stimulating foreign trade. At least 80 per cent of these sums is spent for U. S. goods and commodities. That means taking up any slack that may develop in our economy.

The extent of this foreign trade priming is graphically indicated by these figures: $400,000,000 for Greece and Turkey; $500,000,000 for Korea; $250,000,000 for Iran; $200,000,000 for France; $250,000,000 for Italy; $500,000,000 for China; $250,000,000 for India; $50,000,000 for Holland.

LEWIS

New Attack • Power-hungry John L. Lewis, his iron grip on the United Mine Workers shaken as a result of recent legal and governmental trouncings, has quietly launched a drive to move in on CIO's dissension-split United Auto Workers.

The spearhead of this undercover maneuver is Lewis' daughter, Kathryn, $10,000-a-year secretary of his privately ruled catch-all union, District 50.

Miss Lewis has held a series of secret conferences with dissident Auto leaders. Chief among her callers was beefy R. J. Thomas, ex-auto president and currently darling of the leftists. Big question in labor circles is whether Thomas is preparing to lead an exodus out of the Auto union into Lewis' District 50.

Trailer Boom • **The trailer industry is shattering all records. At a recent ten-day trailer show in Chicago, dealers snapped up the entire 1947 output, valued at $100,000,000. The new models range in price from $1,500 to $20,000. The 200 companies making trailers expect to turn out 50,000 this year. Census figures show 300,000 trailers in the United States, housing an estimated 900,000 people.**

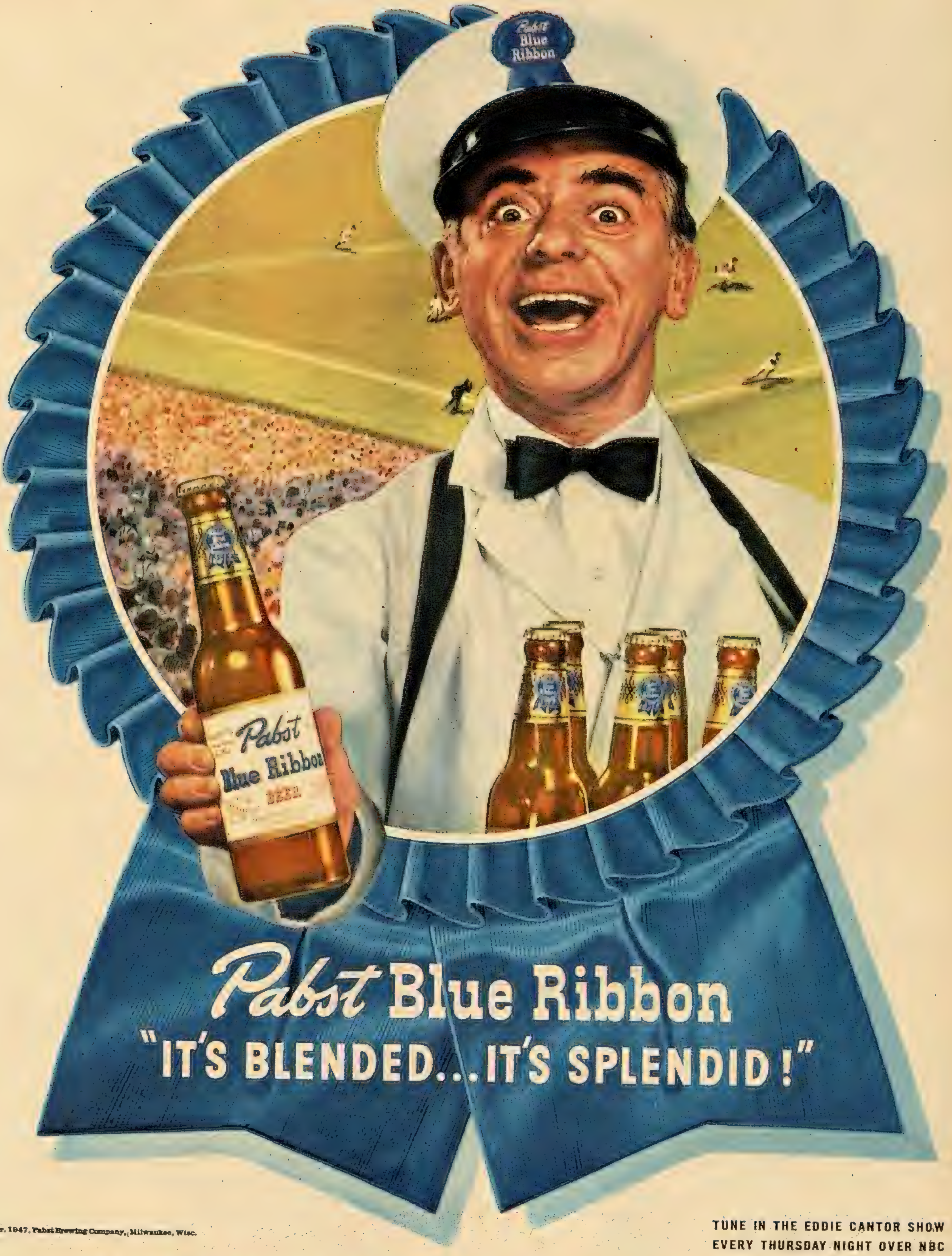
No Banzais • Privately, high officials are gravely concerned over the internal situation in Japan. According to a confidential report in the hands of Secretary Marshall, Jap economy is on the verge of collapse. Major disquieting facts revealed in this report are: Since February, 1946, yen circulation has skyrocketed from 20 to 130 billion; coal production nose-dived from 50 to 20 million tons annually; collection and distribution of food is chaotic; reconversion of war industries, which constitute 80 per cent of Jap plants, is practically nonexistent; and nothing really has been done to break up big estates or to smash the *zaibatsu*, the financial barons of Nippon.

One of the most serious charges is against U. S. occupation officers. The report says flatly most of them are unfitted for their jobs.

Around the Circuit • **President Truman keeps a daily diary, which he started when he entered the White House. . . . Organized labor is going into FM radio. Two AFL unions and one CIO are establishing stations in the Middle West. . . . The eight-inch guns now being installed on new U. S. cruisers fire four times faster than those used in the recent war. . . . High on the list for key jobs in the State Department clean-up are Milton Eisenhower, brother of the Chief of Staff; James Angell, Jr., Columbia University professor; and Robert A. Lovett, former Assistant Secretary of War for Air.**

Out on a Limb • Despite John L. Lewis' scowls and growls, there will not be another coal strike June 30, when the government turns the mines back to their owners. . . . The present ultra-reactionary Greek regime will undergo a drastic shake-up as a result of U. S. demands. . . . Hawaii's bid for statehood will be approved by the House, but will not get by the Senate this session. A similar bill for Alaska will go over to next year. . . . If the general price level has not declined 10 per cent by July 1, President Truman will submit a legislative plan to Congress to force prices down.

"You're safe on Thirst!" says **EDDIE CANTOR**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THE MAGAZINE OF
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JUSTICE
OF THE
PEACE

Freedom WITHOUT Divorce

Is trial marriage becoming a fact? A fantastic boom in annulments indicates it may be soon — unless something is done about the latest legal phenomenon

By David V. Albrecht

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Judge Benjamin Barr Lindsey wrote a book in the late '20s and said that companionate marriage would soon be an established social fact, the country was shocked. Yet today we are heading toward legalized trial matrimony by a route that even Judge Lindsey didn't foresee. It is the easy, often collusive annulment, a new phenomenon on the legal horizon.

One out of three marriages today ends up in the courts. Those that smash up in divorce attract the headlines. But back of the headlines, almost unobserved, has been an astronomical increase in the number of annulments. Now for every 100 divorces, at least 40 annulments are granted, and in some sections of the country the percentage of increase in annulments is fast outclimbing the rise in divorces.

The statistics are bald. In the State of New York, for

example, there were only 384 annulments in 1935. Ten years later there were 4,902. (There were only 3,900 in the entire country in 1932.) And over a four-year period ending in 1946, actions for annulments increased 178.5 per cent while actions for divorce increased only 72.2 per cent. Jurists the country over are aware of the fantastic rise in annulments and of the fact that most of the actions are collusive. But for the most part they are powerless to intervene in what amounts to a companionate mating and shedding.

Not many years ago the annulment was a rare and specialized legal proceeding. For the most part it was resorted to in America to invalidate the weddings of boys and girls under the legal marriageable age. It was also expensive, three times more costly than divorce. Today one can afford an annulment if one can afford a divorce—anything from $300 to $2,500, depending upon the client's ability to pay and the prestige of the lawyer retained.

THE legal advantages of this form of dissolution are obvious, particularly in a state like New York, where the sole ground for divorce is adultery by one of the spouses. The courts consider valid some 200 grounds for annulment. The woman who obtains an annulment may thereafter consider herself as never having been married. Her church will not stand in the way of the second marriage. Children by the union are legitimate.

And the man thus freed need never remember the trial period in which he loved and lost at no cost—except perhaps at society's expense. He need have no fear of future legal action, such as sometimes crops up in a collusive divorce where years later the plaintiff wife, proving need, has brought action for alimony. In such a suit, the former husband has no defense, since by his collusion he has allowed himself to be adjudged the guilty party. Finally, there need be no stigma of adultery.

No one will deny that annulment is a wholesome institution when it is not abused. The six general grounds for action themselves support this conclusion—fraud and misrepresentation, force and duress, bigamy, incest, impotency, and mental incapacity. But the courts recognize 157 varieties of fraud and misrepresentation alone, and many of the actions for annulment coming before judges and referees today suggest fraud-upon-fraud.

Some are so ludicrous that the courts dismiss them peremptorily. Such are the cases of the woman who charged that her husband claimed he was making $35 at the time of their wedding when actually he was earning only $25; the woman who claimed that her husband refused to have more children after two were born; and the wife, married six years, who said she learned shortly after her marriage that her husband had been convicted of a crime. In the last instance the court held that while the man's failure to reveal his criminal record before marriage might in itself constitute serious misrepresentation, the wife's slow boil—six years—nullified the appeal.

A common case today, and commonly successful, is that of the young wife who charges that her husband has admitted an unwillingness to have children after a solemn premarital promise to do so. Both religion and the law agree that having children is one of the purposes of marriage, so judges generally heed these appeals. Yet who is to say that the real reason is not simply that ardor has cooled? At least it is a coincidence that the same witnesses are present not only at the time of the husband's prenuptial promise, but also at the post-marital denouement when he admits it was all a hoax and that he never intended to raise a family.

Of course, the judges and referees aren't blind, and many feel that justice shouldn't be, either. In many of these cases they realize that young couples caught up by the high emotions of wartime and threatened by separation have entered into hasty marriage — and bargained badly. They know, too, that the marriage of couples of different faiths can sometimes have unhappy consequences. But the length of the parade to the unhitching post indicates clearly that many young people are seeking merely to end an experiment in matrimony.

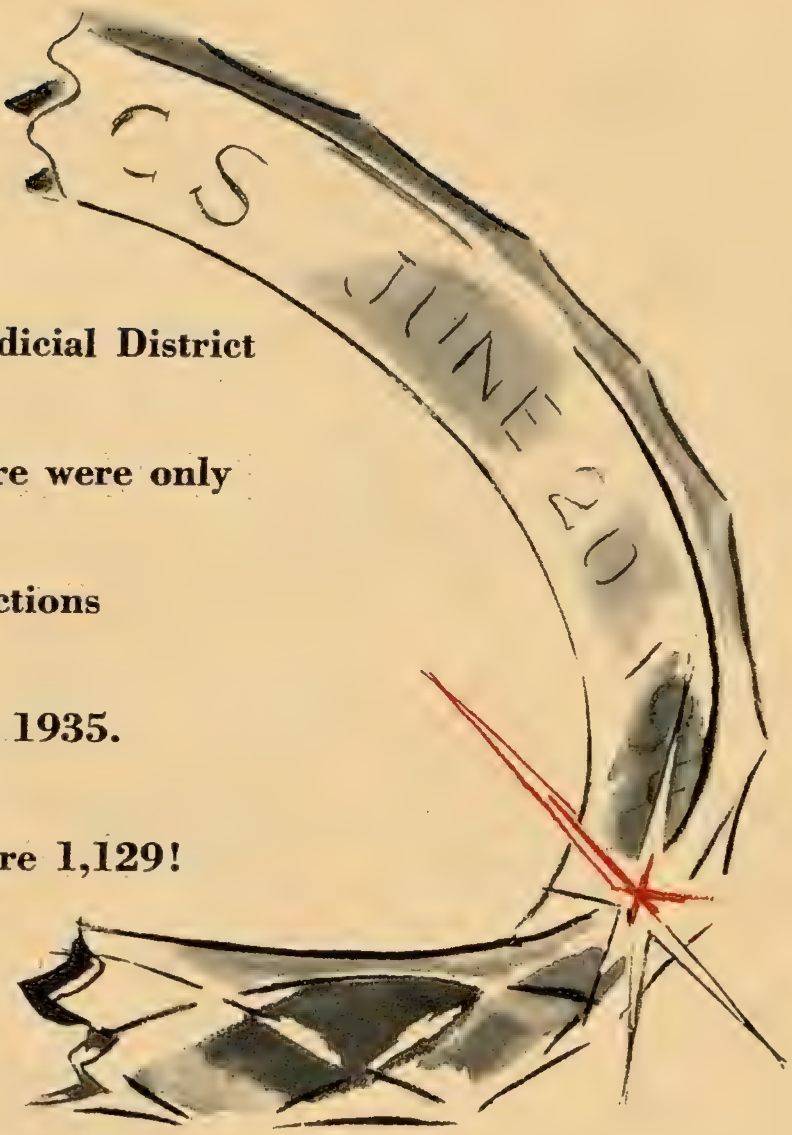
In practice, many fraud cases are based on the determination of the husband or wife not to have children. Most churches recognize that one of the chief objects of marriage is to bear and rear children. Hence, while their creed may strongly oppose divorce, couples assume that they can annul their marriage on such grounds without offending their religious beliefs.

IN this connection, the Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, director of the Family Life Bureau, National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C., says:

"Of primary importance, is the question, 'What is an annulment?' It is a declaration, based on fact, that no marriage had actually taken place in the case of the parties concerned. In the great majority of present-day alleged annulments this definition does not apply. The marriages were real marriages and there is no basis whatever to declare them null and void.

"There is much trickery in the present secular annulment picture.

In the Eighth Judicial District of New York there were only 37 uncontested actions for annulment in 1935. In 1946 there were 1,129!



Often the reason for seeking a declaration of nullity is precisely the same as that which starts so many on the road to the divorce court—the wish to remarry. The situation bespeaks the highest measure of personal and social irresponsibility.

"A considerable factor is the carelessness with which individuals are permitted to enter upon marriage. Apparently in vast numbers of cases practically no investigation is made regarding those who ask for licenses to marry. Hurried and careless marriages certainly should not take place. Nevertheless, when they do, they are real marriages and there is no basis on this score for declaring them other than valid unions.

"Apparently there are some in high position who are encouraging these so-called annulments. They have become another lucrative racket. The annulment situation, so rapidly getting out of hand in at least some parts of the country, is just another proof of the inadequacy of the law alone to control the morals of the people and uphold the common good."

Judge Lindsey defined companionate marriage as "a legal marriage with legalized birth control and with the right of divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony." Many find difficulty in detecting any material difference between this concept and the modern marriage-and-annulment technique. It may differ in intent, but not in effect. And, they argue, if annulment continues to be so easy, the next logical step is for couples to marry with the prior intention of dissolving the union.

IT isn't quite so easy yet. Consider the case of Ruth and Kenneth. They were married in a civil ceremony. She testified that Kenneth had promised to follow the civil ceremony with a church wedding, and to have children. After they had lived as husband and wife in a home of their own for nearly four years, Kenneth finally told Ruth that he couldn't be married in the church because he had been previously divorced, and that he never intended to have children.

The court denied her application for annulment. It held that a wife may not by her conduct acquiesce in a persistent course of action by her husband for four years and then urge it as a reason for annulling the marriage. They were adults. It wasn't an instance of a girl marrying a boy in haste on the eve of his departure overseas. For four years she had enjoyed the fruits of a union rooted, as she well knew, in sin, according to the teachings of her faith. Now she sought refuge in the very teachings which she disregarded when it was convenient to do so.

Obviously her story was a pretext to obtain her freedom. But if Ruth had been able to present a legitimate reason for her delay, or at least a plausible excuse—as hundreds of others have done—in all probability her suit would have been successful. For failure to fulfill a promise of a second, religious ceremony is another frequently successful ground for annulment. Indeed, the number of such promises made in the presence of witnesses is astonishing.

Fraud is the usual ground in most annulment cases and it may take many forms. Any misrepresentation or fraud in the matter of age, chastity, citizenship, character, business or profession, education and health may prove grounds for annulment. And by no means are all such actions based on trivial or fictitious claims, although many of them take curious turns.

A CASE in point is that of Harry and Beatrice. They had been keeping company for a long time, but Harry had never mentioned marriage. When Beatrice finally brought up the question, Harry assured her that he would like to marry, but said that he hadn't yet sufficient means to support her and raise a family. Beatrice countered by saying that she had $8,000 in the bank which he could have to set himself up in business. On the strength of this assurance, Harry married her in a civil ceremony, but the marriage was never consummated because Beatrice then confessed that the $8,000 didn't exist.

Harry sued for annulment on the ground of fraud and misrepresentation, stating that he was unable to support his wife without the money. While agreeing with Beatrice that Harry was, perhaps, unchivalrous and gullible, the court nevertheless ruled in his favor. The business which Beatrice's mythical money was to establish was Harry's only prospect of supporting her, as she well knew. Harry had been defrauded, the court decided, and he was granted an annulment.

There are five other general grounds for annulment. Bigamy and mental incapacity are two. Another is force and duress. Any consent so obtained will void the marriage contract, as Manuela Mora discovered. This Spanish señorita came to the United States on a six-month visa in 1939.

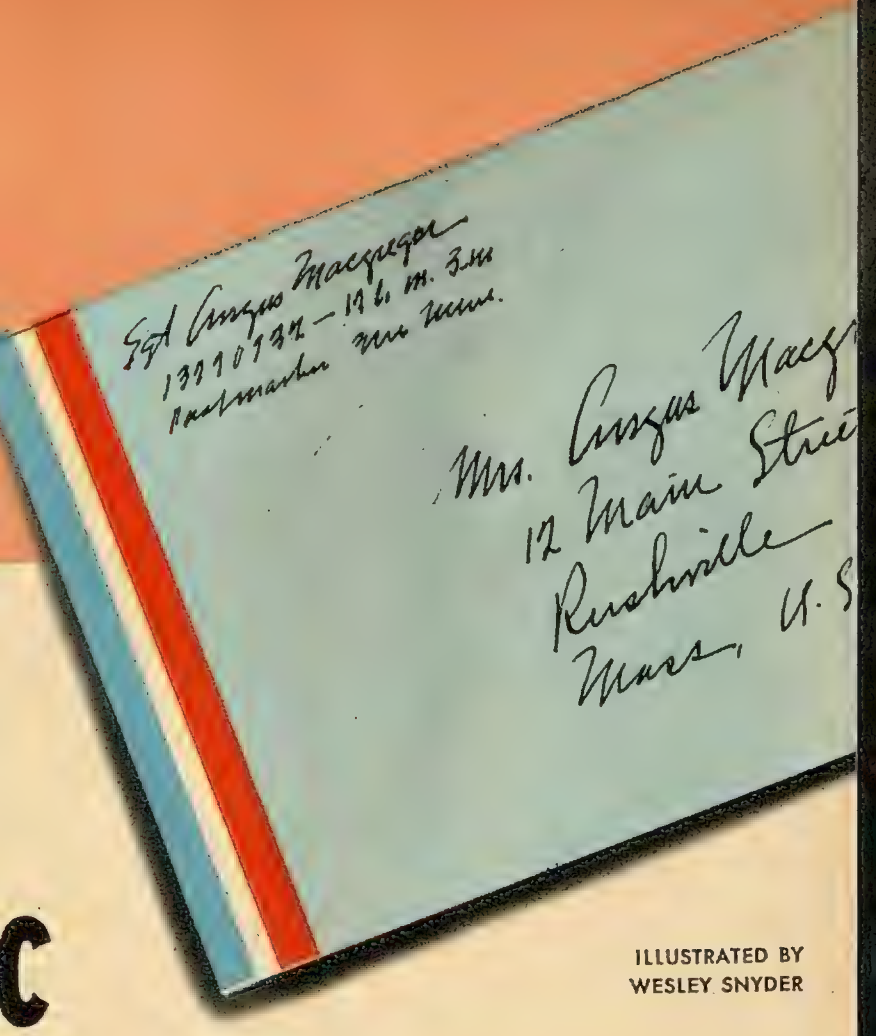
With the war imminent, she decided she'd like to stay. She met a law student, Eddie Grant, and they became familiar. Three months later she told him she was pregnant.

When Eddie balked at marriage, Manuela threatened to disfigure him with a stiletto. They were married by a wayside clergyman within an hour. Shortly thereafter she confessed that she had lied about her

(*Continued on page 84*)

An extraordinary tale for all whose husbands and lovers were lost in the war. *Lost?* Once you've read this, you won't be so sure

By GRACE NIES FLETCHER



A Letter FROM MAC

ILLUSTRATED BY WESLEY SNYDER

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

TONY TRAZZINI was staying after school, but instead of writing his spelling words twenty times he was dipping an unhappy fly in and out of his inkwell. From time to time he glanced apprehensively up at the front of the room, but Jeannie MacGregor sat on, dreaming at her desk.

There'll be a letter from Mac today, she was thinking. I know it! Maybe it'll say when he is coming home.

It had been such a long time. First the war, and then, when everybody else from the combat units came home, Mac had stayed on in Germany because he was a teacher and the fresh troops coming over needed courses to build up their morale. It seemed a second lifetime since the war had ended. But all day long she'd had a feeling that she was going to hear from him; something definite this time. The belief had been so strong that it was only by a conscious effort of will that she'd been able to stay in the chalky smell of the schoolroom, to keep approximately still forty squirming little bodies. "A bucket of worms," Mr. Curtis, the principal, called the first grade affectionately.

"Miz MacGregor, did your husband give you them guns?" Tony demanded.

Jeannie came to with a start. "Those." She smiled down at the small eager figure in the faded blue dungarees and the red-and-white-striped jersey. "Why, yes, Tony, he did." She touched the crossed muskets, Mac's regimental insignia that he'd had made into a pin for her and which she wore always at her throat. What was Tony saying?

"My ma says he ain't got no business wearing a uniform!" Tony poured out his bottled-up information. "She says, first he says war's no good and then he tells them they gotta go! My brother Pete, he goes, too, because his teacher goes. But my brother Pete, he gets killed, and Mr. Mac, he's in a safe place teaching books. My ma says he's a son of a—"

"Tony!" Jeannie gasped, stopping him. So this was what the town still thought. Maybe you couldn't blame Mrs. Trazzini for feeling that way, and yet it wasn't true. Jeannie ordered, "Come here, Tony."

He stood close to her desk, beaming up at her out of liquid brown eyes, utterly unconscious that he had hurt her, his beloved teacher. She told him steadily, her heart pounding, "Mr. Mac did fight—all through France and into Germany. It was only when the war was over they made him teach."

"Why did he go?" Tony asked. "He didn't hafta, my ma says. He was too old."

"Listen, Tony—" How to make him understand? Jeannie put her arm around him and tried. "When you started to—er—swipe Sally's piece of candy and then put it back into her desk, what stopped you?"

Tony paled. Miz MacGregor must have eyes all over her. "I dunno." But her clear eyes were compelling, so finally he whispered, "Something told me to."

"Something told Mr. Mac to go," she explained.

"Oh," Tony said, satisfied.

"You may go now," Jeannie told him. As his feet clattered off down the corridor, down the iron stairs, Jeannie wanted to yell, too, with release, to run home to where Mac's letter about his home-coming would be waiting for her. She knew it would be there because there was a language between them deeper than words; their minds worked the same way. Maybe it was because they were both Scottish and had therefore, as Mac used to joke, "second sight." That very first day at college, when he'd bumped into her in the corridor, and then stood there, staring down at her as if he'd found something precious, he'd boasted about being Scottish.

HE'D been only a rawboned boy then, six feet two, with crisp bright hair, jutting dark brown, and an urgency about him like a throttled-down engine. He'd demanded, "Why haven't I seen you before?"

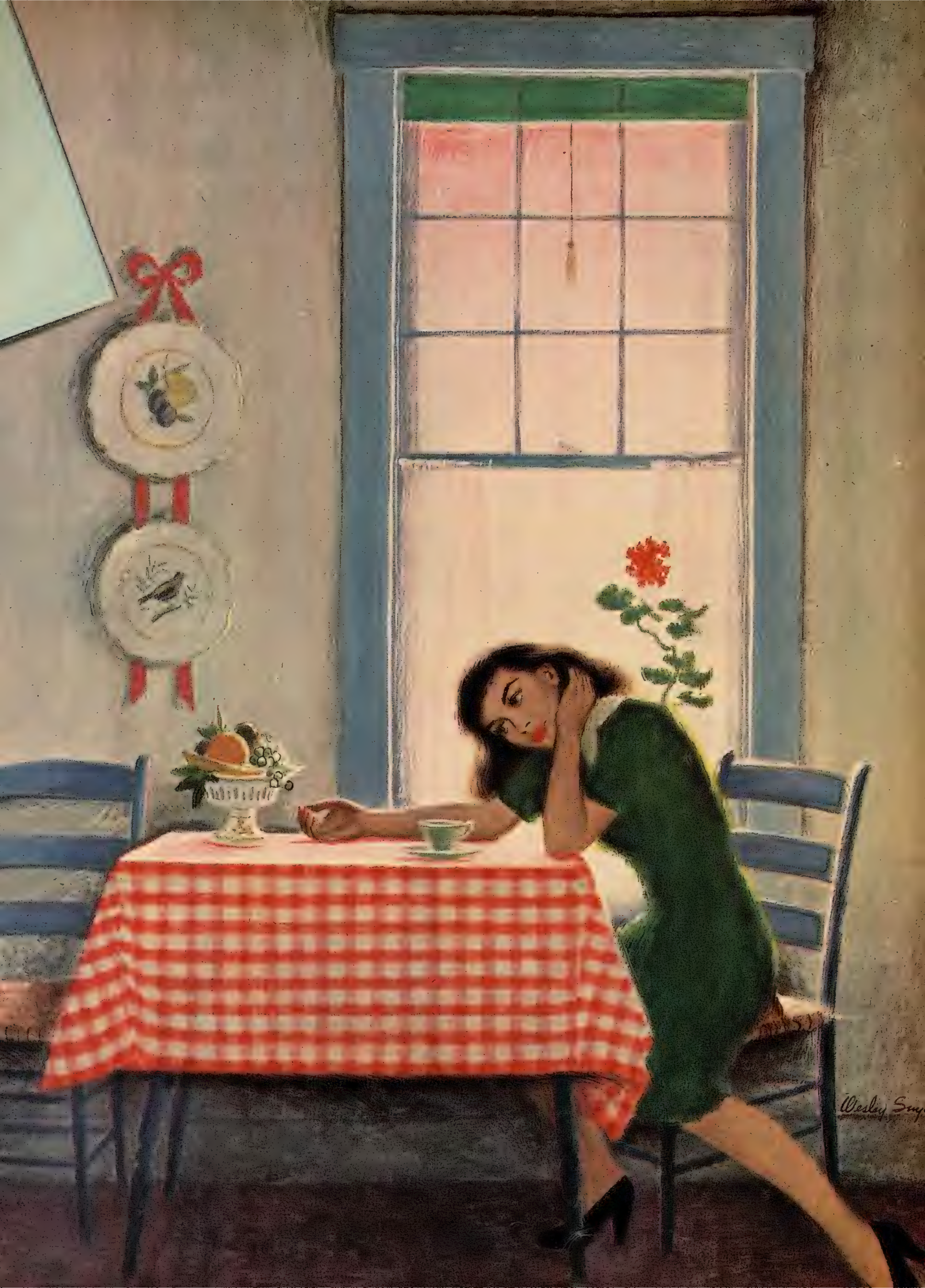
"I'm only a freshman," she'd laughed. "Jean Albright."

"Jeannie's a Scottish name!" he'd cried, delighted, falling into step beside her, carrying her books. "I'm Angus MacGregor. My grandfather was born in Edinburgh," he told her proudly. "He brought me up on stories about the Rock and Princes Street. I'm going to see them some day. Want to come along?"

She'd laughed. "This is so sudden. When do we start, Angus?"

(*Continued on page 92*)

The kitchen was full of purple dusk . . . the time of day she missed Mac most. Funny, there being no letter today.


Wesley Sny

ПРИВЕТ НОВИЧКАМ

I don't want my children to grow up in SOVIET RUSSIA

When Kiril Alexeiev, Soviet Embassy attaché in Mexico, refused to return to Russia, Americans wondered why. His wife here reveals the shocking reasons in an article that cuts deep behind the Iron Curtain

By Nina I. Alexeiev

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

NEWS that my husband, Kiril Alexeiev, acting commercial attaché of the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City, and his family had refused to return to Russia and were seeking sanctuary in the United States made headlines in late 1946. So did the attempt of the Soviet Embassy in Washington to have us extradited for execution. Americans naturally wondered about our motives. How could any of them guess that the most decisive of these, as far as I was concerned, was the fact that I didn't want my children to grow up in the Soviet Union?

Kiril and I both belonged to the relatively privileged group of technical specialists earning together from five to ten times as much as the average skilled worker under us. Despite this, our lives had been so overworked, so wretchedly poor, that the existence of a typical working-class American family as we have observed it here seems luxurious by contrast. I could not bring myself to condemn my two children to the fate of youth under Soviet conditions. No price seemed

SOVFOTO

In Russian schools "their (my children's) best instincts would be distorted . . . to fit the needs of an all-powerful state."

to me too great if it bought for our nine-year-old Vova (Vladimir) and our eleven-year-old Lalya (Victoria) the chance to develop normally as free human beings.

All my life I have looked at the world through the eyes of children, as it were. My own childhood—I was only four when the Bolsheviks seized power—coincided with the grim years of civil war, famine, and rising police terror. Living close to the Ukrainian peasants, I saw how forcible collectivization wrecked family life and turned innocent children into homeless beggars in once fat and smiling villages.

In the first years after the Revolution hundreds of thousands of so-called "wild children" or *bezprizorni* overran our country. Orphans of civil strife and social upheaval, those dirt-crusted urchins in shredded rags, most of them diseased and depraved, roamed through the land begging, stealing, robbing, dying. Homes set up for their care could accommodate only a tiny fraction of these child tramps.

My mother was put in charge of such a children's home at Novo-Nikolayev in the Ukraine. There were more than 200 boys and girls, from five to eleven years old, under her care.

I have never forgotten how patiently and lovingly she labored to restore her pathetic wards to normality. It was a heartbreaking task. Many of the unfortunates were hardened little criminals at the tender age of seven or eight. My mother never had enough help and there were rarely enough clothes, beds, or food.

I could never, in the years that followed, accept the propaganda about "achievements" and the "happy Stalinist life" while all around me I saw half-starved neglected children, their minds and souls maimed by the abnormal Soviet conditions.

In recent years the government has sought to restore the family unit. The Kremlin has learned that social demoralization and juvenile depravity interfere with industrial production. It has decided to promote large families, for the same reasons—and by the same methods—as did Mussolini and Hitler in their day.

BUT spying on their elders, contempt for parents and teachers, have been implanted in our children almost from babyhood. The new generation has been taught to despise the moral code, the religious "prejudices," the traditions of their "backward" forbears; and to look to the state for *protection against their parents*. I knew personally of an incorrigible young hoodlum in our neighborhood who kept his father and mother terrorized by threatening to denounce them to the NKVD as "counterrevolutionaries." However farfetched such a charge, simple people are panic-stricken by the prospect of a police inquiry. When I recall such incidents—and there are many—a chill runs down my spine. What if my children were infected with that kind of vigilance?

With entire families crammed into a single room, there is little margin for biological mystery or childhood innocence. Boys and girls in Russia are considered grown up and left to their own devices at an age when Americans are still sheltered and protected. Their existence being drab, half-starved, in wretched surroundings, these young people seek excitement and escape in mischief wherever they can find it.

For me it is a wholly delightful sight to look at American teen-agers who are really young. At the same time it makes me deeply sad for children in my native land who miss this wonder period of growing up; who move from childhood to adulthood almost without prelude.

IN Moscow, late in 1944, juvenile rowdyism, drunkenness, and moral depravity had reached terrifying proportions.

Even Moscow, inured to such things, was shaken up by the case of General S——. His suspicions were aroused when the school complained that his fifteen-year-old daughter, the apple of his eye, had been most irregular in her attendance. General S—— was puzzled, since he brought the girl to school every morning in his own car.

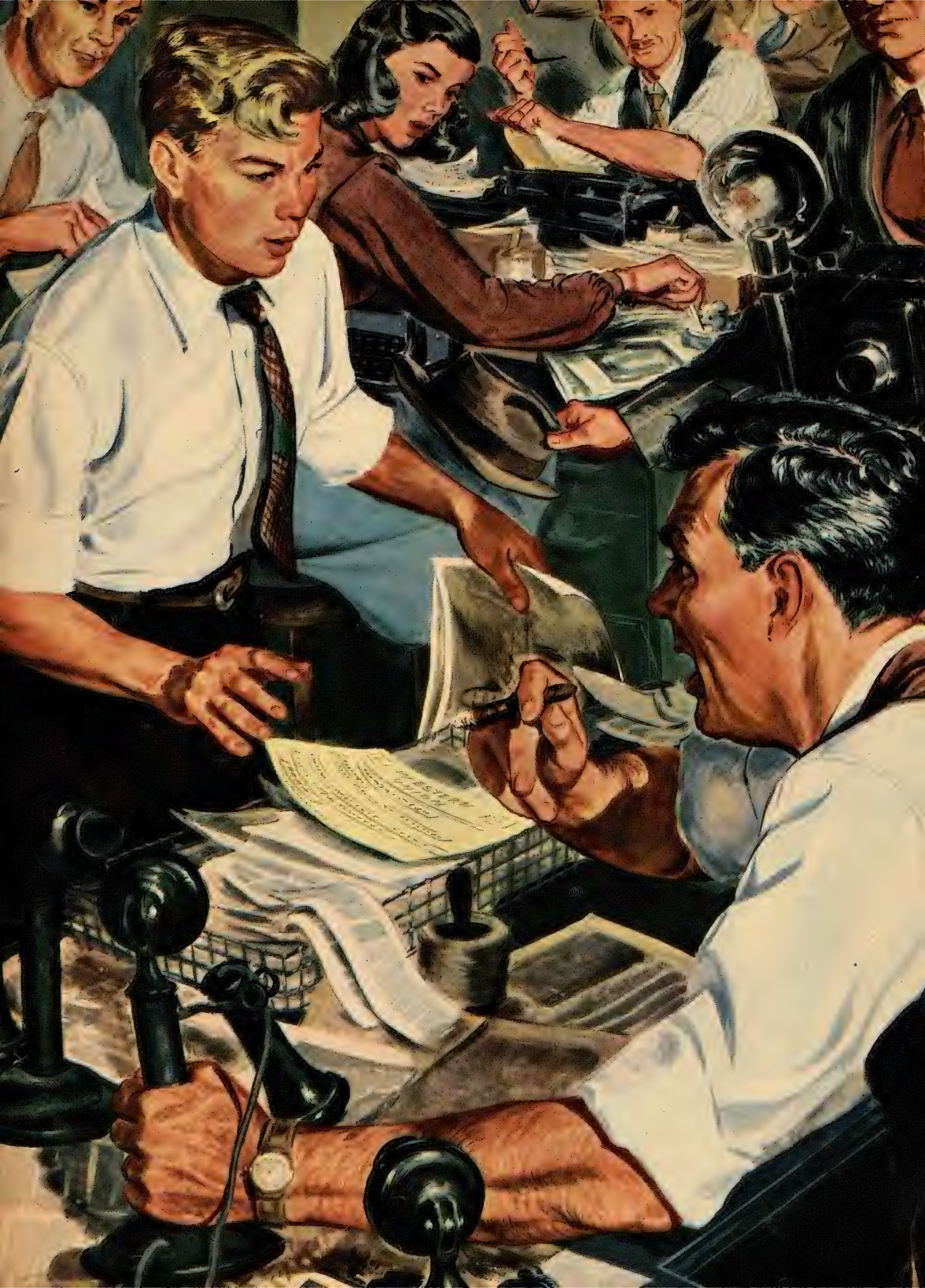
The next day, after saying good-by to the child at the school door, he hid, to see what would happen. When the girl thought her father safely out of sight, she boarded a streetcar. General S—— followed in his car. He saw her enter a *dacha*, or country house, outside the town.

A little later he knocked at the door of the *dacha*. The lady of the house was all smiles, flattered by the high rank of the visitor. After asking about his preferences, she gave him an album of photographs. "I want this one," he said, pointing to a picture of his own daughter. When the girl came out, he drew his revolver and shot her dead.

Certainly this was an extreme case, but it conveys the unhealthy atmosphere in which Soviet children live.

My husband and I, averaging a

(*Continued on page 75*)



LEAD ALL-BABY

This was a story to melt a rewrite man's heart. Better read it — a rewrite man's heart is the only thing harder than a diamond

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IN this echoing place, great men walked like gods. Wisdom abode in them and they were the elect of the world.

The new boy, Tim O'Brien, was sure of that as he hurried in with the papers, a long lock of straw-colored hair hanging over his thin forehead and the big clock at quarter of six in the city room of the Daily Courier.

Four first editions, so fresh that they still smelled of the press, for Mr. Arthur Dale, and he was assistant managing editor: a red-faced wiry little man with a temper that often flared into fire.

Four to be slipped on the big desk before Myles McAndrew, the city editor, large, thick set, and looking rather like a judge, with dark hair receding from his broad brow and a quick intelligence lurking in his deep-set eyes.

"O.K., Tim. You've got your good night after you finish handing the papers around."

Myles was a great man—a very great man—but he still wasn't Tim's choice among all the people—the wonderful people—who tenanted this noisy, confused, cluttered room and almost casually got the paper out.

One first edition for Dolly Knap. She looked up with her swift darting smile. "Thanks, Tim. How'd it go today?"

There wasn't another woman in the world like Dolly, who might almost have been a little girl with her short black hair, her round dimpled face, her fire-red blouse and her blue skirt. They said she was the best newspaperman in town.

One paper for Harry Blair, and Harry was all Tim ever hoped to be, only, of course, he never could.

Harry was tall and slim and dashing with his curly brown hair and mustache. He was slipping into his smoky-blue topcoat now. Harry's tanned face was all alive with fun and maybe a little malice too, and he knew everything worth knowing and was a first-rate rewrite man besides. Some said that Harry was hard and conceited and cynical, but of course that simply wasn't so.

If it had been, Tim wouldn't have dropped his papers to be helping Harry on with his coat, as he was so proudly doing now.

"Thanks, Tim." Harry picked up his pipe and put it in his mouth. He snatched a paper and walked rakishly up to the desk to get his good night.

Tim wondered what Harry was going to do this evening and was sure it was something marvelous.

The day side were all slipping out now and the night side coming in. All the little lights winked on above the desks and the room slid deep into six-o'clock quiet. Tim stuffed his own paper into his pocket and left this enchanted kingdom with regret. For to him, in two short weeks, the Courier had become the whole world.

He worked for it, actually, only a few hours after school, but he was sure he'd stay there all the rest of his life.

It was a brave future to look forward to as he went up the dim stairs of the dingy tenement house in South Bay. He'd lived there with Aunt Doris ever since his father and mother'd died. He and Aunt Doris and the quiet baby lived there all alone now, for Aunt Doris' husband was away in the navy.

IT always seemed queer to call Doris "Aunt" because she wasn't very old, really. It was hard to think she ever would be when you saw her bright golden hair, her jet-black eyebrows, and her almost violet eyes behind her long lashes. Only tonight the eyes had a dull, listless look as she stirred something on the stove.

"Here's the paper, Aunt Doris. It's a swell paper tonight."

The woman smiled. "And all absolutely free, too," she said.

He hardly dared ask the question: "How's Julie?"

Aunt Doris stirred harder. "Just the same."

"Did Dr. Peruzzi come over?"

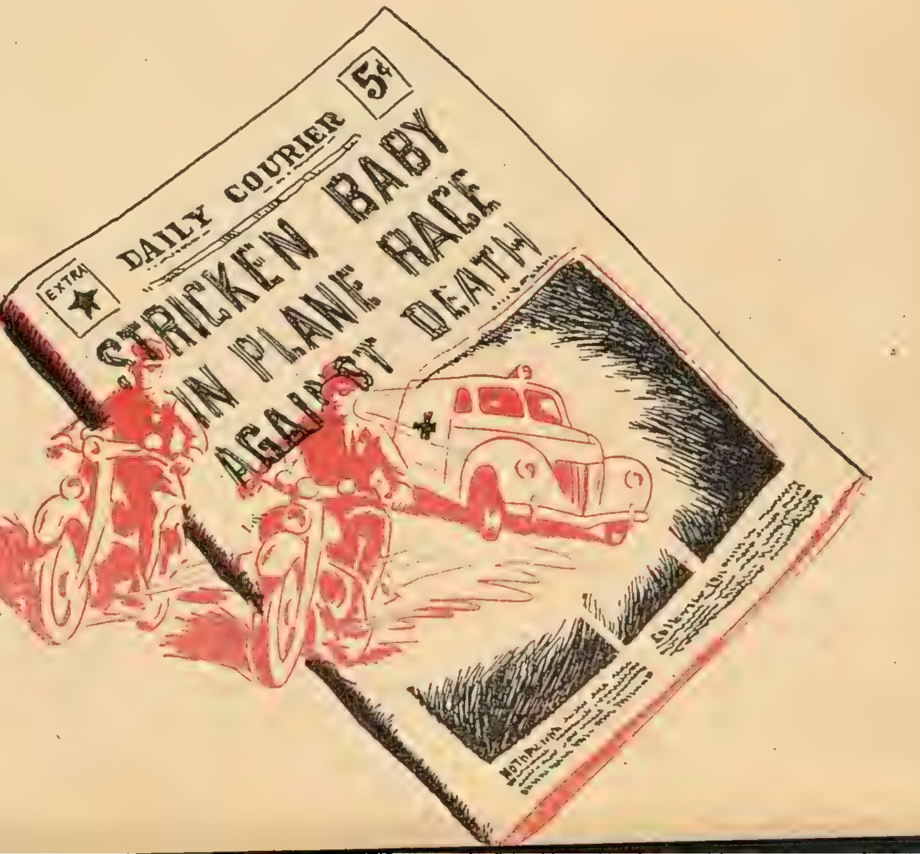
"He did." She stirred harder still.

"Aunt Doris, did—did he say anything different?"

"Only that—" She kept her head turned away from him. "Look, Timmy. Go in and stay with her, will you, while I get the supper ready?"

He went into the bedroom with the red cabbage roses rioting on the moss-green carpet. He bent over the

(*Continued on page 71*)



The words stumbled out of Tim's mouth. "Honest, Mr. Blair, I wish Aunt Doris could see what you wrote about Julie."

By popular demand — insistence, in fact — Professor Shane explains something slightly more complex than Einstein's theory of relativity

HOW TO SOLVE

By Ted Shane

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

When the Cockeyed Crossword Puzzle was first introduced to these otherwise austere pages thirteen years ago, I was a young man with curly thick hair down to here. I had no idea the puzzle would last. I believed Liberty readers had better things to do with their time and brain muscles; believed that, once I had beaten the solvers' patience and good nature to death, I would have to get myself a job and go to work.

Thirteen years have passed. I am old, thin on top and gray. And to my amazement the puzzle and I are still around—along with those mental masochists, the solvers. To those wonderful, foolish people I can only express my deep gratitude for their services in keeping me from honest employment. I also would like to point out my concern. Anyone who still works at the Cockeyed after all these years ought to gallop around to his psychiatrist right away.

Anyway, after thirteen years it has finally happened: The editors of Liberty have asked me to do an article explaining how one of my twisted brain babies can be solved. I can only assume that while their outward intent is to get new addicts, or suckers, they actually have found themselves stymied while solving a puzzle—possibly the first to appear —and are yelling "Uncle!" — the sissies!

I will begin at the beginning.

I assume that you are a slightly abnormal person who cannot find satisfying relaxation in normal time-wasters such as whittling, punting, necking, wife-beating, arson, or sitting (mahogany decoration). You yearn to take a whack at my perverted product. Well, first you must learn the answer to the question, "What the hell *is* a Cockeyed Crossword?"

A Cockeyed Crossword is an Inquisition with Words; an utterly useless brain irritant, designed to exercise the wits and, possibly, to amuse. It looks like an ordinary crossword, but there the resemblance ends. Where the everyday crossword is a Culture Stimulator of varying degree and contains words like *plurgiburtis* (taochix arrow-poison), the only culture required of the Cockeyed solver is that of the average baseball fan. You don't need a dictionary to solve a Cockeyed Crossword, but you do need a supple set of wits.

For the Cockeyed Crossword is largely based on simple words and tough definitions. In constructing the puzzle I attempt to use words in the public domain, including slang and Americanese. Tough words such as penicillin (*Well-bred moldy old thing!*) are culled from the current headlines. Occasionally a foreign word slips in because of puzzle construction, as do archaic or obsolete words, and crossword clichés like emu, stoa, and xebec. They must be forgiven. I firmly hold that obsoletely no one speaks archaic any more. After years of devotion to the ordinary puzzle, I have yet to find a spot in which I can use words I have picked up from it, words like omaplatoscopy, which means "divination by the scapulæ or shoulder blades." Sometimes I wonder who is really cockeyed—my construction rivals or myself?

As for the definitions I use, it is from these that the Cockeyed Crossword derives its name, and once the would-be addict masters their secret, the road to solution is easy—maybe. Where the straight puzzle gives straight dictionary definitions (often as clichéd as the words themselves), the Cockeyed definition is supposed to be a fresh-laid thing. It is conceived in perverseness, and while it often describes the desired word, more often it is meant to mislead you to it. Thus it may be an innocent straight definition applied to a word entirely different from the one that definition would ordinarily suggest. For example, "Long, long ago" (4 letters) would be not *yore,* but *hair!*

As far as I can figure it out, Cockeyed Definitions fall into four groups: (*a*) the straight description; (*b*) the hidden pun; (*c*) the misleader; and (*d*) the just-plain-don't-make-sense.

The straight description (*a*) might be illustrated by citing a definition like "Dome diaper" (6 letters). When and if you finally worked it out, the word would be "Toupee."

The hidden pun (*b*) might read: "These are good mixers and keep you in the best of spirits" (10 letters). The answer, naturally, would be "Bartenders."

The misleader (*c*) might go: "Twitch the hands mysteriously and make the darndest things appear" (4 letters). This definition is supposed to be orthodox dictionary talk, and in this case to make you think of words like "magic," or "voodoo," when the answer is, of course, "Knit"—as any idiot would know.

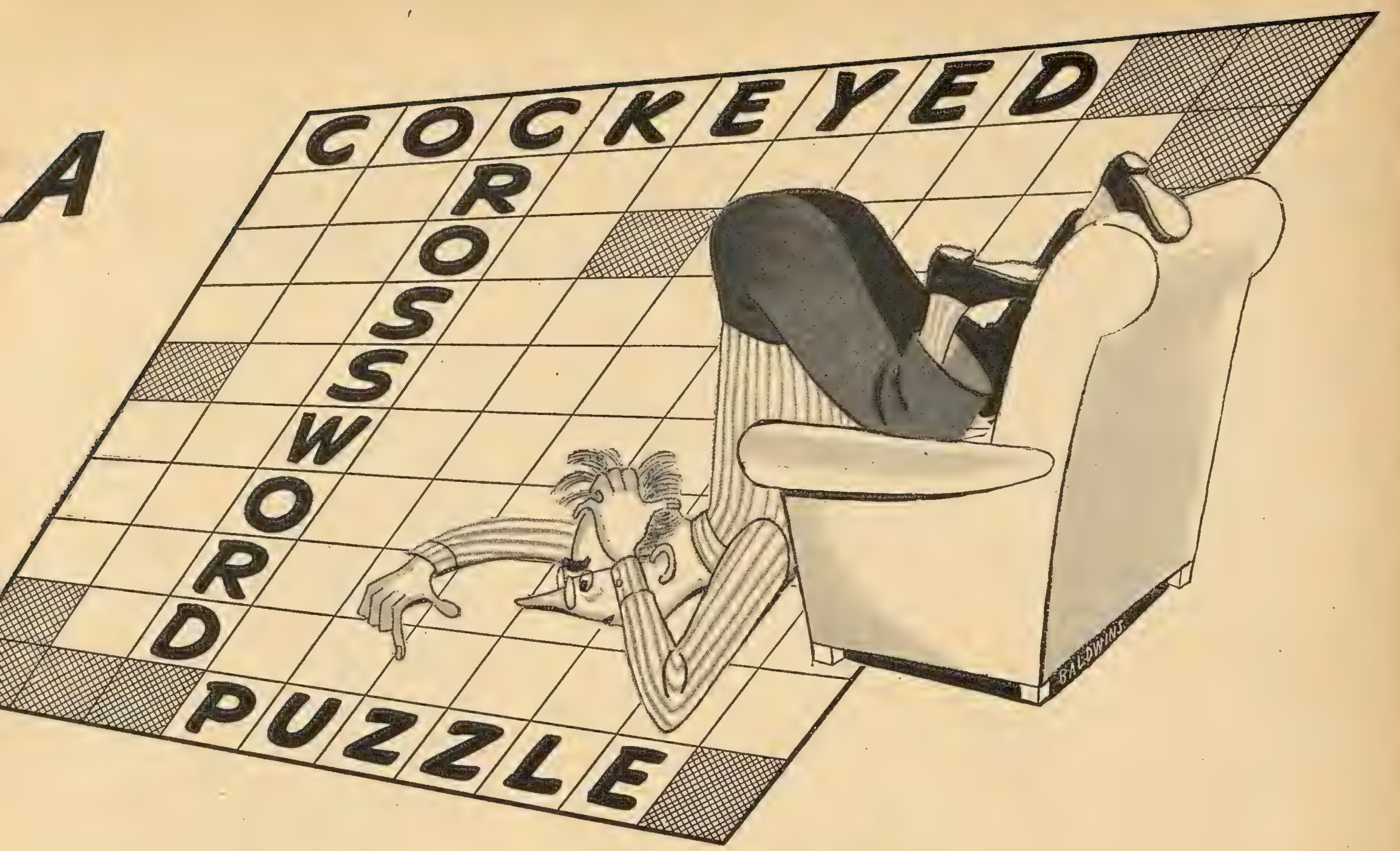
As for category (*d*), this we will hastily skip, while I add that there is a miscellaneous type of definition, including cuckoo abbreviations, reversed words, and anagrams.

The important thing is to try to recognize what type of definition you're tackling, and then seek some clue in it which will finally make the word spring into the mind. In the case of the "Bartenders" above, "mixers" and "spirits" would be the clues. In time you will find there is a definite pattern and sense to the definitions, and that, no matter how outrageous they may sound, they do fit the words. Once you master the gimmick in the definition, it'll be simple sailing. Thus, when faced with: "First meal of the day" (3 letters), you will immediately cry: "Misleading!" reject breakfast, brekker, brunch, or din (small dinner), beat your brains a while, and come up with "oat."

Now that I've revealed most of my trade secrets, let's get on with solving a hunk of the sample puzzle I've constructed for this enlightening essay.

First let's secure a small pencil with a large eraser, a bottle of some

A COCKEYED CROSSWORD PUZZLE

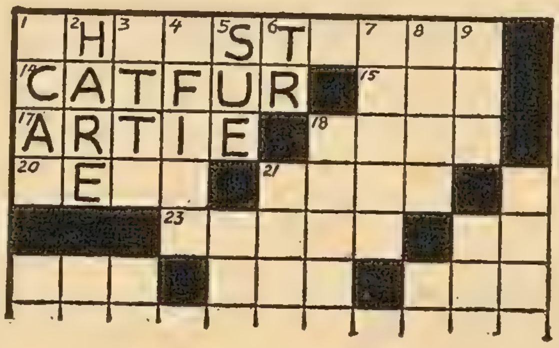


sort of stimulant in three or six letters, and settle in a big chair with a soft bottom out of reach of smashable items.

Look the puzzle over, not as a friendly thing but as a nasty opponent challenging you to battle—an opposing team of about 90 definitions which will try to trip you as you gallop toward the goal of solution (pow!). Ordinarily I would prescribe, as the first step, looking the definitions over for weak spots: plural esses and abbreviations. Thus, if you find something like "Babylonian Rug Chewers (abbr.)," merely insert BRC in the proper squares. These abbrs. are often included as a give-away concession to CCNs (Cockeyed Crossword Ninnies), just to get things started. Otherwise, I'm told, the puzzle might never be solved.

Should there be no "s" or "abbr.," take a crack at the short words. Somewhere, somehow, the dam dam must break, and a word will reveal itself unexpectedly—like the almond in the nickel candy bar. It's simply got to.

Should one teensy-weensy little clue present itself, look on it like money from home. Use it to unsnag a "soft" corner of crossed fours, which will in turn help you get a longer word—until at length the real longies will suddenly burst on the word-thirsty brain like a cool beer at a political picnic. Eventually you may even solve the entire thing—who knows?—with nothing to do but recuperate till the next battle in two weeks!



HORIZONTAL

1 Where men go to get fitted for doghouses
14 Poor man's mink
17 Shaw, pseudonym: Young Manville with a Horn
20 Blazing success on Broadway

VERTICAL

1 Look sharp
2 In 1st place: Joe Tortoise; 2d: Speedball ——, or what Peter Rabbit found in his soup
3 Automotive man's name
4 !ti t'nsi, gnittuC
5 Legal-minded gal
6 Trustbuster Reactionary

Since space precludes solving the entire sample on this page, let us content ourselves with assaulting the upper left corner:

Read Horizontal definitions 1, 14, 17, and 20; also Verticals 1 to 6. Don't make too much sense, do they? Read them again with my lecture in mind, and try to shake some of that fat from the head. Vertical 6 definition is "Trustbuster Reactionary," obviously a give-away. Let's take a big chance and fill in "TR."

"Hey, it fits! We're in business!" do I hear you say, as you reach for that bottle for a swig of triumph?

Let us soberly recall there are 85 more touchdowns to be scored, time's a-wasting and three seconds have ticked off. Let us now look over Horizontal 1, which reads: "Where men go to get fitted for doghouses." H'mm. Would it be "pet shops," or "carpentries"? It might, except neither fits the idea of the puzzle or the space, and both louse up old TR.

Best thing now would be to retreat to Vertical 5: "Legal-minded gal." Probably straight description, and possibly Bella, Peg, Lou— Say, how about it being SUE, heroine of Lawrence Lariar's cartoon: "Her name was Sue and she certainly did!"? In goes SUE, and on we go to Sue's neighbor, Vertical 3: "Automotive man's name."

Immediately the word FORD flashes. Should you stubbornly pencil it in, let me remind you they're not paying Shane fabulous prices for thinking up crossword bromides!

Vertical 2 reads: "In 1st place, Joe Tortoise; 2d: Speedball ——, or what Peter Rabbit found in his soup." What else could that be but HARE?

Placing the hare in the hole, we might now give the Horizontals a look. "Poor man's mink" is the definition for Horizontal 14. Sounds like a straight description. Clue letters consist of blank-a-blank-blank-U-R, with Mr. Ford's O possibly in third position. Note that the last two letters form UR. Surely "Poor man's mink" must be some kind of fur. Including Mr. Ford, we have the partial word AOFUR. Mr. Ford probably is wrong (I told you so)—so what kind of fur? Hey—wait a minute—what about CATFUR?

Which is absolutely correct for

(*Continued on page 78*)

Date Bait

By Crawford Sullivan

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

JOE THOMAS usually slept in the library from two to four. Besides sharpening his reflexes, this enabled him to be on hand when Annie Wakeman emerged from English Literature.

Annie was very fond of Joe. He was sure of it—even if she did go to a movie now and then with Carl Schlegly, Mink Murdock, and several other athletically inclined individuals.

Joe would have asked Annie to go steady with him, but he had high principles. He wouldn't ask any girl to go steady unless he could afford to take her every place she wanted to go. And seeing as how Joe was washing dishes at a hash house called Hamburger Castle, he was in no position to take girls places, especially a social type like Annie.

On the last day of Winter Quarter Joe looked very worried as he escorted Annie across the street to the bus stop.

Annie said, "The Burdell Hall dance is next week."

"Yeah." Joe tried to seem unconcerned, but the dance *was* on his mind—and he was too broke to take her to it.

"They've got Elmer Ellender and his band. Carl asked me to go."

"That jerk. You're not going with him?"

"I haven't decided."

A ruthless hand seemed to be shaking Joe's insides up and down.

"Are you going?" she asked.

"Me? Well, I haven't thought much about it—till now."

"Why don't you take Patsy Hunter?"

Now she was twisting the knife. She knew he wanted to ask her. He would have asked her a long time ago if—

Joe wasn't quite responsible for what came out of his mouth next. "Will—you go with me?" he asked.

"With you? Why, Joe, I'd love to! But what about Carl?"

"To hell with Carl."

"Do you *really* want to take me?" She gave him that piquant little-girl look, guaranteed to make strong men ferociously protective.

"I wouldn't want to take anyone else."

"O.K., darling, it's a date." She brushed his cheek with her lips, and he nearly dropped his American Government and Politics in a mud puddle. Before he could recover, the town bus rolled up. Annie boarded it and blew a kiss from the window. He waved back at her, smiling.

Suddenly he remembered what he had intended to tell her in the first place. He kicked at the curb.

BURDELL HALL was built to be functional. Each "room" at Burdell was, in reality, two rooms, of identical size and shape. The designers of the dormitory had planned that two students should occupy this type of apartment. They had also planned that one room should be exclusively for study, the other exclusively for sleeping.

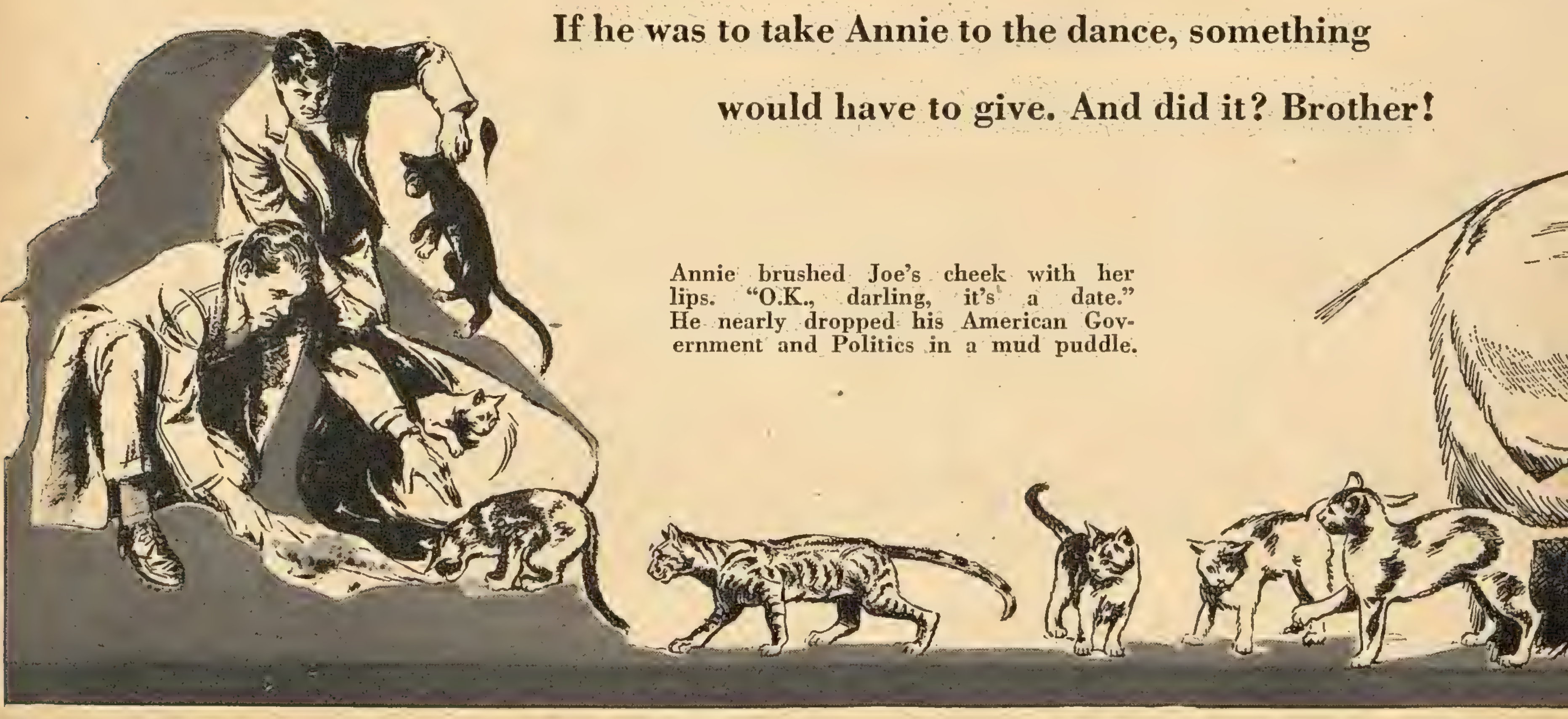
When Joe Thomas and Sunny Neilson moved into 125 Burdell, they had other ideas. They moved the desks into the bedroom and converted the other room into a com-

(*Continued on page 85*)

Joe was high on principles but low on cash.

If he was to take Annie to the dance, something

would have to give. And did it? Brother!



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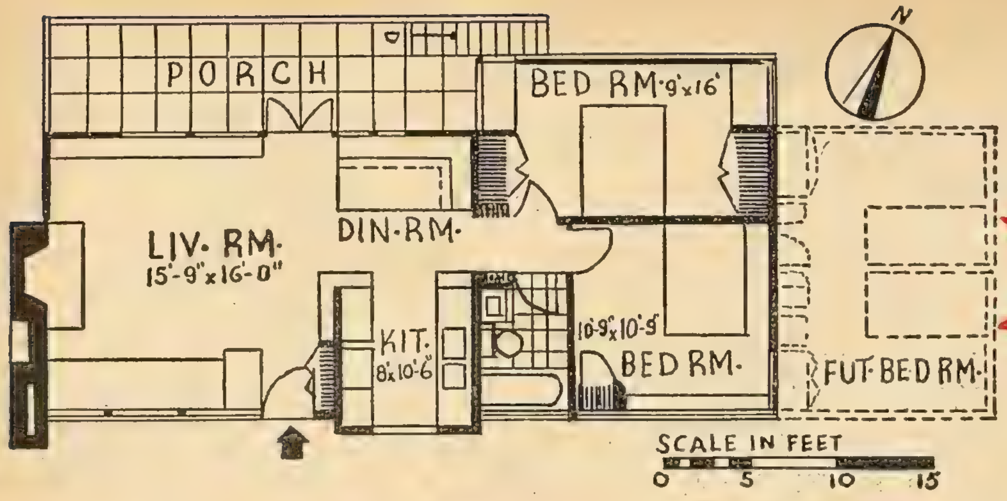
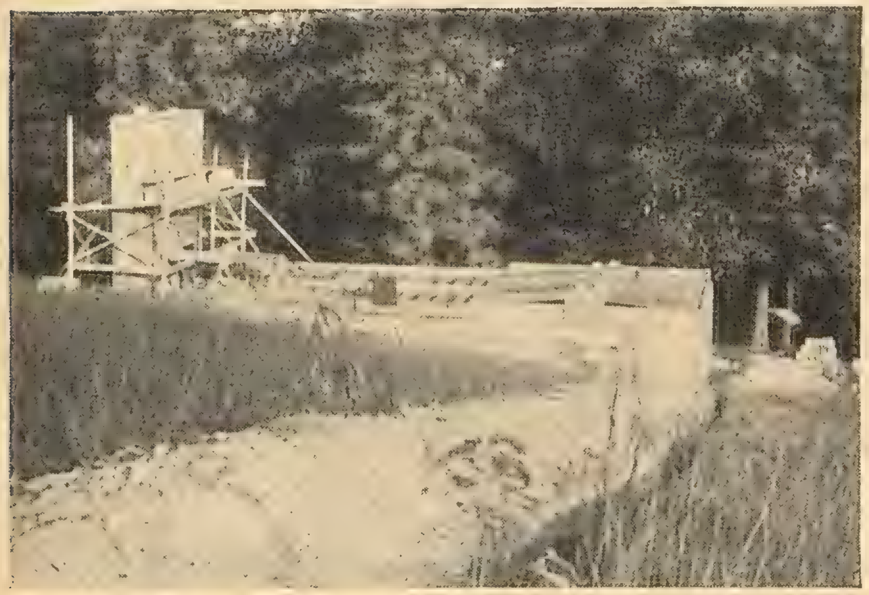


HOMES FOR AMERICANS

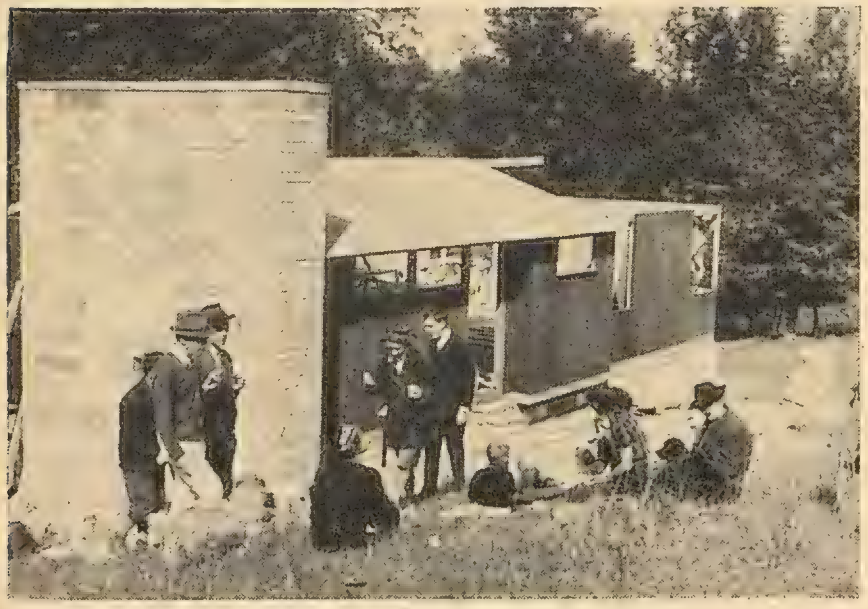
Build your own home—*Yourself!*

It's hard work, but the average person can do it. Here's how

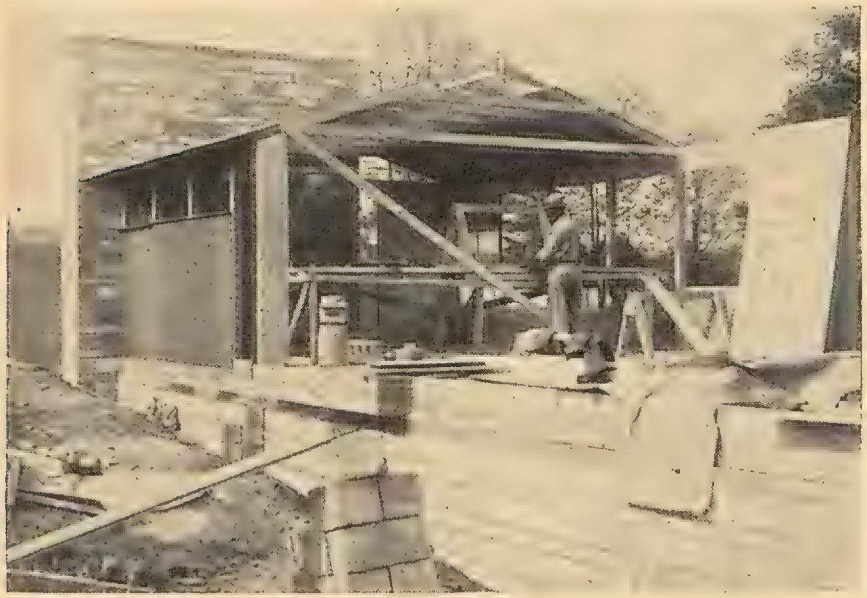
By Darrell Huff



These pictures show a week of work after foundation was laid.



Owner's preliminary work paid off in a quick construction job.



By week's end it looked like this. Neighbors came to admire it.

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE way to end the housing shortage, somebody remarked pompously the other day, is to build houses. And that is precisely what a good many thousand Americans are quietly going ahead and doing—with their own hands.

Yes, I know this is an age of specialization. If you want a house, someone else draws your plans, someone else lets contracts, a lot of men you never saw before build your house and landscape your yard. No trouble at all.

Except that you may have to wait a long, long time. And even later, you may find that you still owe more on your 20-year mortgage than the darn place is worth.

Who are these miracle men, these combinations of carpenter, architect, plumber, mason, electrician, and what not who are building their own houses? Just ordinary guys. Take it from me.

My nearest neighbor is building a little house now, a place for his daughter and son-in-law, a veteran who needs a house. This neighbor is a plumber and a good one—but all he knows about the other phases of building is what he learned a few years back when he built the house he is now living in.

Up the highway a few miles, near Santa Rosa, California, a white-collar couple—and they aren't young people either—are living in a white concrete-block bungalow. The man was just putting on the yellow trim when I went by the other day. It is a good, livable house. It will be a

PHOTOS BY S. H. BENTON

Much of the work on this house was done by the owner, who assembled plywood sections in the cellar of a rented dwelling.

better one when he finishes the partitions and inside plastering. The only part he is not doing himself is the heavy cement work. He let that on contract.

But this personal building is not merely a Western custom. The Worthington Miners have a big country house in Connecticut. They built it themselves—starting with two old barns—in seven months, working mostly week-ends. It is a big place and it cost them close to $10,000—but when they were contemplating having someone else handle the job for them, they were presented with an estimated cost of $30,000.

Down in Miami, Florida, the Alfred B. Parkers met a wartime housing crisis by rolling up their sleeves. Parker was a navy officer, working six full days a week, when a landlord told him he'd have to move. That sounded pretty tough to a young couple with a baby on the way.

They built themselves a house. They worked evenings and week-ends, laying up stone. They bought a lot of cheap glass from a glass works going bankrupt. They finished up the job during a week's leave, and moved in.

In southern California the L. G. Sparkes sold their house and moved into a trolley car that they bought and had hauled onto a beach property. They subdivided the car and built onto it. The car became living room, kitchen, and one bedroom. The addition provided room for a bathroom and a children's bedroom.

As you can see, these new pioneers are using every known building method and possibly a few not known until now. One of the most novel and successful was used by Donald Thompson in Spring Hill, West Virginia. His method should appeal to a lot of other people because, as he says, his philosophy is "to accomplish my object in the simplest, most direct way."

Thompson used plywood, because the large sheets gave him a structural wall already finished. He actually did most of his building in the basement of a rented house he was then living in. For weeks he assembled panels, gluing together pairs of sheets of 4-by-8-foot plywood, 3/8-inch redwood for the outside, 1/4-inch pine for the inside, with inch strips of wood between. For insulation he used aluminum foil.

"Making the panels was fun," he says, "and really took very little time. Working perhaps three evenings a week and Saturday afternoon, I averaged two panels a week. Soon our rented house was stacked full of panels—behind the buffet in the dining room, behind the head of the bed, even back of the divan in the living room. Fortunately, the house had an 8-foot-3 ceiling!"

Along with the standard panels Thompson built others that were smaller, to go under windows. He built doors of similar panels, and used single sheets of heavier plywood for inside doors.

"As my vacation time approached," he says, "I discovered a country mechanic, a real find, who laid up the foundation walls and chimney of cinder block. Then, with his help and that of a neighbor on Saturday, I erected the house during my vacation."

Thompson recalls that there was a good deal of doubt

The $3,000 that the Thompson house cost includes most of the built-in furniture, too.

in the neighborhood as to whether his house would be any good. The walls were light and thin. Furthermore, they were unconventional, and that is always enough to arouse suspicion in the amateur mechanics of any neighborhood.

An accident answered the criticism in a dramatic way. When the house was nearly completed, a truck broke away on a hill above and smacked squarely into the middle of the front.

"The truck was smashed in and the driver broke an arm," Thompson remembers. "But the house stayed on its foundation, and the only visible damage was minor puncturing of the exterior plywood of two panels. All doors and windows still operated freely."

After this incident, he says, "the neighborhood skepticism disappeared."

As the vacation ended, the Thompsons moved into their bare shell of a house. "I spent my evenings that first winter," the builder says, "building in cabinets, lounge, and beds. Now the only movables in the house are the chairs and coffee table—and they are homemade too."

But the Thompson house is not done yet. Far from it. There is something about a job like that that spurs its doer on. To their present two-bedroom place the Thompsons now plan to add two bedrooms on one end and a playroom on the other.

And why not? In common with most do-it-yourself builders, the Thompsons have no mortgage on their necks. They had saved enough to pay for the lot and the masonry. They bought their panels gradually, out of income. They borrowed, from a building-and-loan association, only enough money to pay for plumbing and other equipment. The total cost was about $3,000.

As the Thompsons have shown, building your house yourself need not mean interminable labor. And there are degrees of the idea, too: You can do part of the work and hire the rest done.

An almost perfect example of the do-it-all school are the Paul Coreys of Putnam County, New York. Corey is neither mechanic nor carpenter. He's a novelist (Acres of Antaeus is his latest), but he found he could learn as he went along. He built a massive seven-room stone house and did every lick of the work, except part of the electrical wiring, himself.

The Corey place, built a unit at a time over a period of years, cost about $3,000 for materials, is worth several times that much now. It was laborious and inexpensive because it used handy native materials—field stone right at hand, for the most part.

Corey, by the way, liked the whole idea so well that he wrote a book about it. It's called Build a Home, and somewhere in it Corey says that anyone who can drive a nail straight can build his own house.

There speaks a conservative point of view. I am now building my own house, and I can *not* drive a nail straight. I proved that day before yesterday while spiking 4-by-6 roof beams into place. However, a nail puller costs only sixty-five cents, and the spikes eventually went in.

I think I am a pretty good middle-of-the-road example of a home-grown home builder. I know something about house design but nothing about carpentry, wiring, masonry, and such. Furthermore, I am clumsy and inept with tools, as my neighbors who have come to stand and marvel at my antics would be happy to tell you.

As a final piece of evidence, I quote my wife: "If *you* can build a house, darling, *anyone* can."

In deference to these facts, I am compromising. I started by hiring a man to come in with a bulldozer and level off my building site. What that bulldozer did in half a day would have taken me and my pick and shovel many weeks.

I let some concrete workers put in my foundation and slab. I hired a plumber to put in drains. All these jobs required expensive equipment for efficiency.

But the rest I am doing myself, with occasional help from a neighbor, a lot of help from my wife, and the assistance of my father, who dropped in for a visit and found a trowel shoved into his hand.

We are able to build in the face of acute shortages by designing our house to fit what we can buy. The walls are concrete block, because there is plenty of it in our area. The floor is concrete. I can't find any casement windows for sale at a reasonable price, so I am building my own. My roof beams and most of my other lumber are secondhand—wonderful heavy, dry stuff. I bought it right out of an old mansion that was being torn down. Where else could you buy dry 4-by-8 redwood beams these days? And who could afford to use such heavy timbers if they were new stuff at today's prices?

We are laying the concrete block ourselves, pouring insulation down inside the hollows and reinforcing the walls with steel and concrete. I am doing my own wiring, even though it will be unusually complicated. Ours is to be an all-electric house: range, water heater, room heaters.

I am lazy; consequently, our project is mechanized in so far as I can make it that. I figure that a few hundred dollars invested in machinery is justified in a project calculated to save us several thousand dollars on the cost of our house.

I bought my rather elaborate ¾-horsepower circular saw new. Although most power tools are hard to buy (except through want-ad sections of Sunday papers), I had no trouble in finding this saw, possibly because it is too light for most professional builders and too heavy for the average home-workshop hobbyist.

My planer-jointer came from "the mail order," as Sears and Ward are collectively known to us country folks. I haven't seen any of these for sale in stores lately, but it is a fact worth knowing that the mail-order houses often have equipment in small lots that their own retail stores do not know about.

My little cement mixer is mail-

(*Continued on page 90*)

Boom in Bones

By Jerry Thorp

The world's largest dealer in skeletons, human and otherwise, can't get enough to go around

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

JOHN F. LONERGAN, one of the world's biggest dealers in skeletons—human and otherwise—is inclined toward gloom these days. There just aren't enough bones to go around. For 25 years he has been director of museum preparations and skeleton specialist for the General Biological Supply House on Chicago's South Side. Never in all that time has his business boomed as it is booming now.

"Frankly," he admits, "it caught us by surprise. It was the G. I. Bill of Rights that did it. All these students rushing to college. A lot of them wanting to study medicine. Schools that used to order one or two skeletons a year want them by the dozens now."

At the moment, Lonergan's sole source of supply for human skeletons is India, because most other countries have laws to prevent such trafficking. And in India, he confides, British authorities are now frowning upon bone exports.

Strangely, the availability of skeletons in India is related directly to the high cost of wood there. Bodies supposedly are destroyed on funeral pyres, but thrifty families often extinguish the flames quickly to save the wood, and dispose of their late kin in the nearest river. Business opportunists wait until the family has departed, recover the body, and dispose of it to a dealer, by whom the skeleton is taken apart and shipped to this country.

Arriving at Lonergan's laboratory, the bones are reassembled. He and his staff of seven assistants do the job. Occasionally, some essential part of the skeletal framework may be missing. Lonergan is prepared to meet any such situation. Beside his desk is a filing cabinet where he can lay his hands on a spare tibia, for instance, just by opening the drawer marked T.

Lonergan, who has spent most of his 61 years in the artful and accurate assembly of bones, learned the trade in his native London. "I wanted to be a doctor, but I couldn't make the grade," he says, "and this was the nearest thing to it." His business has tripled since the war, and he now is supplying more than 150 skeletons annually and could sell many more if he had them. Orders are coming from England, Australia—even India.

"They don't know how to prepare them in India, where we got them in the first place," he marvels.

It used to be that you could buy a fairly good late-model skeleton from Lonergan for $75 to $125. But now a plain affair will cost at least $175. The better specimens cost $200 or more. A skull alone, without teeth, comes at $25; with a good set of teeth, at $50 or $60.

There are occasional concerned visitors to Lonergan's laboratory. They come to see what he does to cats. So far, there's been no serious trouble; but there may come a day, he believes, when he'll have to substitute rabbit skeletons for those of cats. "People are so sensitive about cats," he says, "and yet they are very valuable in medical studies."

Because of this sensitiveness, feline carcasses are shipped to him from out of the state, and he wants it firmly understood that boys with stray cats and an eye for business are not welcome at his place. His cat skeletons—and he sells hundreds a year to colleges—cost $24 each.

Frog skeletons are another especially fast-moving bit of merchandise. This year, schools will buy some 1,000 from Lonergan, paying $7.50 for the smaller varieties and $12.50 for bullfrogs.

Lonergan's biggest problem is keeping a stock of ape, gorilla, and orangutang skeletons on hand. Orders for those items are piling up. Most expensive items in his catalogue are elephant skeletons. You can get one for around $3,000, but a really high-grade job will cost you $5,000.

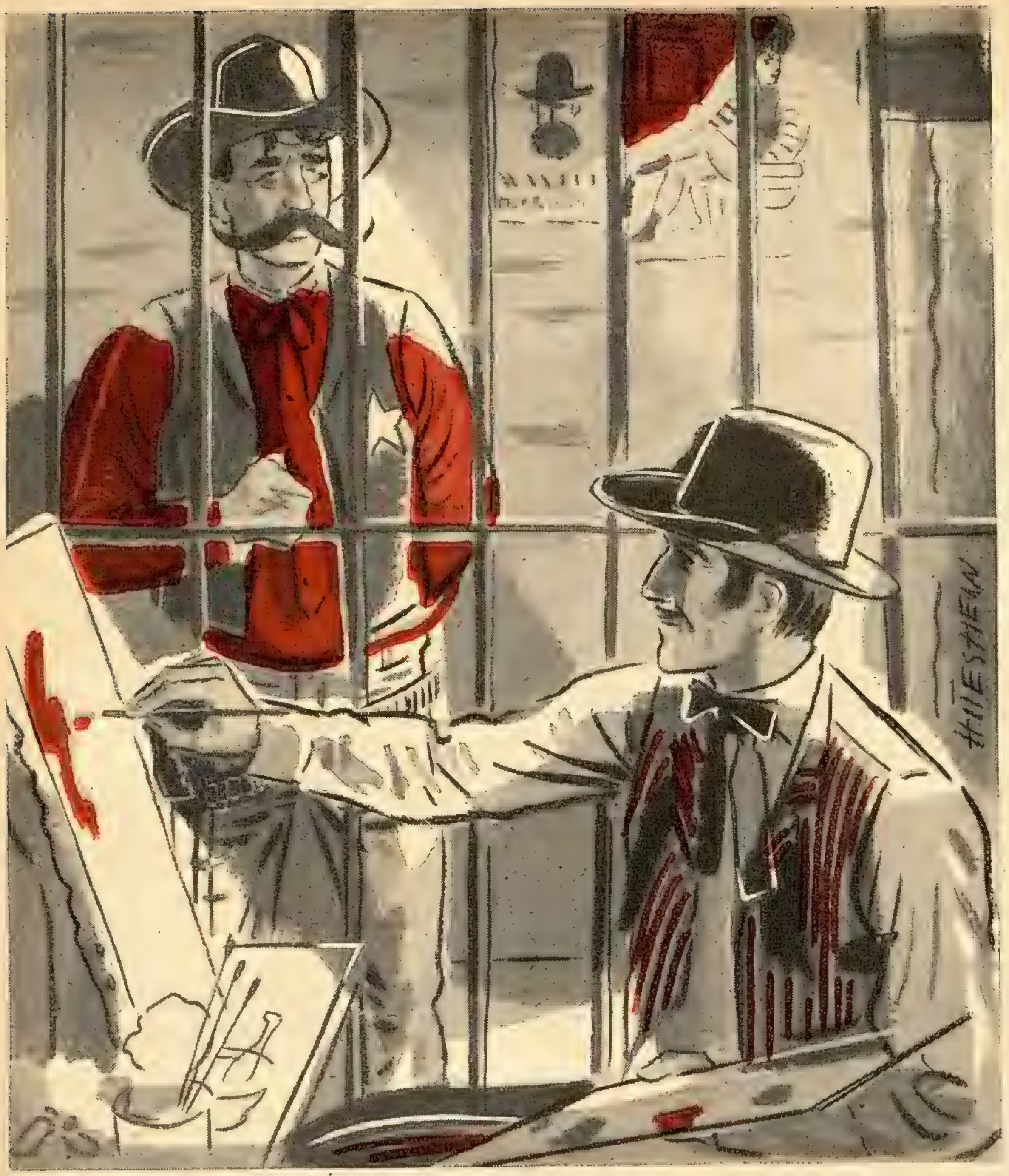
One recent development in his business troubles Lonergan. "We get too many female human skeletons and not enough males," he says; "but, times being what they are, we can't complain too much."

He idly picks up a skull from a new shipment and sighs.

"Female," he says, a little bitterly. "See—it's smooth over the eyes. Males have bumps there."

There are really few basic differences, but male specimens always are in greater demand by medical schools, it seems.

THE END



The

By Frank Bonham

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THERE are a hundred canyons within a mile of Hangtown. Unfortunately for Stephens, he never reached the first one. The horse played out. Of all the horses in town, he had stolen a spavined one.

The miners dragged him to the jail. One of them threw a carpet bag on the floor. The others, rough men in rough clothes choked with the red dust of the Mother Lode, held the prisoner. "Noose bait, sheriff!" one of them said.

Sheriff Hannaford studied the prisoner, a tall man, slender as a lath, with dark hair and pale eyes. "You don't look like a fool," he said. "How'd you come to steal a spavined horse? We don't hang them any higher for stealing a quarter horse than a jackass."

The miners roared.

"An oversight," the thief said. He could still smile.

Hannaford questioned him further and made entries in a daybook. *Name: Finn Stephens.* "Occupation?" he asked.

"Card sharp," said one of the men. "Amateur. Give the devil his due, sheriff—he didn't have much time to pick and choose over the horse. He was in a hurry."

Hannaford, after locking the man in the end cell, went through the bag. He had a weakness for imagining dramatic backgrounds for the men he dealt with. This one, an Alabaman by his speech, he pictured on a fine white horse—his own—giving his darkies hell for not picking enough cotton. He saw him tall and graceful in a drawing room, or bending over a lady's hand to pay a compliment. These things his parents had taught him. But they had neglected to teach him a trade. So when the crop failed and he lost the plantation—

Hannaford checked himself. Sometimes he thought he ought to have been a storyteller. He was a large, loose-jointed, yellow-mustached man in his middle years, with round silver spectacles. The mustache was patterned after General Custer's. Sometimes he would pose in front of a mirror with his hand tucked in his coat. He knew himself to be bashful and uncertain, but he had achieved a reputation for steadiness and courage.

He came across a flat box full of brushes and twisted tubes. He grunted. An artist! A famous one, no doubt; exiled for taking liberties with the wife of some nobleman whose portrait the artist was painting. He was tempted to ask about it. He refrained. It was harder to hang them when you had become interested in them.

The next day a west wind brought the choking fumes of the smelters into Hangtown. Grimacing at the nauseating taste of sulphur, Sheriff Hannaford carried the prisoner's dinner to his cell. Staring through the grilled window, he saw Finn Stephens hunched on his cot. Stephens was coughing. He arose in agony, gasping for breath.

Hannaford unlocked the door. "You didn't have enough grief havin' t.b. You had to steal a horse, too!"

"Not—t.b.!" Stephens gasped. "Asthma. Damned fumes. Get me —every time."

"Asthma, eh?" Hannaford's ready sympathy leaped up. "Doc Jennings has a cure for asthma. Want I should call him?"

"No cure. But—try anything once."

DR. JENNINGS came in half an hour. The sheriff watched curiously while he sprinkled crystals on a bit of blotting paper in a saucer and touched a match to the paper. He placed it on a stool, told Stephens to kneel before it, and threw a blanket over him. In five minutes Stephens' voice said: "Good Lord, doctor! What is this? It's remarkable!"

"Saltpeter," said the doctor. "Some European discovered that the fumes are good for asthma. I'll leave some in case you have another attack."

In thirty minutes Finn Stephens was breathing normally. He turned the crystals with his finger. "Saltpeter!" he said. "Ordinary saltpeter." He regarded the sheriff intently, frowning a little.

Hannaford cleared his throat. "Holler when you're through eating."

Stephens nodded. Then, as Hannaford was going out, he said quickly, "Sheriff!" He stepped close and ran a fingertip down Hannaford's jaw. "I have never," he said

★ Liberty's Short Short Story

Green Mustache

The condemned prisoner asked for his paints and canvas. It had seemed like a reasonable request.

slowly, "seen such a jawline as that. Never."

Hannaford grasped the butt of his gun. "Hold on, mister! I ain't took in *that* easy!"

Stephens' hand fell away. "I—I'm sorry, sheriff. Really, it was quite spontaneous. I'm an artist, you see. You have a fine jaw, what I would call a—well, a military jaw."

Self-consciously, Hannaford grinned. "It's a cavalry jaw. You can hang horseshoes on it." He smoothed the General Custer mustaches.

IT was unfortunate for Finn Stephens that the circuit judge was in town. In the morning he was arraigned for horse stealing. Hannaford asked him, "You deliberately stole that horse? You weren't drunk?"

"I am afraid I wasn't," Stephens said pleasantly.

He was sentenced to hang on Saturday.

That evening the sheriff was surprised to find an excellent likeness of himself sketched in charcoal on the adobe wall of Stephens' cell. The artist had used charcoal from the sheet-iron stove in the corner. "Like it?" he asked.

"It's right clever," the sheriff conceded.

Stephens regarded it critically. "I have three days. I might be able to do some kind of portrait, if you like."

Suspicion's cool finger touched Hannaford's neck. "Sure," he said. "Only, of course, you'll have to do your studyin' through the bars." And he grinned.

"That's all right. I'll want my paints and some canvas."

Hannaford stroked his mustache. A tug of war began in his mind. It was his official duty to suspect Finn Stephens' generosity. But the dark hollow features were without guile. "All right," he said.

He brought the paintbox. The artist rummaged through it. "Damn! Completely dried out! And there wouldn't be any supplies closer than Sacramento." Then he snapped his fingers. "You've got assayers by the dozen. They'll have minerals I can use for pigments. It may be unorthodox, sheriff, but we'll have a picture!"

HANNAFORD brought the minerals and a mortar in which to grind them. He had a frame made and stretched heavy duck over it. Stephens mixed his paints and daubed at the canvas. The sheriff's face emerged, mustache first.

Hannaford watched the likeness of himself come to life, the eyes bold, the jawline stark. It was not the man Hangtown knew, but the one who now and then posed before a mirror. The sheriff began to wish that, somehow, he could make it easier for Stephens to go, for go he must.

Yet the artist seemed to have forgotten about it.

"Waiting to swing doesn't seem to bother you like it does most," remarked the sheriff.

Stephens shrugged and put a tiny catch-light in the sheriff's right eye.

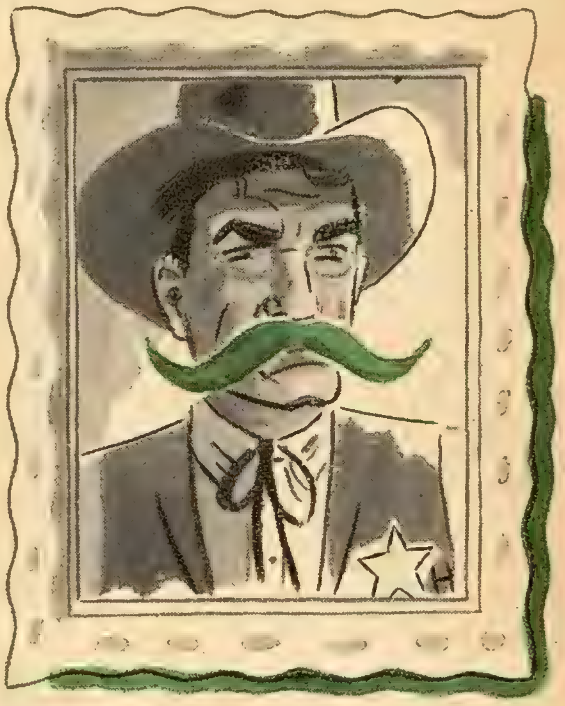
The portrait, when it was finished, was better than the picture of the woman behind Finney's bar. The sheriff wished it were someone else he was hanging in the morning. This was a sincere and intelligent man who had lost sight of his star somewhere. . . .

AT three thirty in the morning the dull stroke of an explosion awoke the sheriff. He thought at first it was an untimely shot among the mines. Then he knew it was too close for that. He heard sounds in the corral. There was a strong beat of hoofs in the alley.

Grabbing his trousers, Hannaford ran to the jail. Clouds of smoke churned in Finn Stephens' cell. By the light of the lantern, Hannaford discovered that two of the bars of the window and a section of the mud wall had been blown out.

Some men ran up the street from the saloon. They were too far in their cups to be of much help. "Stephens!" the sheriff shouted. "Someone must have slipped him some black powder! He's blown out half the wall."

This time the artist had taken the best horse in the corral—Hannaford's.



THEY found the horse some weeks later, but they never found the horse thief. Hannaford was secretly relieved. With an election coming up, he didn't want it to get around that the sheriff himself had supplied the powder for Stephens' escape.

It had been several days before he'd figured out that all the materials for black powder had been in Stephens' cell for two days. Saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur. Sulphur that he himself had brought for yellow pigment. Ground fine in the mortar, tamped day by day into a hole a sharp stick could have drilled in the adobe wall, the powder had unlocked the door.

The sheriff was not an ungenerous man. He held only one thing against the artist. Stephens, just before he left, had impudently tinted the Custer mustache alfalfa green.

THE END

"BUGS"–KEY

If history-making experiments are successful, bacteria will liberate millions of gallons of oil now locked in the earth

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

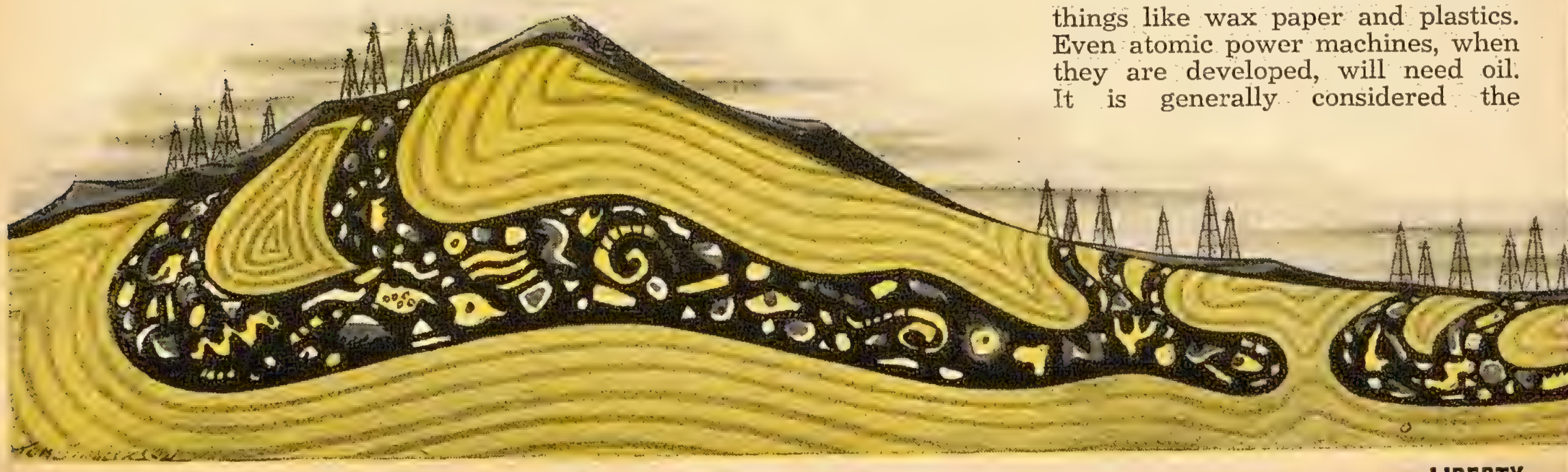
THE statesmen now struggling to eliminate the causes of international friction may suddenly find one of their most complicated problems has been solved for them—and solved by bacteria.

One day during the war a young scientist walked into his laboratory at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, California, and discovered to his surprise that there were bubbles rising in a bottle of sand and water with which he was experimenting.

This discovery and its repercussions have received no such acclaim as was evoked by the atomic research that was going on at the same time. But, to people all over the world, it may prove to be of even more immediate practical importance.

What the young scientist, Dr. Claude ZoBell, had in the bottle was some oil-bearing sand and some bacteria dredged up from the bottom of the Pacific. Previous efforts to extract oil from the sand had been futile. But the bubbles rising were globules of oil, hinting that the bacteria somehow had liberated the oil—something scientists had never conceived of.

While household atomic power may be a long way off, virtually every family in the world uses oil. It runs automobiles and machinery and heats buildings, and is essential in the manufacture of a thousand things like wax paper and plastics. Even atomic power machines, when they are developed, will need oil. It is generally considered the



TO OIL AND PEACE?

By Gladwin Hill

world's most important commodity.

Ever since oil's usefulness became known, nations have quarreled over oil lands. The oil resources of the Middle East, believed the world's largest, made the Mediterranean area critical in the war and motivated Soviet Russia's incursion into Iran. International jealousy about oil runs so high that a recent transaction among four American oil companies involving rights in Saudi Arabia brought formal diplomatic protests from the French, even though no French properties were involved.

Obviously, if oil were as plentiful as earth or sea water, there would be no occasion for this rivalry. The contest has some of the aspects of a pillow fight in the dark, because no one has a definite idea of just how much oil there is. In 1945, seven eighths of the world's crude oil came from four countries: the United States, Venezuela, Russia, and Iran, with the United States producing five times as much as Venezuela, and Venezuela twice as much as Russia. The great majority of the world's oil resources are controlled at the present time, through leases, by American and British interests.

THE potentialities of Russia's vast territory are a considerable mystery. For that matter, so are those of the United States. In 1926, the United States' "proved," or 99-per-cent-certain, oil reserves were 4,500,000,000 barrels, and pessimists predicted they would soon be used up. Yet we have been using more and more oil, and today our "proved" reserves are four times as great. Discovery of new fields and improved methods of extraction have kept ahead of consumption. The same thing has happened throughout the world. But how long this can go on is a critical question.

As politics attest, the international race gets more intense. Today the United States controls 25 per cent of the world's proved oil reserves. But, between our domestic and foreign holdings, we are producing about 64 *per cent* of the world's oil. Obviously, if this continued indefinitely, we would euchre ourselves right into a disastrous oil shortage

The O'Mahoney Senate committee reported a few weeks ago that, if war came again, the United States could not meet its essential oil requirements from our continental reserves. The situation is officially considered so tight that, while we think of the oil business as free enterprise, most of our oil states have agencies controlling the total amount of oil extracted from the state, from each pool, and from each individual property. Where thirty years ago there were only 200 technologists engrossed in augmenting our oil supply, today there are estimated to be 10,000.

This effort has centered around the mystery of what originates oil. Despite its being such a common commodity, its origin in some respects has remained as cryptic as the atom. Scientists are fairly certain that oil is modified animal and vegetable matter as much as two billion years old. But just how it was modified remains vague. Pressure, chemical reactions, biological activity — any or all may play a part.

Delving into this mystery, the American Petroleum Institute, an organization of oil companies, several years ago established its Research Project 43. This was launched as a three-front campaign, with Pennsylvania State College subsidized to investigate the chemical side and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the physical side.

A leading suspicion was that bacteria might play a part in oil formation. The University of California's Scripps Institution has made a specialty of studying bacteria from the bottom of the ocean—where oil pools are believed to have formed, possibly from fish, eons ago—so it was given the bacteriological phase of the investigation.

Bacteria, certain varieties of which cause diseases, are microscopic single cells. Some are round, some rodlike, and some comma-shaped with thrashing tails. They absorb food through their body walls, and "breathe" to the extent of emitting carbon dioxide as humans do.

They exist everywhere — in the air, the ground, and the sea. It was the presence of exceptional quantities of bacteria in the soil and water around oil deposits that turned suspicion on them in the oil-origin quest.

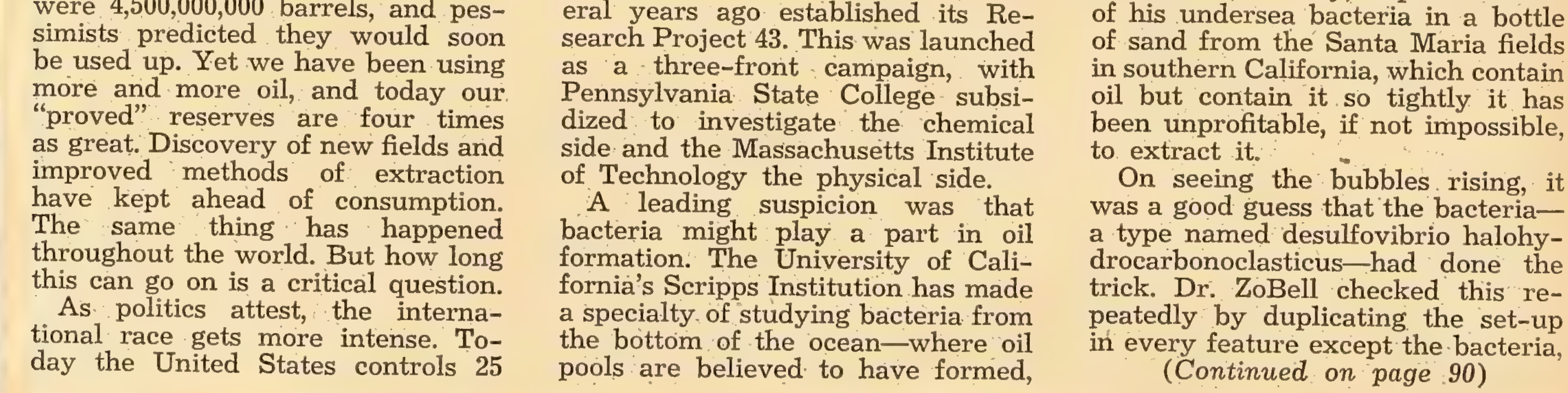
DR. ZOBELL for several years has been making forays on the Institution's 104-foot schooner, the E. W. Scripps, to dredge up muck and bacteria from the ocean floor, looking, as he puts it, for "fingerprints of oil formation."

His investigations have established that bacteria will turn organic matter into substances more like oil than it was; that they often produce hydrogen, which may be important in oil formation; that they definitely produce certain constituents of petroleum; and that they can change the properties of petroleum—just about all of the circumstantial evidence possible linking them with petroleum formation.

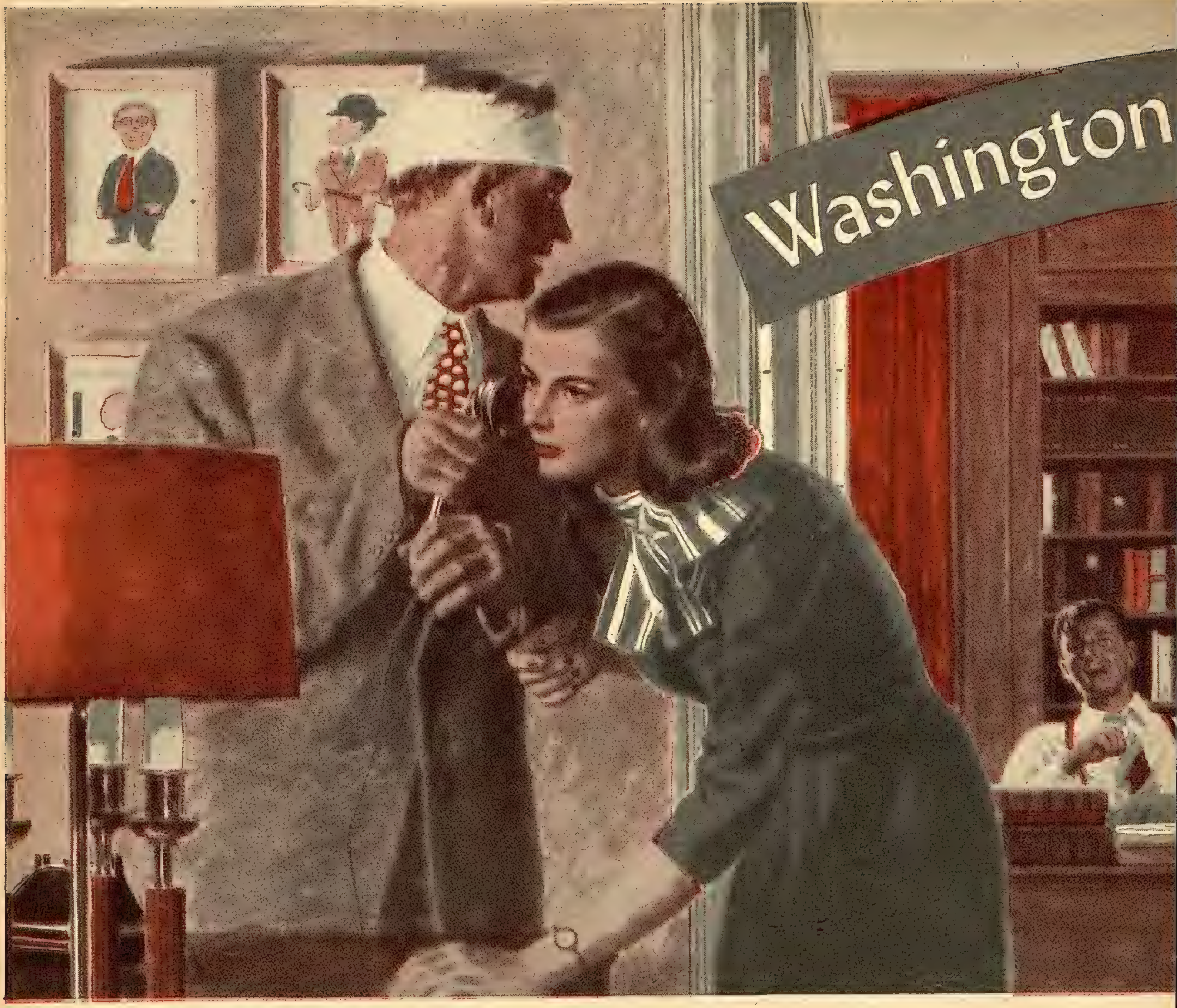
It was while working on these angles that, one day, he planted some of his undersea bacteria in a bottle of sand from the Santa Maria fields in southern California, which contain oil but contain it so tightly it has been unprofitable, if not impossible, to extract it.

On seeing the bubbles rising, it was a good guess that the bacteria—a type named desulfovibrio halohydrocarbonoclasticus—had done the trick. Dr. ZoBell checked this repeatedly by duplicating the set-up in every feature except the bacteria,

(*Continued on page 90*)



Washington



Ray went into the study to listen in at his own extension. I bent my head close to Eddie's. He held the phone so I might hear.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

FRAN HULL, attracted to her brother's friend, Ray Garret, hears of his engagement to beautiful Irene Wallace. But while Ray is overseas, Irene marries well-to-do Walter Evans Legrue, Washington lawyer. Jerry Cannerton wants to marry Fran, but she becomes Ray's secretary instead. She is shocked by Ray's methods of obtaining information, especially the intercom box he has hidden in the dining room, which relays lunch-table confidences to the secretary's office for transcribing.

Also staying in Ray's house are his cousin, Nick Dudley, and Nick's wife, Bea. They want Ray to put up $15,000 for a night club. Other visitors are Sam Ryker and Eddie Lark, Ray's leg men. Eddie is approached by Warren Bly, Legrue's file clerk, with news of a conspiracy between Legrue and Luis Carazel, Mexican syndicate head, to push through a bill allowing Mexican dressed beef into the U. S. Bribe money has passed and Congressman Rashton's name is referred to. Bly offers this evidence for $500 and Ray gives Eddie Lark the cash. That night, Eddie is found outside Ray's house, unconscious. The letters he was carrying have vanished. During the excitement, Legrue arrives unexpectedly.

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

PART TWO

IT was a shock, and I probably showed my astonishment. I still felt tense, a few moments later, when I sat in my office and listened to Legrue and Garret talking in the study. Ray didn't close the door, despite Legrue's insistence that what he had come to say was of a private nature. Ray told him to go ahead—he had no secrets from his secretary.

From where I sat at my desk I could see the lawyer. He was in a deep chair, legs crossed, fingers in the lower pockets of his vest. He had left his wet hat and coat in my office. With that curly gray hair and powerful face he was a handsome man.

He must be a good deal older than Irene, I decided; somewhere in his late forties.

Murder-Go-Round

Letters charging a senator with bribery disappear. A man lies dead. Sinister events, foreshadowing worse to come for the capital's ace columnist

By Oscar Schisgall

He said, "It would be useless to beat around the bush."

Ray's voice was noncommittal: "What's on your mind?"

"The letters you bought."

Ray must have been as amazed as I by this blunt candor, yet his tones indicated nothing at all. "Am I supposed to know what you're talking about?"

Walter Legrue showed signs of impatience. "Garret, there's no sense pretending. I've just come from Warren Bly. He's admitted he sold the file to your man Lark for five hundred dollars. So let's start from there."

"I see."

"Do I get those letters back, or do I go to the police and demand the arrest of Bly, Lark, yourself, and anybody else who had a hand in this deal?"

Ray said after a pause, "You disappoint me."

"What's that?"

"You're a lawyer. You ought to know you have no grounds for threats."

"I have Warren Bly's confession!"

"Bly? I've had no dealings with Bly. I never saw the man in my life."

"He dealt with your paid agent."

"Says who?"

"Bly himself!"

"Any witnesses? Corroboration? Receipts?"

Legrue didn't reply to that.

"He hasn't," Ray said. "And when my agent denies there ever was such a deal, where's your case?"

Legrue's face flushed.

Now it was clear why Ray had refused to talk to Warren Bly, or even to see him, when Eddie Lark had brought him to the house yesterday. Ray had been more cautious than I had realized, more far-sighted. As a result, it could never be proved that he personally had entered into any contract with Legrue's clerk. In an odd way, all this made me resentful; I hated to see so much acumen wasted on a cause so cheap.

Ray came to stand in front of the lawyer. He was in my line of vision now, and I saw him thrust the dark hair up from his forehead.

"For your information," he said, "I haven't any letters."

Legrue answered bitterly, "I hardly thought you'd say anything else."

"My man Lark was slugged and robbed tonight. Whatever he may have had was stolen."

Legrue raised angry eyes. "I don't believe it!"

"That's up to you."

"I'm not that naïve, Garret. You've got those letters. If I ask you to return them, it's not because I have any illusions about your sense of decency. It's because I know you'll never be able to use them in your column."

"Why not?"

"If they appear, they'll be *prima facie* evidence to support Bly's charges."

RAY considered that; then a twisted smile came to his lips. "You've got something there," he said. "But the whole point is academic. I have no letters."

Legrue rose, embittered. "If you're going to stick to that story—"

"I am."

"Even though you have no idea who might have robbed your man?"

Ray said, "It might have been you."

"Me?"

"Of course. Who'd have been more desperate to get such letters back?"

It seemed to me that Walter Legrue counted ten. Then he said, "I'm not the sort of man who goes around slugging people. Besides, if I already had the letters, would I be here now, asking for them?"

"Could be."

"Why?"

"Just to persuade me," Ray said, "you're not the one who took them. That would be an important point to establish if the blow had killed Eddie Lark. And whoever left him lying in the garden couldn't be sure he *wouldn't* die."

Legrue turned away with a mottled face. He came out of the study, picked up his hat and coat.

"Your reasoning," he said, "is beyond me. But let it pass. I hope I've made it clear that if the letters appear in your column, they'll blast *you.*"

Leaning against the door jamb, Ray nodded. "Very clear — me, among others."

And that was that. No word about how the lawyer had discovered his files had been robbed. It occurred to me that the only previous link between these two men—Irene—had never been mentioned at all.

When I came back from seeing

Legrue to the door, Ray was looking out of my office window. He nodded toward the telephone directory.

"See if Bly is listed in there, will you?"

There was a listing, all right. I had just found it when Eddie Lark came into the office.

He looked ludicrous with Ray's size 42 suit on his size 36 body. The gray tweed jacket hung on him like a scarecrow's garment. But for all that, and despite the bandage around his head, Eddie Lark seemed quite steady now. His color had improved, his eyes were clear.

Apparently he'd heard much of what had been said during Legrue's visit, for he said with a note of wonder, "That's one for the books. Why would Bly want to make a confession?"

"He's your baby," Ray said. "Get him on the phone and find out, if you feel up to talking."

"Oh, I'm O.K. My head pounds, but I can talk." He dialed the number I gave him. While we waited, he glanced at the clock; it was after twelve.

Ray went into the study to listen in at his own extension. I bent my head close to Eddie's. He held the telephone an inch away from his ear so that I might hear.

WHEN Warren Bly answered, Eddie was caustic. He told of Legrue's visit, then demanded to know what the devil had happened.

Bly hesitated. We could almost hear him swallow before he said in a miserable voice:

"He went to the office tonight to look at the files."

"How come?"

"He didn't tell me why. He just said he'd gone to look at the letters, and they were gone."

"What made him go chasing after you?"

"The elevator boy told him I'd worked late tonight and had gone out with a package."

"Oh. So you broke down and admitted everything. Because an elevator boy—"

"Well, look." Bly became even more wretched. "Legrue was ready to have me arrested on the spot. Claimed I was the only one who could have taken the file—and he had the elevator boy's story about the package. On the other hand, he offered to drop the whole thing if I told him who had the letters now. I thought it over fast. I figured those letters would come out soon in Garret's column, and then Legrue would see the whole set-up. He'd be on my tail again with the police. So I took him up on his promise to drop all charges. Told him the truth. What else could I do?"

"Not a thing," Eddie said in disgust. "You're a swell guy to do business with." He put a hand over the transmitter and called to Ray, "Anything else you want me to ask this cluck?"

"No."

"Shall I tell him the letters are gone?"

Ray shook his head.

So Eddie said, "Good night, Bly. I wish I could say it's been a pleasure to talk to you."

A FEW minutes after Eddie Lark chugged off in his rattletrap car, Ray was ready to drive me out to Chevy Chase. The rain was as heavy as ever when we stepped out of the door. We hunched against it as we started across the garden. A taxi had just stopped at the curb. Two people were stepping out of it, and I recognized the slim graceful figures of the Dudleys. They hurried toward the house, but stopped when they saw us. Bea Dudley's eyes grew round.

"Why, hello. Working late, aren't you?" she said.

Nick Dudley was holding his wife's arm. I saw him squeeze it, as if in warning.

"We took in the Balalaika show tonight," he said. "They could do with a dance team to pep up that Russian baloney."

"Why not ask for the job?" Ray said. He drew me on. "'Night!"

As he opened the door of his car, Nick Dudley called across the garden, "Oh, Ray! I've got some letters to do in the morning. Could I borrow one of your portables?"

"Help yourself," Ray said.

When we were in the car, I asked, "Do they have to make Solomon come down again?"

"No. They have a key."

The finality in his tones made it clear he didn't want to talk about the Dudleys. Neither did I. As we rolled off, I put them out of my thoughts. And while the tires hissed and the windshield wipers squeaked, I tried to cope with the problem of who had robbed Eddie Lark.

After all, very few people could have been aware that he was bringing the letters to Ray's house this evening. There were, as far as we knew, only Warren Bly himself and, later, Legrue; and Ray and I. And yes—Sam Ryker. But Sam was one of us, and it was absurd to consider him at all. I frowned over the thing, getting nowhere.

Nor did I have any better luck in trying to decide what might have made Legrue go to his files tonight of all nights.

When Ray stopped the car in front of Mike's house, I thanked him for the ride, said good night, and stepped out. But I'd gone only a few steps when he called, "Fran."

I turned. "Yes?"

He sat in the car, looking out at me. A street lamp lit his face. I could feel his glance go over me, all of me, as if he'd never really looked at me before, and I had a strange tightening sensation all through my body.

He smiled. "You're a good kid to work with."

"Why, thanks—"

"And you know when a guy doesn't feel like talking, too. Good night!"

I stood in the rain, watching the taillights of his car as he drove away. After a long moment I went into the house. My nerves were still taut, but I had a touch of exhilaration too.

On a little table in the hall, propped against a lamp, a telegram waited for me. It was from Jerry Cannerton in New York and it said:

ARRIVE WASHINGTON TOMORROW TO START MY CAMPAIGN. PLEASE HOLD DINNER HOUR FOR ME. ALSO HOURS THAT FOLLOW. WILL BE AT SHOREHAM. LOVE.

The message made me smile. Tonight, Jerry and the uncomplicated life we had shared in New York seemed years, instead of weeks, in the past. On the other hand, it would be a relief to spend a few hours with somebody who wasn't engaged in what Mike had termed modified crime. We'd probably dance and laugh as we used to, and I was confident I could keep the matter of marriage on a gay and not too important level. At least, for a while.

BUT in the morning I forgot Jerry.

That was because the taxi in which I rode to town with four other people had a radio, and the radio was switched on to a news program. The announcer's voice stunned me by saying:

"The District police were confronted last night with another murder. Sometime between one and two A. M. the well-known Washington lawyer, Walter Evans Legrue, was shot to death in the living room of his home on Massachusetts Avenue. According to latest word from police headquarters, there is no indication of why or by whom Legrue was killed. . . ."

All the way in to Georgetown I sat in a daze. The sun was out this morning. Under clear blue skies Washington wore its brightest November beauty. The others in the cab talked about it, but I was too numb and horrified to speak.

Walter Evans Legrue must have been murdered only an hour or so after he left Ray Garret's home. In saying good night to him at the door, I had probably been one of the last to see him alive. If police learned he'd visited Ray just be-

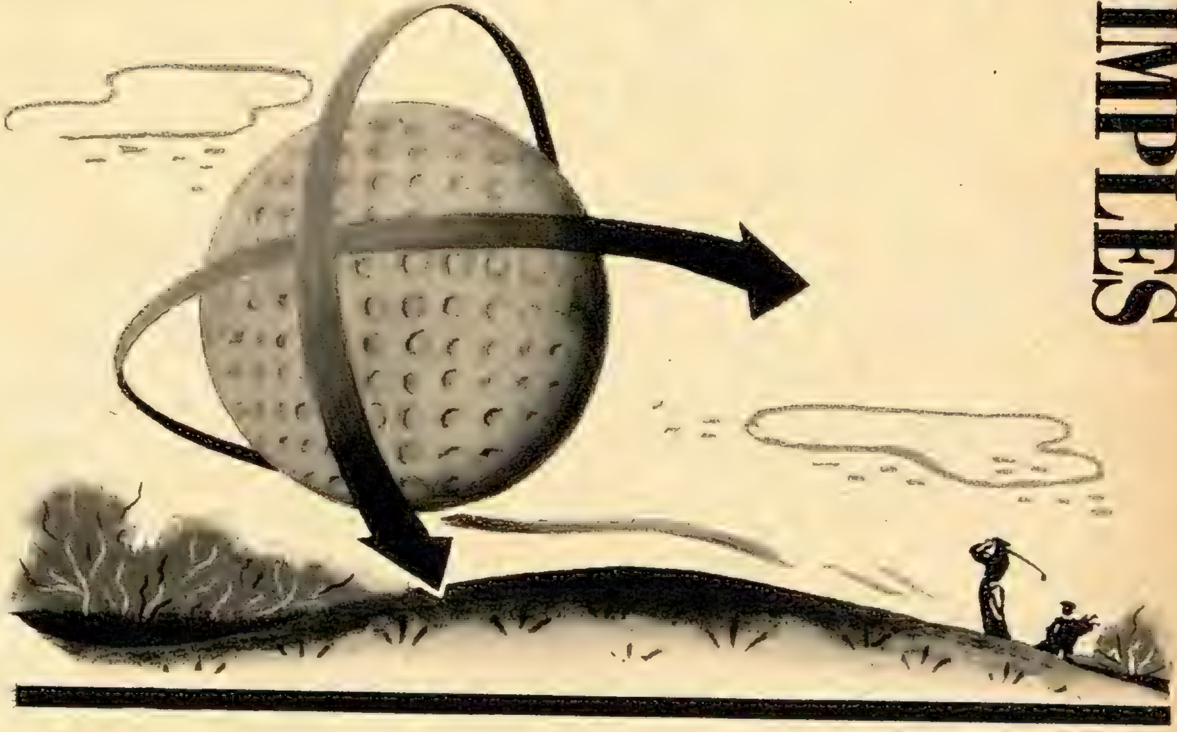
(*Continued on page 80*)

FEM-INANITIES

I'm merely male, and so
It's quite beyond my ken
Why women dry the clothes
And sprinkle them again.
—Lenore Eversole Fisher.

Why a golf ball has DIMPLES

By Charles Clapp, Jr.



The explanation will amaze you — whether you are a golfer or not

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

"WHY has a golf ball dimples?" I asked a number of people recently. Approximately 50 per cent said they believed the dimples had something to do with making a better contact between the club head and the ball—gave it the proper amount of spin. About 10 per cent thought the dimples caused a truer roll; 5 per cent guessed they made the ball lighter, and the same number guessed they made it wear better.

When the idea of a smooth golf ball was suggested, the reaction was practically unanimous—all were convinced it could be driven a greater distance, and they didn't understand why there wasn't a smooth ball on the market. Most of the men talked and talked about streamlining, citing the glassy-smooth surfaces of automobiles and airplanes. One man was positive a smooth ball would go very much farther than a dimple ball, but said it wouldn't be practical to sell a ball like that, and people wouldn't buy them. Why? Because it would make all the present golf courses obsolete—they'd all be too short and it wouldn't be any fun to play them.

So I took my question to A. G. Spalding & Bros. They were most co-operative, offering to have one of their plants produce a few smooth balls with the same specifications as their best dimple ball. A man from their research laboratory picked out about three dozen golf-ball centers (wound rubber balls) which were ready for their covers, and tested them to be certain they matched in all respects.

Golf balls with three different types of surfaces were made: completely smooth, dimples like the regulation ball, and balls with the dimples on half the sphere and a smooth surface on the other half.

These manufacturers have a specially designed machine for testing their balls. A bunch of weights hangs from a steel cable wound on a big spool. The other end of the cable is attached to a steel rod which represents the shaft of a golf club. When the weights are released, they drop, the rod flies around in the same arc as a club, and the head smacks a teed-up golf ball. This results in every ball being hit in exactly the same way and with the same force.

The smooth-versus-dimple-ball driving experiment took place on a beautiful fall day with a light breeze blowing toward the driving machine. Six of the regulation dimple balls were driven first. Each of these went straight out in an ascending flight and landed in the center of the fairway, approximately 230 yards from the tee.

Next came the completely smooth balls. I half raised a pair of binoculars, to be ready in case these streamlined beauties took a flight that couldn't be followed with the naked eye. S-s-swack! The first smooth ball swished from the tee. For the first ten yards it followed the same path as the dimple; then it leveled off for another ten yards —and then it took an abrupt nose dive, hit the ground about thirty yards away, and skipped rather violently onto the edge of the fairway. Including the roll, it was only about fifty yards from the tee!

Something must be wrong! Maybe the machine had got out of kilter? The rest of the smooth balls were driven. They all behaved in exactly the same fashion. Not one made a flight of over thirty-five yards. To demonstrate that nothing was wrong with the machine, a few more of the dimples were driven. Right down the center of the fairway with the same perfect flight for a carry of about 230 yards.

Some of the half-dimple-half-smooth balls were teed up with the dimple half on top; others, with it on the bottom. Both batches made normal flights but went only about 100 yards. Then a few were tried with the dimple half on the right, and these went about 100 yards but in a violent right curve like a slice. Similarly, when the dimple half was placed on the left, the ball hooked to the left.

The astonishing performance of the smooth golf ball can be explained by aerodynamics. As the ball travels through the air, it causes air eddies to swirl around behind it—semi-vacuum areas with suctionlike qualities. These finally become so strong they check the ball's forward motion, and it drops to the ground because of gravity.

With the dimple ball, the same amount of air eddies is created; but because the ball's rough surface whirls through them and dumps air into the potential vacuum, they do not gain sufficient strength to stop the forward flight of the ball.

TO the airplane, these vacuum areas on the upper surface of the wings are of the greatest value: they're the force that lifts it off the ground and keeps it in the air. The newest planes have wings designed to make the air bounce over them in a way to cause a bigger and better vacuum.

As aviation designers gain more insight into the principles of aerodynamics, their discoveries may result in some startling developments for golf balls, too. After all, the new planes are making nonstop flights halfway around the world. Maybe some day you'll be able to drive a golf ball from New York City to Philadelphia. On second thought, you'd have an awful time finding your ball in Philadelphia, wouldn't you?

THE END

Bell for Broadway

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IT is a very happy thing indeed for a girl to be an overnight success in a musical-comedy smash the very first time she hits Broadway, and it must be doubly pleasant to have the laugh on Hollywood. Yet Marion Bell, once a little-known West Coast singer, and now prima donna of the new fantasy, Brigadoon, is not exactly a Cinderella. It took ten years, lots of money, at least one fortuitous failure, and a notable cast of supporting characters to put her where she is.

The supporting cast comprised important executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Sigmund Romberg, the melody factory; such famed teachers as Nina Koshetz, Paul Oulanowsky, Arthur Rosenstein, and Mario Marafioti; and Robert Z. Leonard. Miss Bell owes most to "Pop" Leonard and his wife, Gertrude. Pop quit the stage for the movies in 1915 and is one of the top directors in the business.

When Marion met the Leonards at the age of 14, her career began, for they heard her sing and Pop offered to finance her studies. Grand opera was her goal until she met Romberg last summer in Los Angeles. She was singing in an outdoor production of his New Moon, and he told her she should stay with the musical theater. He was right, for this season the Broadway musical stage has shown unprecedented vitality with such unusual productions as Finian's Rainbow, Street Scene, Beggar's Holiday, and Brigadoon.

Miss Bell was nervous at her first night at the Ziegfeld Theater, but she didn't show it. "I concentrated on my part," she explains. "I didn't begin to cry until about 3 A. M., when somebody brought the morning papers." This was at a party given for the cast at the home of Bea Lawrence Renfield, one of the backers of the show.

What made Marion cry for joy was a unanimously favorable set of reports on an imaginative show in which she is a Scottish lass living in the village of Brigadoon in the year 1747. Her troth is not yet plighted. She is, as she says in her song, "waitin' for my dearie."

It's not often an unknown singer becomes an overnight sensation on Broadway. Marion Bell did — and is Hollywood's face red

By John Chapman

Along comes David Brooks, a young American—vintage 1947—and they fall in love. Brigadoon is an enchanted village and it and all its people exist only one day in each 100 years. Brooks, hunting in Scotland, stumbles into the village on this one day. But how can two people living in different centuries pursue romance? Of course, there is a happy ending.

Miss Bell, as Fiona, brings charm and the proper degree of maidenly wistfulness to her role, and her voice is a clear, well-trained, and youthful soprano. And Frederick Loewe and Alan Jay Lerner, the composer and lyricist, have given her her share of a good score. Besides Waitin' for My Dearie, her songs are The Heather on the Hill, Almost Like Being in Love, and From This Day On.

It took fifty-nine discouraging tries and one lucky failure to put Marion Bell in the role of Fiona MacLaren. Visiting New York for a fortnight's vacation, she plunged into one audition after another.

Marion auditioned for the leading role of Rose Maurrant in Kurt Weill's operatic version of Street Scene, but Anne Jeffreys got the job. She auditioned for Bobby Clark's revival of Sweethearts. She almost got a part in Toplitzky of Notre Dame, but it fell through. This was a lucky break, for Toplitzky had only a brief run. She auditioned for Cheryl Crawford, the producer, and Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, the authors of Brigadoon—and she was in.

It wasn't only her good voice; it was also because her dark hair and eyes and her lissome build, inherited from her Scotch-Irish family, made her a good type for the wistful Scottish lass in Brigadoon.

Marion is 26, and divorced from Lieutenant Jack C. Holman, whom she married in 1943. She was born in St. Louis, but has lived in Los Angeles since her early childhood.

In 1941 she made her concert debut in Santa Barbara. That same year she had two small roles with the San Francisco Opera Company. During the war Marion sang at the Hollywood Canteen. Frank Orsatti, an agent, heard her and thought she'd be good for a role in a production of Kismet which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was planning. Metro gave her a contract.

"It was a fine contract," she says. "The studio was always wonderful to me. The only trouble was, I didn't do any work for two and a half years, and when you want to work, this gets you down. They used another girl in Kismet after deciding I wasn't the Oriental type.

"Then they were going to put me in something called The Kissing Bandit, but the picture was rewritten for Frank Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson. My only screen appearance was in The Ziegfeld Follies."

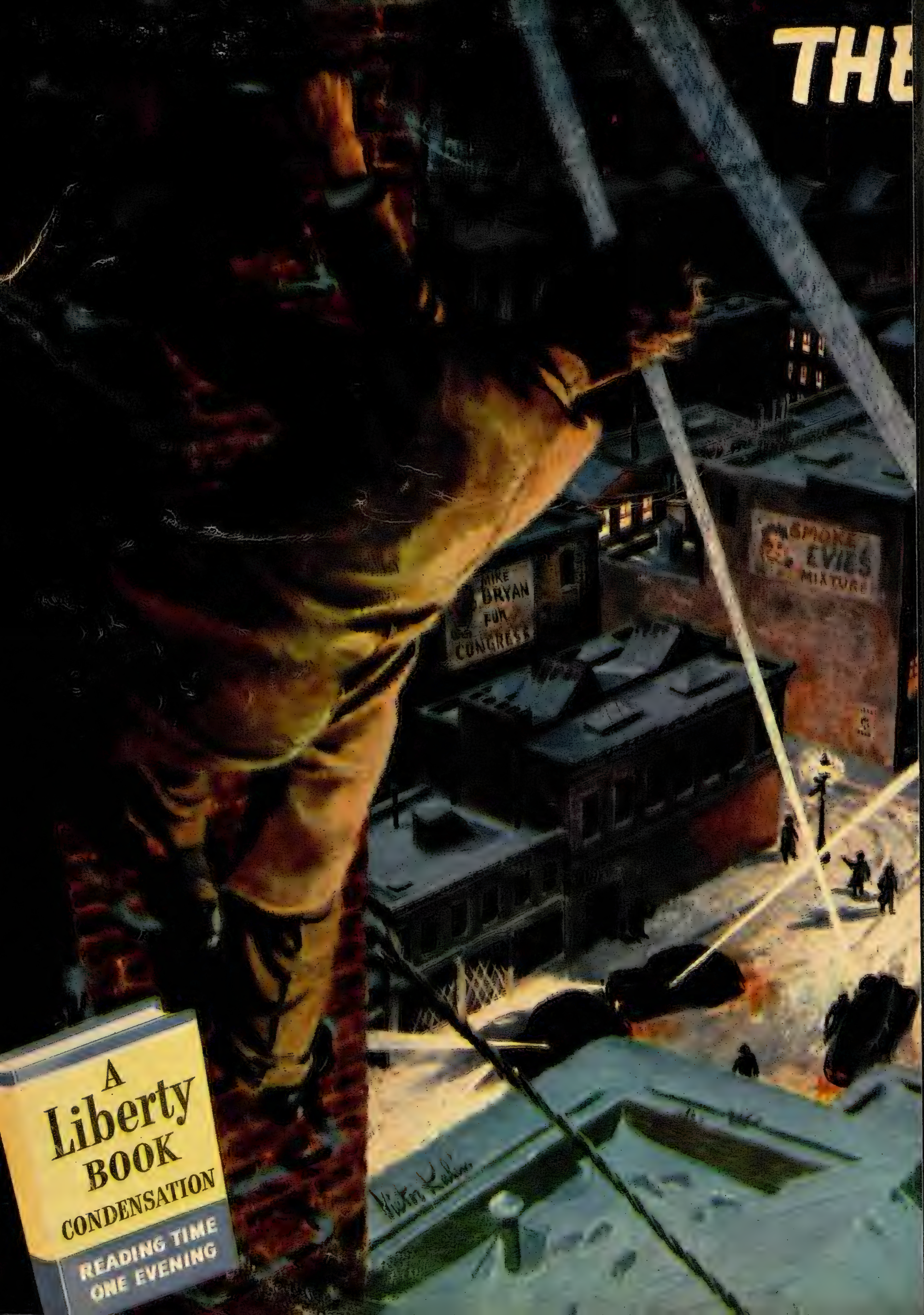
Discouraged by this inactivity, she arranged for a settlement of her long-term contract. Now she's in a Broadway hit, Metro may be sorry.

Although they did not come East for her Broadway debut, the Leonards keep in close touch with her. One night during the Philadelphia tryout she phoned them at 4 A. M. and got scolded for staying up that late. The day after the Broadway première she called again and read them every word of all nine daily newspaper reviews.

THE END

In Brigadoon love wins, though the man (David Brooks) and Marion are centuries apart.

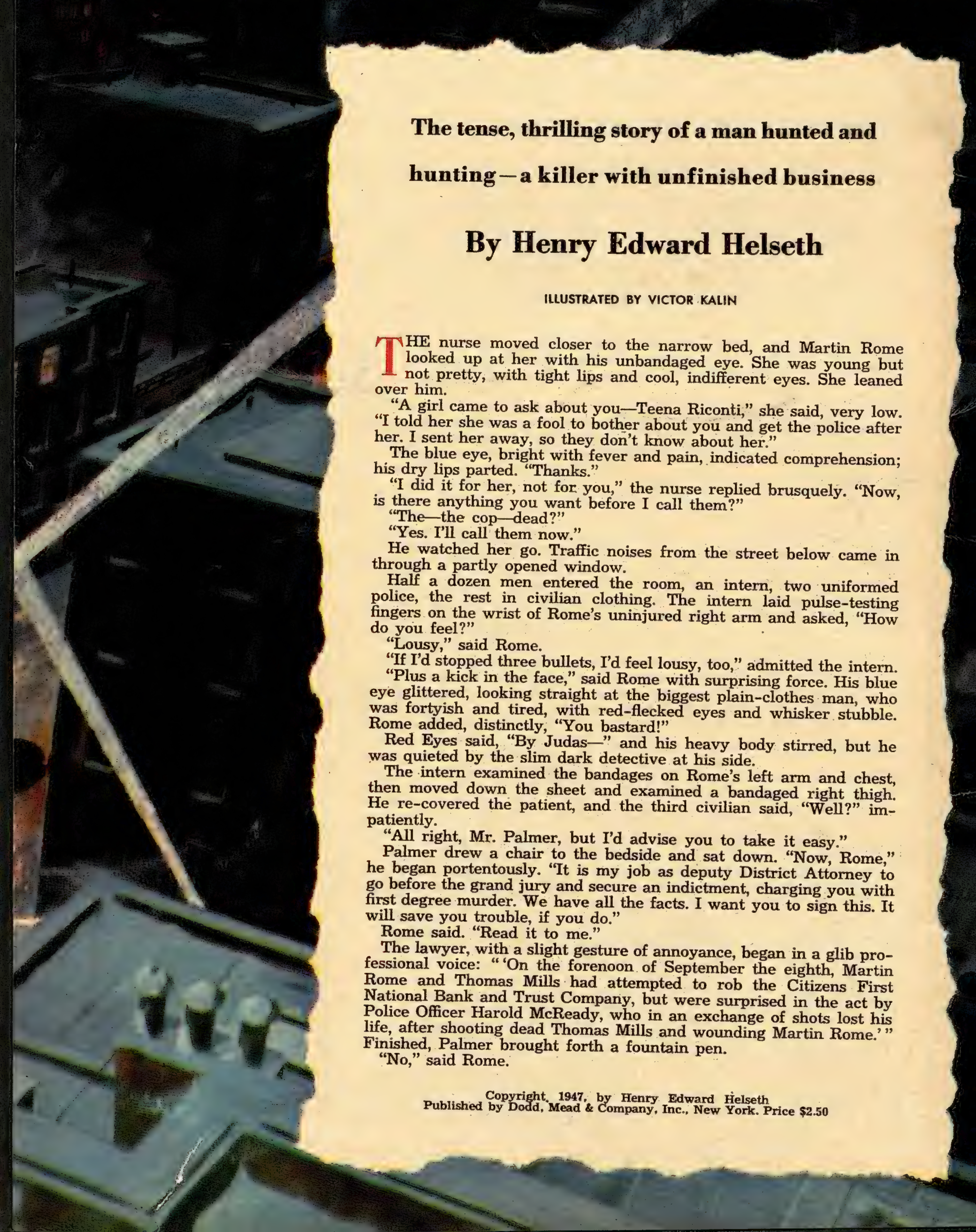
THE


MIKE BRYAN FOR CONGRESS
SMOKE EVIES MIXTURE
Victor Kalin

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

CHAIR FOR MARTIN ROME



The tense, thrilling story of a man hunted and hunting—a killer with unfinished business

By Henry Edward Helseth

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

THE nurse moved closer to the narrow bed, and Martin Rome looked up at her with his unbandaged eye. She was young but not pretty, with tight lips and cool, indifferent eyes. She leaned over him.

"A girl came to ask about you—Teena Riconti," she said, very low. "I told her she was a fool to bother about you and get the police after her. I sent her away, so they don't know about her."

The blue eye, bright with fever and pain, indicated comprehension; his dry lips parted. "Thanks."

"I did it for her, not for you," the nurse replied brusquely. "Now, is there anything you want before I call them?"

"The—the cop—dead?"

"Yes. I'll call them now."

He watched her go. Traffic noises from the street below came in through a partly opened window.

Half a dozen men entered the room, an intern, two uniformed police, the rest in civilian clothing. The intern laid pulse-testing fingers on the wrist of Rome's uninjured right arm and asked, "How do you feel?"

"Lousy," said Rome.

"If I'd stopped three bullets, I'd feel lousy, too," admitted the intern.

"Plus a kick in the face," said Rome with surprising force. His blue eye glittered, looking straight at the biggest plain-clothes man, who was fortyish and tired, with red-flecked eyes and whisker stubble. Rome added, distinctly, "You bastard!"

Red Eyes said, "By Judas—" and his heavy body stirred, but he was quieted by the slim dark detective at his side.

The intern examined the bandages on Rome's left arm and chest, then moved down the sheet and examined a bandaged right thigh. He re-covered the patient, and the third civilian said, "Well?" impatiently.

"All right, Mr. Palmer, but I'd advise you to take it easy."

Palmer drew a chair to the bedside and sat down. "Now, Rome," he began portentously. "It is my job as deputy District Attorney to go before the grand jury and secure an indictment, charging you with first degree murder. We have all the facts. I want you to sign this. It will save you trouble, if you do."

Rome said. "Read it to me."

The lawyer, with a slight gesture of annoyance, began in a glib professional voice: "'On the forenoon of September the eighth, Martin Rome and Thomas Mills had attempted to rob the Citizens First National Bank and Trust Company, but were surprised in the act by Police Officer Harold McReady, who in an exchange of shots lost his life, after shooting dead Thomas Mills and wounding Martin Rome.'"

Finished, Palmer brought forth a fountain pen.

"No," said Rome.

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The lawyer's frown was an admirable blend of pained surprise and just displeasure. "Don't play the fool, my man. You can't win."

The slim dark detective put in, "Give us a reason, Marty."

The prisoner coughed and it was easy to see the cough hurt. He said, in a strangled voice, "Doc, what—are—my—chances?"

"To pull through?" The intern bent over the bed, speaking down. "You've got a chance, Marty—in my estimation, a pretty fair one. You've got a good physique, and the essential vitality."

"Okay." The prisoner's voice cleared. "I'll make a deal with you. If I guess right, you'll hold out the hundred and fifty bucks I had in my pocket when I walked into that bank. I want it."

"Ridiculous!" snapped the attorney, his smooth face growing red. "We know that money was stolen."

"Like hell you know," scoffed Rome. "Small bills. You—" He coughed again "—can't prove it. Give it—me—I'll sign. Otherwise—go to—hell."

The heavy detective snarled, "You punk! We got ways—" But the clever, slim one tapped him quiet, saying smoothly, "It might be a good deal at that, Mr. Palmer. Small bills *are* hard to trace."

Palmer veiled his eyes, moving his head as if in defeat a great concession was being wrung from him. "Very well, Rome, I'll see what can be done. Now if you'll just—"

The killer made a noise peculiarly like derisive laughter. "Like hell! You turn the dough over to my credit at the hospital here, and they can give me a receipt."

"This is impossible!" Palmer shouted. "Mendel," he ordered the slim detective, "see what you and Dietrich can do with him." He charged to the door and out.

Dietrich, the heavy one, came close to the bed. "Come on now, Marty, open that pretty blue eye."

The intern's round face grew some very firm lines. "I won't tolerate any rough stuff, Officer. This man is my patient."

The wounded man's mouth had fallen open, and his breaths were stertorous. The intern went around the bed, and shoved the detective aside.

"Now, now," said Dietrich, "whatsa fuss?" He tried gently to prod the doctor aside. "That punk's playin' possum on us."

The young medic swung about impatiently. "Don't be a fool. You could yell your head off and he'd never hear you. Could be, he'll never hear anybody again. Be a good idea if you left, now."

"But I don't want him to *die*, Doc." Dietrich turned away like a blind man, under Mendel's deft guidance. "Hell! I need sleep—bad. But I don't want that guy to die, Saul. I want to see him in the hot squat, roasting. He killed a cop." He went on out.

Saul Mendel turned to the two uniformed men. "You boys get yourselves a couple of chairs and park in the corridor. I'll give you instructions when I leave," he said, and he returned to the foot of the bed. "Think our pal will make it, Dr. Tolan?"

"Don't know," the intern said curtly. Their eyes met.

"If you're thinking of my partner," guessed Mendel, "don't get him wrong. He's worn out running down other angles of this thing. And McReady was a friend of his."

Lieutenant Mendel took out a package of cigarettes, but remembered the rules and put them away. He massaged his eyes with thumb and forefinger. "You ever seen an electrocution, Doc? No, I suppose not." The clever face twisted. "It's a thing you remember. Maybe if Marty had seen one, McReady'd be alive today, and Marty'd be on the streets. Well, I'm talking too much. Good night."

MARTIN ROME held onto the wavering thread of life, and as days passed, his hold grew stronger. The bandage removed from his face revealed his other blue eye, and the pair stared endlessly at the ceiling or out the window when they were not closed in sleep; his bruised, whiskered face was unreadable.

One afternoon Palmer, Mendel and Dietrich filed into the room. Rome said nothing, just stared.

"You know what we want from you, Rome," the D.A.'s deputy began, "and there are many things we can do for you—if you play ball."

"Second degree instead of first, maybe?"

"Out of the question, of course," answered Palmer.

"First degree, Marty," said Mendel. "Afterwards, who knows what the governor might decide?"

"Why do you guys have to act so damn noble! Turn my money over to me and I'll sign."

The D.A.'s deputy wasted only a moment of indecision before taking an envelope from his pocket and handing it to Lieutenant Mendel, who thereupon left the room. There was silence until Mendel returned, accompanied by Dr. Tolan and Lucille Pruett, the blond nurse with the tight lips. She gave Rome a receipt for $151.84. Palmer steadied the paper while the prisoner signed, then said, "Well, that's that," and stamped out.

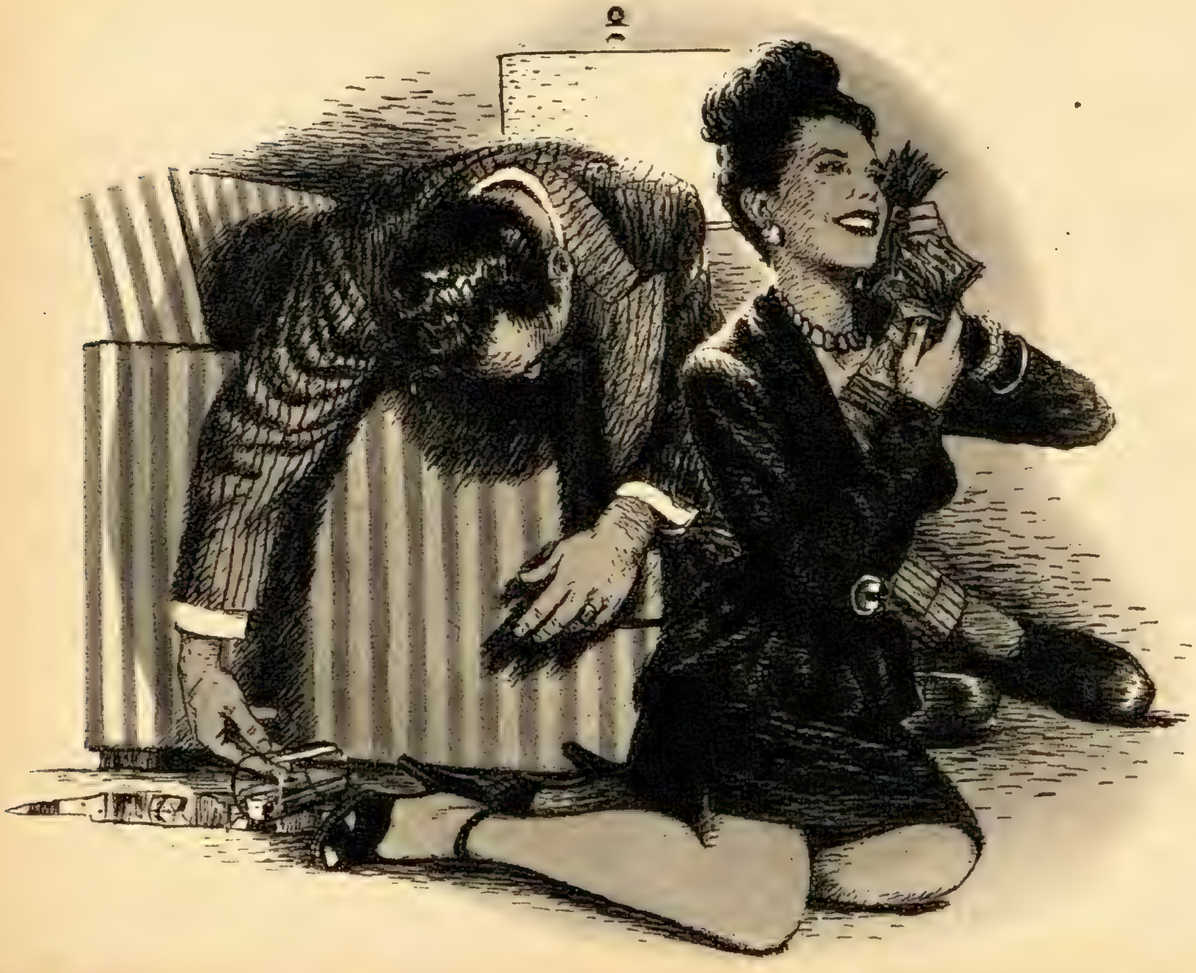
Tolan checked his patient's condition, told the nurse, "We'll do the dressings later," and she left.

"Well, Marty," Mendel said, sitting down, "you've got what you want. Now we want to know about stick-ups—fifteen—all pulled this past year by two smooth-working lads, and the descriptions fit you and Tom Mills. You two cleaned up between forty and fifty thousand dollars on those jobs. We'd like to know what you did with that money, and who fingered those jobs for you. How about it, kid?"

"You're asking the wrong man. I don't know anything about those jobs."

"Who do you think you're kiddin'?" Dietrich put in.

Mendel assumed a casual friendliness. "See here, Marty. We, personally, haven't got it in for you. We figure you're an average guy who got some bad breaks, did too much time, and consequently got a gripe in your system. Why, hell, you probably liked girls and a good time



(*Continued on page 95*)

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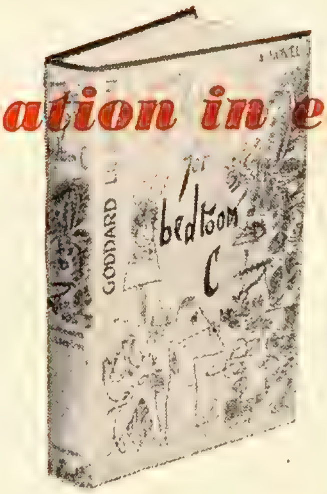

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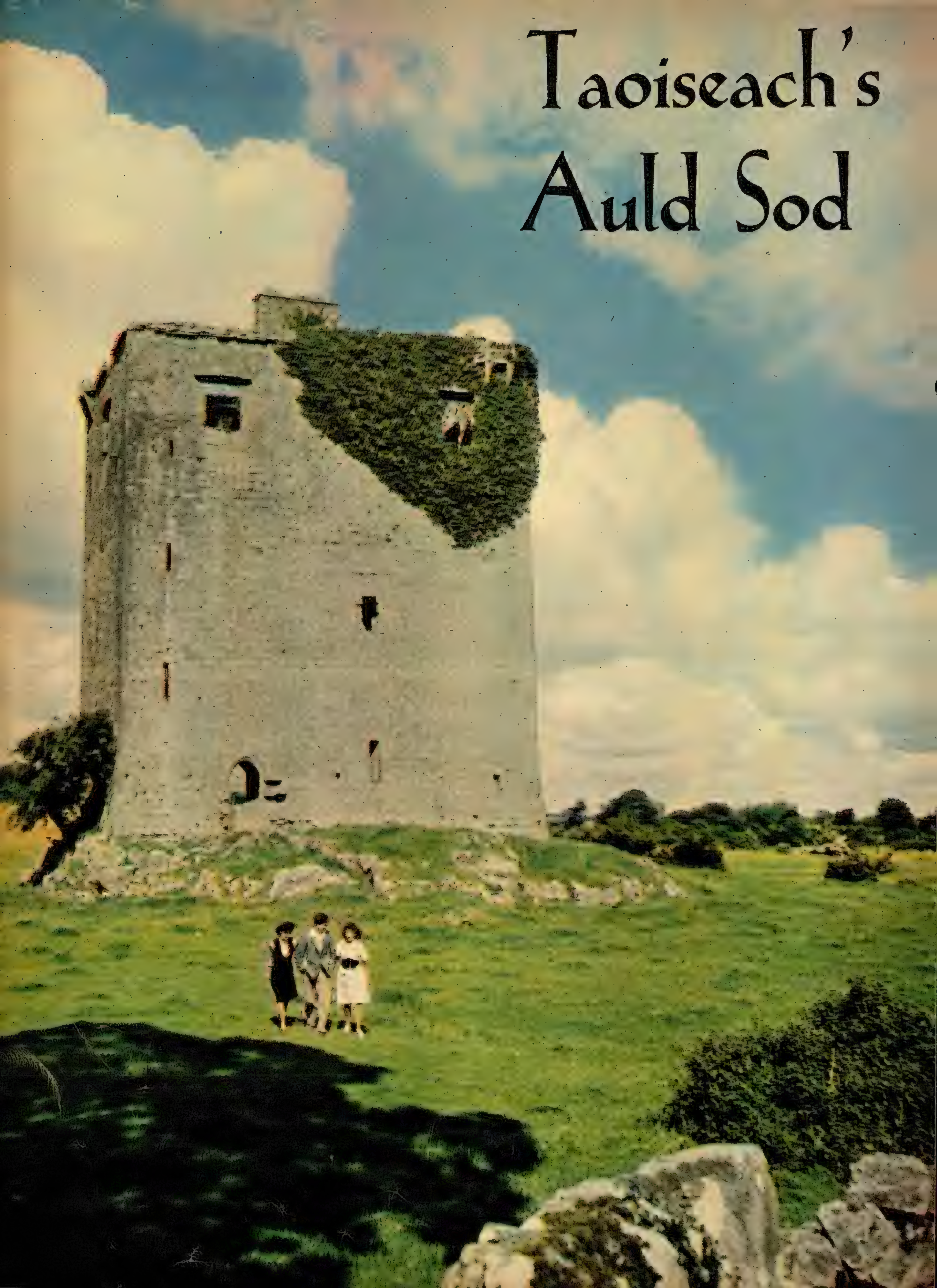


Lush, flush Ireland is still a green paradise of peace and plenty

The River Shannon, in bad weather a torrent, flows peacefully by Limerick. Historic castle in background.

THE Taoiseach (Prime Minister de Valera of Ireland) knows that at best he can only be third in the hearts of his countrymen. The Church is far and away the first love, and horses second with the sports-loving sons of the auld sod. Because of the threatened famine after this winter's disastrous floods, de Valera hasn't been able to promise tourists the rich pastries recklessly heaped with whipped cream. But visitors still find food that has become forgotten folklore to the rest of Europe. Americans ogle ancient ruins that dot the landscape and are amazed at Dublin's modern industrial plants; they search for romance among the glens and lakes, visit convents where nuns produce fine Irish lace, tour the brewery where stout is made. For all of this, de Valera has set aside five million dollars to make the fabulous attractions of his little island even more enticing to world travelers.

O'Connell Street, one of Europe's finest, over River Liffey (Dublin).

Irish whisky notwithstanding, drinking stout is national pastime.

Oldest church in Ireland (1172) is St. Mary's Cathedral at Limerick.

Denis O'Dea, currently playing the role of the police inspector in Odd Man Out, has been with the Abbey Theater for 20 years.

EVERY bit of Ireland is sacred to a
Irishman. Even Englishmen will ad
mit it is unlike any country on earth
Limerick, which boasts Ireland's pretties
girls, is on the west side of the island, a
the mouth of the Shannon. More trav
elers come and go in this area than an
other, since the Rineanna Airport, th
international crossroads of the world, i
located here. Irishmen warn visitors tha
if they stay too long in the Shannon val
ley, they're apt to stay permanently

De Valera, 65, elected six times,
once sentenced to death by Bri

Protest meetings against Irish partition are daily occurrences.

Irish Senate, for the first time, visits turf bogs to inspect peat-cutting methods.

Pub in private home allows drink
after hours. Not legal, but custom

GUINNESS
on
Draught

Romantic imagination and skeptical realism have produced in the Irish a strong sense of the drama. The Abbey Theater in Dublin, home of Barry Fitzgerald, Sara Allgood, and others, presents the finest acting in the world. For twenty cents you can sit up with the gallery gods, or treat yourself to the finest seat for the sum of ninety cents.

De Valera wants the Irish to speak Gaelic, but, being independent, the Irish go right on speaking English.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK HANLEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK HANLEY AND ALFRED ERIS

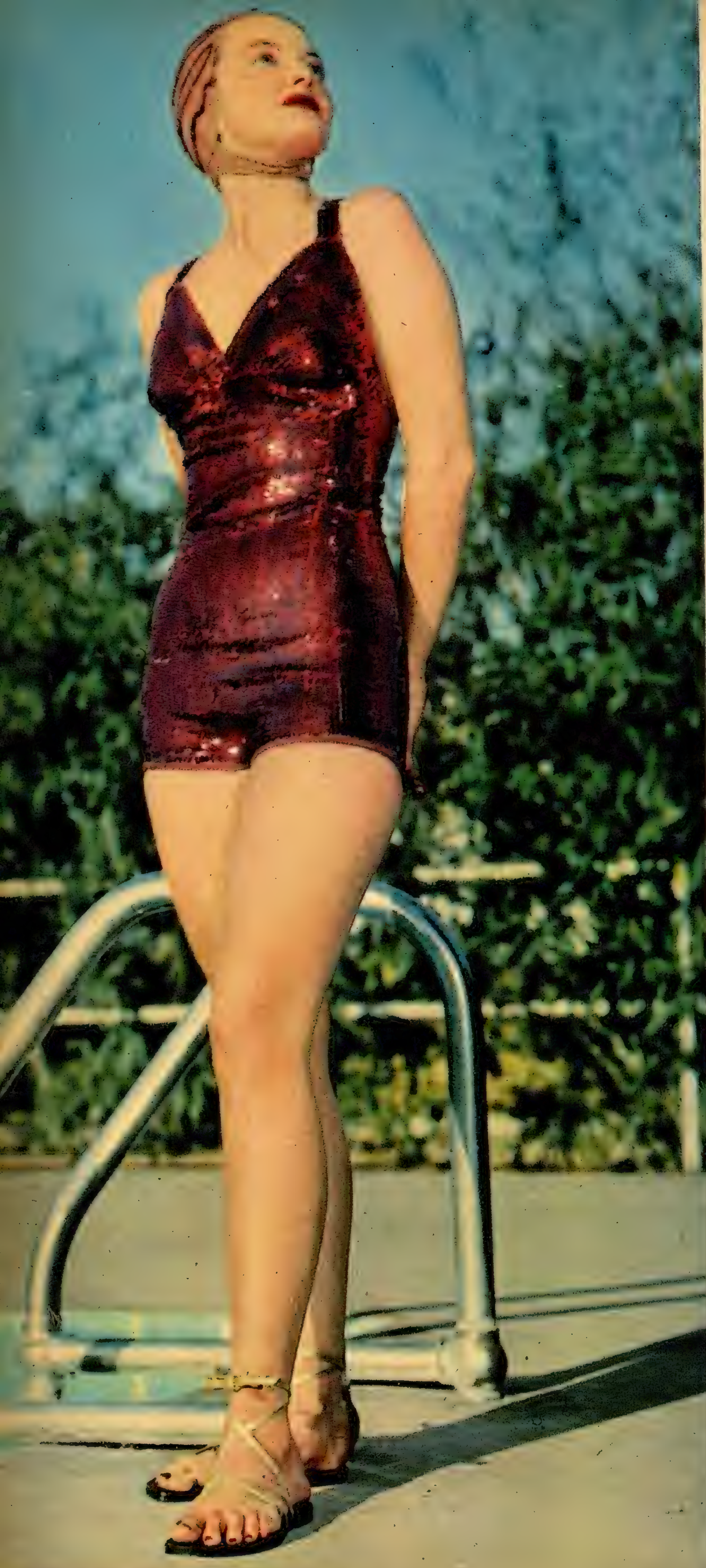
imerick natives take their role of nternational air importance calmly.

Contrary to popular belief, an Irish milkmaid is a rarity. These men of Limerick are a direct link between the cows and consumers.

orporation homes in Dublin erected y city for prescribed income groups.

You can count on one thing being constant in Ireland—the weather. It always rains.

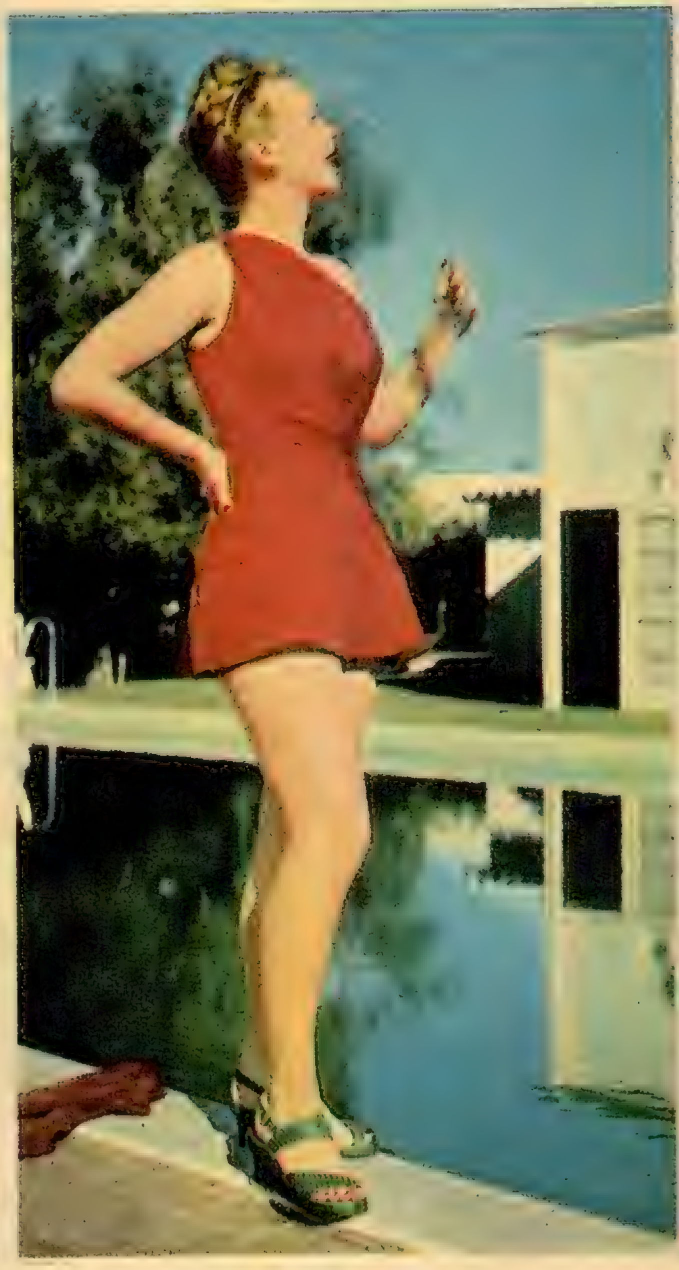
Limerick street scene. By far the most exciting noon activity.



Beauty and the Beach

What's new in the new bathing suits

HOLLYWOOD, home of the bathing beauty, is rapidly becoming the home of the bathing-suit manufacturer as well. More and more top-flight designers are settling in the land of milk and honeys. From $180 rustproof sequin jobs to little $4 cotton rompers, the sunkist swim suits of the West Coast are designed to go sea-ing as well as to be seen. On these pages M-G-M and Warner Brothers starlets model the latest Catalina, Gantner and other fashions at Colonial House and the Tennis Club in fashionable Palm Springs.



Fabulous fuchsia in sparkling sequins makes the most startling suit of the season. Martha Vickers models the Cole design. Above: A separate skirt turns Andrea King's Dorette suit into a cocktail dress.

JACK ALBIN

BUD FRAKER

Bare midriffs, harder to wear than the flattering one-piecers, still are popular. This is a Jantzen.

JACK ALBIN

Hand-painting (try it yourself on a plain white suit) adorns the Catalina model that adorns Janis Paige (above), while her companion, Andrea King, wears a print by Travis Banton. Esther Williams (right) enhances a white suit with hand-appliquéd roses, another decoration the home designer can try.

M-G-M PHOTO

JACK ALBIN

Soft blue-gray color of the Jantzen suit that Janis Paige wears will do wonders for your tan, and the provocative snug-fitting lines will do other wonders for the lines of your figure.

ERIC CARP

Ballerina Cyd Charisse appreciates well-fitted costumes; selects a smooth Cole midriff suit.

JACK

Red in the sun, but not from a burn, are Andrea King and Janis Paige. Andrea's suit is a palm design by Mabs. Janis wears a striped one-piece job designed by Cole.

JACK ALBIN

Pool partners Andrea and Janis again, in Gantner suits, green wool and blue stripes.

JANTZEN PHOTO

Shadows on the sands take a new turn in this two-color shadow-box suit by Jantzen.

ERIC CARPENTER

JACK ALBIN

One strap on a two-piecer by Rose Marie Reid. As worn by Martha Vickers here, it's right for swimming. Without the easily removed strap, you are able to tan minus marks.

Oversized daisies splash all over Cyd Charisse's second selection, a two-piece suit by Rose Marie Reid. This one's better for sunning than swimming, still goes in the water.

Runner at My Side

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

There was a Ranger,
Half friend, half stranger,
Running at my side
All that night
With steady heartbreak pace.
Still, though I tried
To see his face,
I could see nothing but a kind of light;
I heard no breathing from his place.

It gave me a queer feeling
Not to see, not to hear,
Yet know him near.
It was queer,
That sense of fear
And healing . . .
I could not understand;
His face, daubed black like mine,
Seemed somehow to shine,
And I could almost touch his hand.

All that night, in a forced march
Twenty-five miles behind the enemy,
Your throat begins to parch,
Your leg muscles stiffen like starch.
Striking stealthily
Through the Nueva Ecija hills, you see
Nothing but the night, the nervous trees,
Your eyeballs peeled for the Japanese,
Your fist slipping round the hilt of the knife
Naked in its sheath . . .
The March of Life
Stalking the March of Death.

Through jungle green our green-
clad Commandos flitted.
The Filipino guerrillas sliced and slitted
The night in two.
We crossed the Pampanga River; we threw
Ourselves flat on our bellies;
Our shirts stuck to our backs like glue;
We wriggled through
Like slow jellies;
We drew
Toward the road, inch by inch, in a
sweaty queue;
We crawled to shelter
Along the northern bank of the Cabu.
Then, letting out a cockeyed Commando yell,
We scramble to our feet, we plug
a Jap sentinel.
(He fell
Without a sound.)

And then our special brand of hell
Breaks loose all around
In a wild welter
Of blood and cordite smell
And smoke;
The tommyguns chatter,
They spit, they spatter
Death;
You cough, you choke
With each sharp lungful of breath;
The rats run helter-skelter,
Squealing as they run;
We give them the gun,
We give the bastards everything we've got.
It's short and sweet and hot . . .
They break, they scurry for cover,
And it's all over.

Our Rangers burst into the barbed wire
of Cabanatuan,
Into the prison
(He is risen);
Into the compound
(Step soft: this is holy ground);

Into the grave
Of the living dead;
(He shall save:
O lift up your head).
Some topkick bellows:
"Take it easy, fellows!
The Yanks
Are here!
We got this place!"

The living dead men gaze
At us, at each other,
In a dull-eyed daze;
They smother
In a fog of doubt and fear;
Not a word of thanks,
Not a single cheer,
Not one tear
At first...
Then the whole crazy truth burst
In their brains, three years
Of hell exploded in their ears...
Then the feeble cheers,
The terrible flood of tears...

All of a sudden, as I ran,
I remembered where I had seen
The face
Of that man
Who ran
All night beside me to this place:
A hundred times before —
At Bataan,
At Corregidor,
At Mindanao,
At O'Donnell, at Davao —
Always defiant, always tender,
Even the shock
Of our last-ditch surrender
Of the Rock.
No matter where it had been,
His face was always certain and serene,
And there was a funny far-away look
  in his eyes
That nothing could quite erase;
Not even the cloud of flies
Where he lay sprawled flat in some
  foul latrine,
Or swollen blue with the wet beri-beri,
Or fetid with dysentery
From one wild drink
At the scummed brink
Of the muddy carabao wallows...

So, all at once, I recalled the face
Of that Ranger,
Half friend, half stranger,
Who had run with me in the night,
His face blazing white
With some fierce inner light.
I turned — and there he stood, shaky
  and gaunt and pale;
I saw the familiar hollows
Fever-bright
Beneath the cheekbones, and that place
In his forehead where a nail
Or spike or something had been
  hammered through,
A livid blue,
And those scars in the back of both
  hands, puckered blue-white,
Plumb through the middle.
And suddenly that solved the riddle,
And suddenly I knew,
And I said, "So it's You!"
And He smiled, and that sufficed;
And I saluted in silence that
  gallant Commando, Captain Christ.

PHOTOS BY TED BURROWS

Chinese ringneck pheasant shown in exact position of bird in flight. Bright plumage is typical of male bird.

Newly hatched birds get their first look at the world. Eggs in tray are near hatching point.

Thirsty chicks at water fountain. Wire mesh keeps their feet dry. Young pheasants take cold easily and soon die.

Crestlea
Farms

George Bard, back from the army, helps his mother run farm. Bird is one that escaped and was recaptured.

Baby pheasants are cannibalistic, so brooder windows are painted red to neutralize color of blood.

Compensation for the hard-working pheasant raiser: a trio of roast birds.

Pheasant Farm

FIVE years ago Sylvia Bard quit an office job and started breeding game birds, a field rarely invaded by women. Now she runs a 150-acre pheasant farm at Brooklyn, Conn., and is one of the most successful breeders of game birds in the country. Right now she is in the midst of her busiest year, and before next Christmas will have marketed 7,500 ringneck pheasants. Connecticut buys a good half of the birds she raises to stock its preserves. The others are sold at $11 a brace (pair) as table delicacies. Surplus eggs are bought by other breeders at $25 a hundred. Pheasant raising is an exacting full-time job from spring until Christmastime. Incubators, kept at 99¾ degrees, hatch the eggs in from 23 to 25 days. During the incubation period, eggs must be turned every six hours night and day. It's no job for a gadabout. But it is pleasant enough, especially when there is time to savor home-grown pheasant. Mrs. Bard's favorite recipe calls for roasting the bird in a hot oven on a bed of onion rings and bacon strips. For stuffing she uses bread crumbs, raisins, and a small grated onion, all moistened with apple sauce. Mighty good eating, say those who have tasted Bard pheasants.

PERSONALITY

Jack never took a lesson and plays almost any instrument by ear. To relax, he minstrels alone at the piano in his modest home filled with bird prints.

Poet and Pedant

By James Kieran

John Kieran has a great mind, a warm heart, an infallible memory, and his first nickel

JOHN (he's Jack to the family) Kieran, air-wave savant, got that way by various means. They included a mother who loved to quote poetry, a precise-minded college-president father, a good memory, and a wonderful five-cent-fare education.

After a one-year stretch as a rural schoolteacher, Jack began riding the subway from the Bronx, where he has always lived, as he shifted from construction-gang timekeeper to sports reporter and then columnist. Never without a book, the long underground treks steeped him in the lore he now expounds.

Thrifty but generous to the hilt, Jack can now afford to take it easy. But he doesn't. He appears in Information Please and edits its almanac. He is a widower, and his daughter and two sons are married. He lives quietly and modestly in his house in the upper Bronx.

His main concerns are wandering about Riverdale observing nature in her various forms and turning out books on birds and bees.

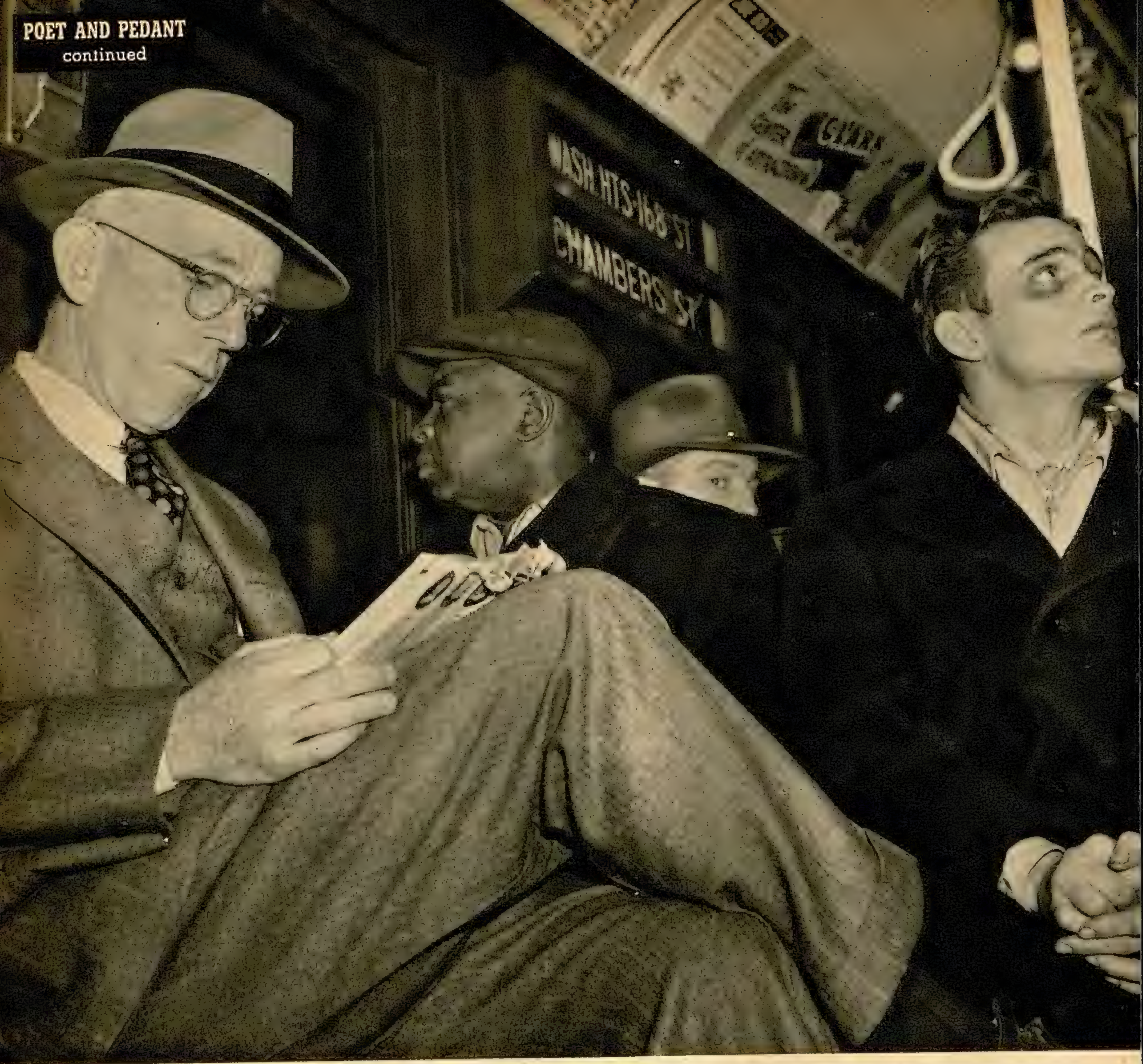
An expert woodsman, each mornin
splits logs, saws wood, or walks for exe

Jack's raised right hand is not for Stalin. Giving apt answers on Information Please program or elsewhere, he favors the old, not new. With him at "mikes" are Oscar Levant, Max Shulman, and protagonist Franklin P. Adams.

n avid nature lover, he roams the fields
ear the Hudson, searching for birds.

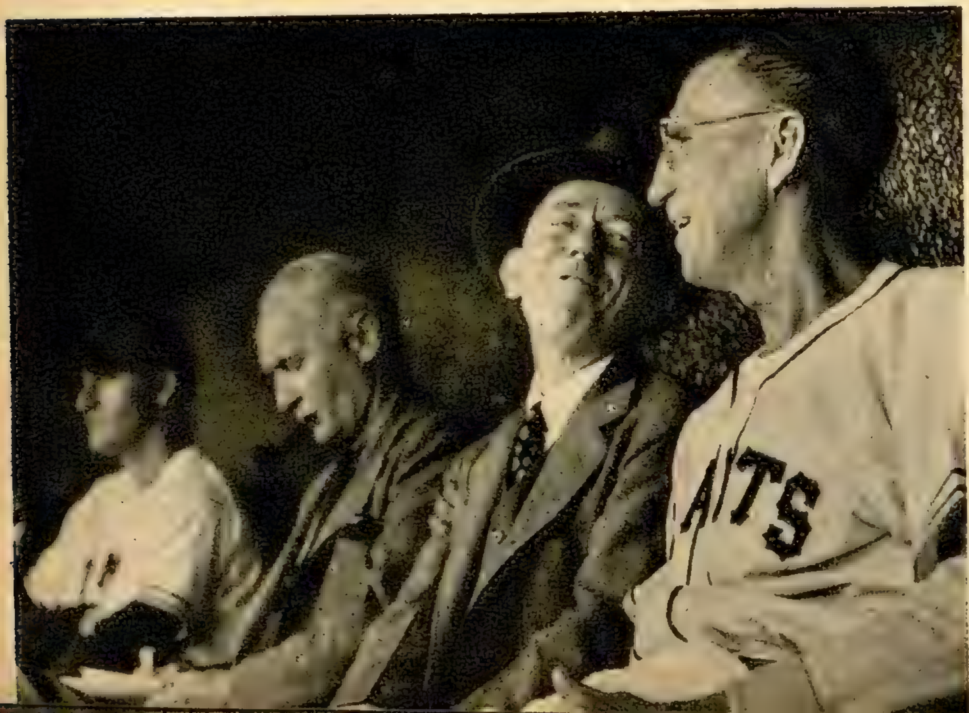
He argues baseball with Eddie O'Keefe, a starter, a cop, or any one he meets.

As almanac editor he must devote all his afternoons to answering queries.



Kieran is seldom recognized as he reads, mostly classics, two hours a day on subway rides from the Bronx.

On Giants' bench before the ball game he cuts an old touch with Hank Gowdy.



No lunch or dinner on broadcast days—at midnight he's home for beer and sandwiches.

PHOTOS FOR LIBERTY BY FONS IAN

Five Million Dollar Baby

Carole Crowther of Belleville, N. J., is modeling $5,000,000 worth of diamonds, including the 126-carat Jonker headpiece. During her young career

Kid

RECENTLY a New Jersey theater owner had to stop a movie because the adults couldn't hear over the noise made by the 700 children in the audience popping their bubble gum. The bubble-gum fad is one of the latest to be taken up and supported enthusiastically by the younger set. How fads start, how long they'll last, and why some of them end is a guess, but for the

Popping bubble gum is O.K. in the wide-open spaces, but in secret session in class, system is to suck bubbles in quietly to avoid being caught chewing.

Exaggerated ski goggles are newest t
for Junior. Cap pistol is now streamli

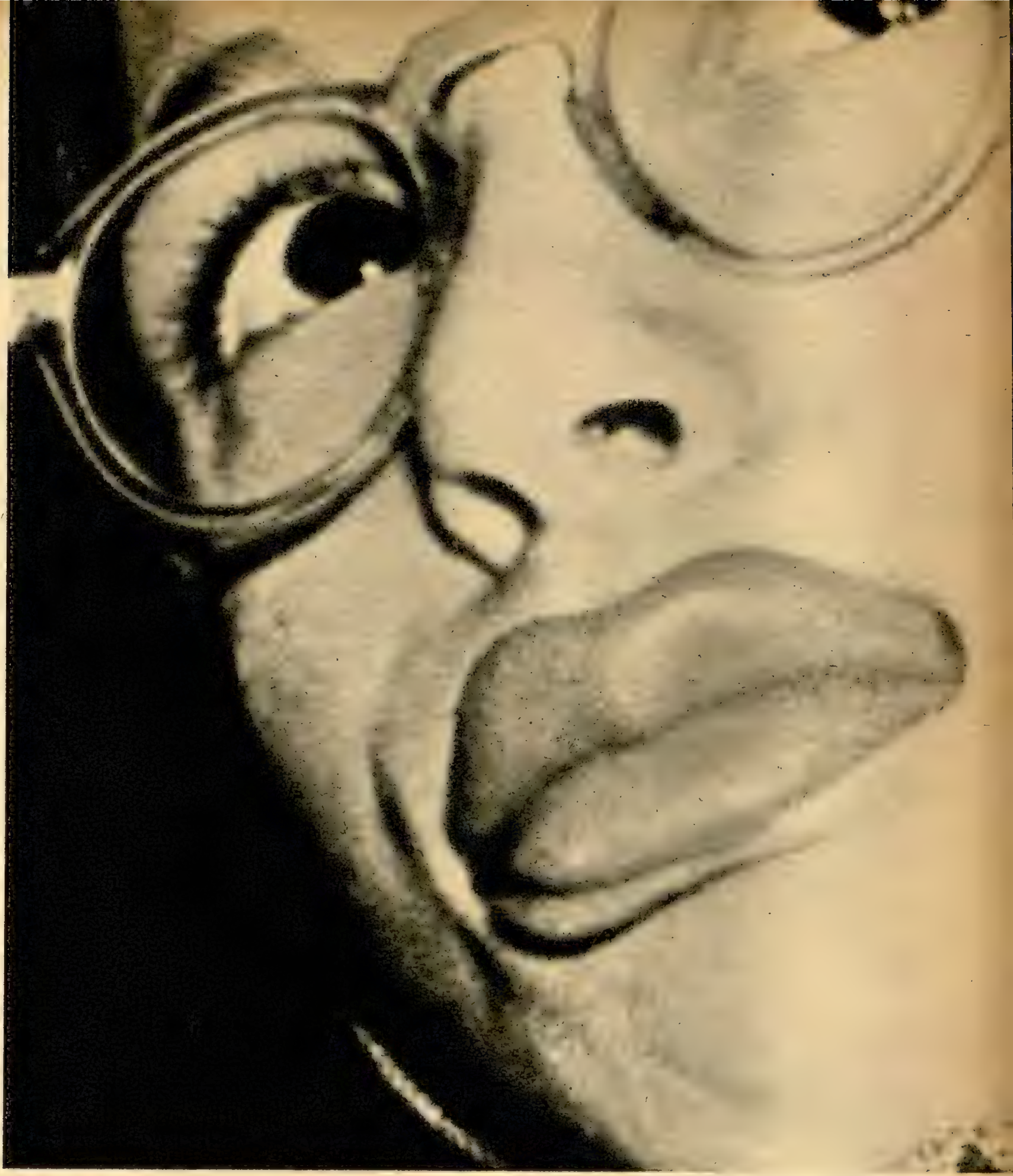
Boys scorn jacks, think it's a sissy game.

High style for minors — button caps and coins in sh

Fads

lucky manufacturer who guesses right it means a million-dollar business. Makers of breakfast cereals who use give-aways to boost sales play a big part in starting fads. Generally, items that are expensive don't last long, like the pogo stick, while simple gadgets, like yo-yos, and favorite games maintain their popularity with kids like these in the Community School.

y slacks are currently popular; will
bly be outlived by perennial potsy.



PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Very latest variation on bubble gum is grotesque pink-wax lips, which do double duty. When they get too soft to wear around, kids chew them.

"Trade you a Superman for two Green Hornets!"

Kids still like yo-yos and paddle balls.

PHOTOS BY ALLAN GOULD

Liberty picks a Movi
eligible for top honor

Great Expectations

One of Dickens' masterpieces fills the screen with its greatness, to make a superbly exciting, suspense-filled film

ON the twisting narrow little streets of nineteenth-century England walked some of the most colorful characters ever born. Some of them have come back to life in this stirring picturization of the Charles Dickens novel. High-lighted by some of the best photography ever seen, the story is of a young blacksmith made gentleman through the bounty of an unknown benefactor. This J. Arthur Rank production retains all the warmth, drama, and color of the book. There's Mr. Pip—handsome, heart-warming, and hopeful of his great expectations; beautiful Estella—hating men because she had been taught to do so; Miss Havisham—living in the past in the ruins of her house; Magwitch—who never forgot a kindness; and a whole host of others from the fat but far-from-jolly lawyer Jaggers to a wonderful bit character known as Aged P. The story served Dickens as a vehicle for the exposé of some of the brutal prison practices of his time. The picture has some heart-rending scenes of men, women, and even children being sentenced to the gallows for infractions of the law, some as minor as debt. There's a deep satisfaction in seeing a good story well done. Film fans everywhere will thank the uniformly excellent cast, director David Lean, and producer Ronald Neame for fulfilling their great expectations.

Pip, at weekly visit with mad Miss Havisham and her ward Estella, is mum about meeting escaped convict, Magwitch.

Years later, Jaggers tells the now blacksmith apprentice Pip that he is to go to London to become a gentleman.

Magwitch risks his life to return to England to see Pip, and Pip learns that it is Magwitch, not Miss Havisham, who sent him to London. They try to escape, but their boat overturns.

After Magwitch dies of injuries, Pip returns home to find Estella living alone as Miss Havisham had. Convincing her of his love, Pip saves her from a living death.

Primitiv

Bouncing like a rubber ball, Pearl Primus, one of world's foremost dancers, is whirling her way to a doctor's degree

PRESS agents have the wildest dreams at times, and a news item to the effect that Pearl Primus, one of the world's foremost modern dancers, is studying for her Ph.D. in

Trinidad-born Miss Primus considers her anthropological studies of great value in her versions of weirdly beautiful African dances.

Voodoo drums beat in a Columbia U. classroom new and unique fashion as her fellow students g

Sometimes...

I feel...

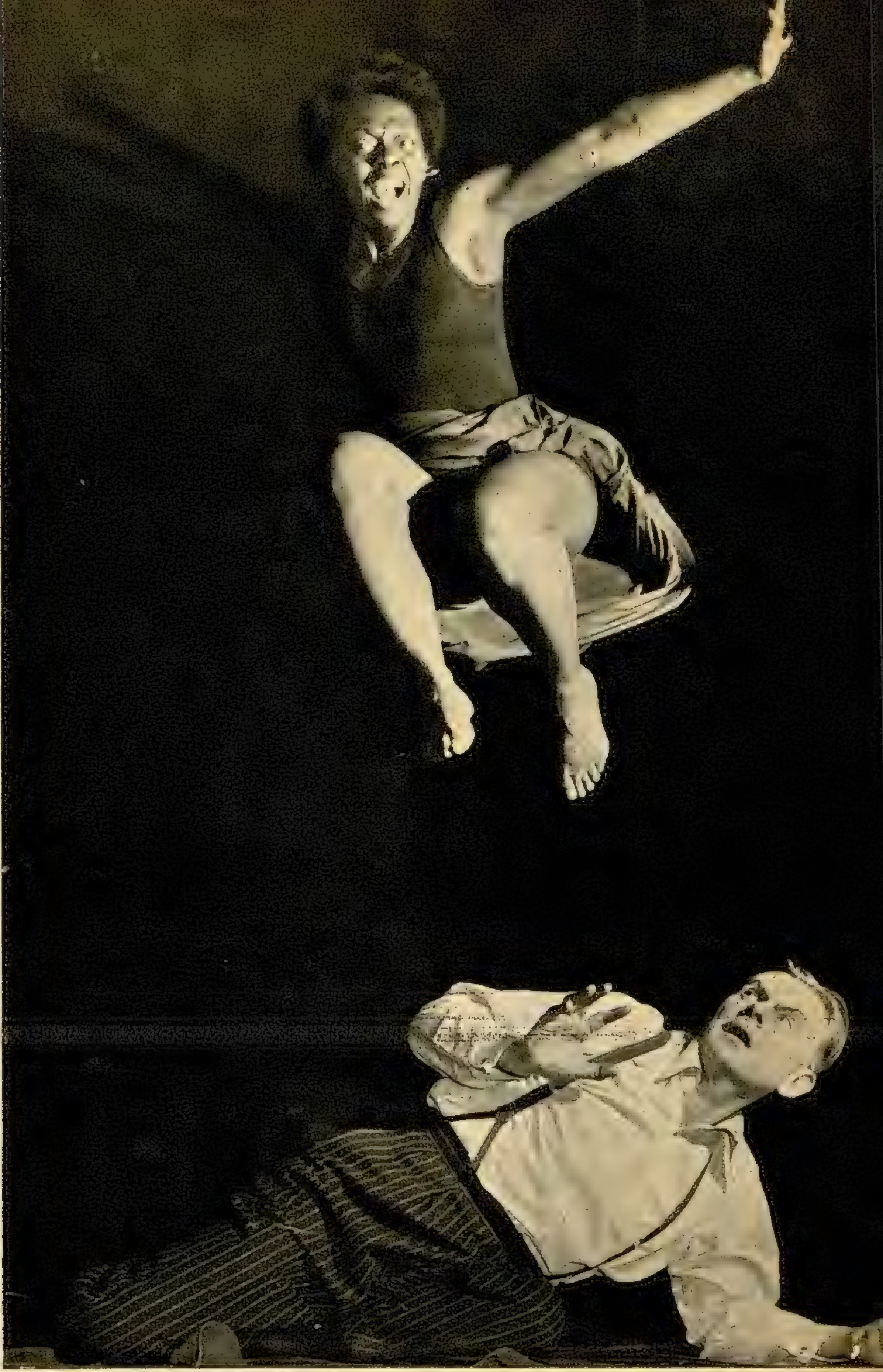
Like a motherless child...

Primus

anthropology at Columbia University is likely to be dismissed as one of the publicity boy's better moments. Only it's true. Miss Primus graduated from Hunter College in 1940, planned to go to medical school. But Fate had other plans. Today, with a scholarship at the New York Dance Group in the interim, studies are an avocation. Most of her time goes to fill her heavy schedule of concerts, night-club dates, musical-comedy parts, and opera — where she was the first of her race to perform with a major company.

LIBERTY PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

e firsthand information on authentic native hms from Miss Primus and her dance group.



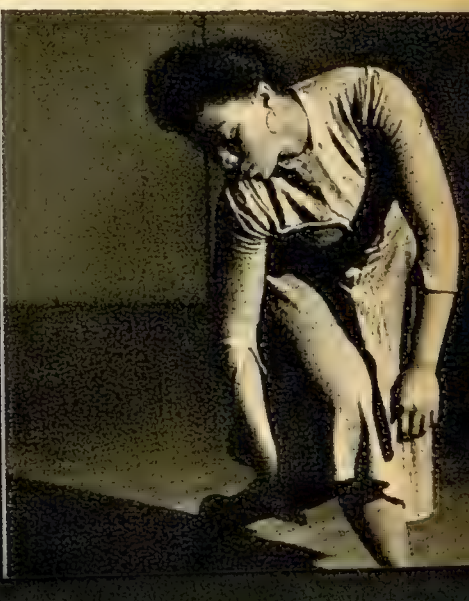
PHOTOS FOR LIBERTY BY ELIZABETH TIMBERMAN

Critics raved when Miss Primus danced the witch doctor in a Chicago Opera version of The Emperor Jones with Lawrence Tibbett.

ue believer!...

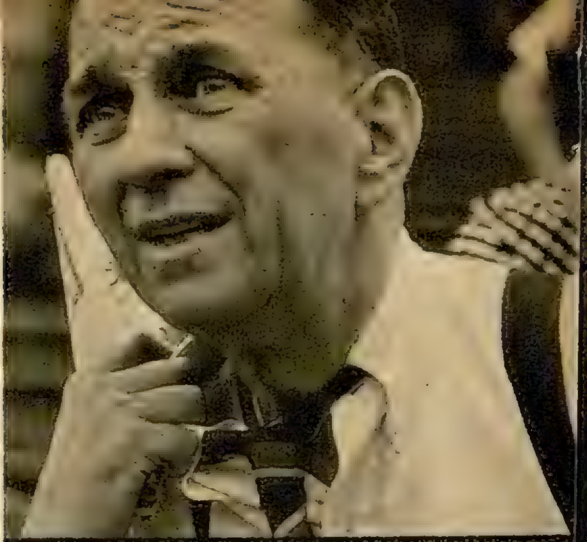
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone...

A long ways from home



BLEACHERITE

Oh-h-h-h, I can't look—



Settle down, boy. Don't let 'im hit.

And they call that bum a ballplayer!

Let's see. Two out. Weak man up. H'mn

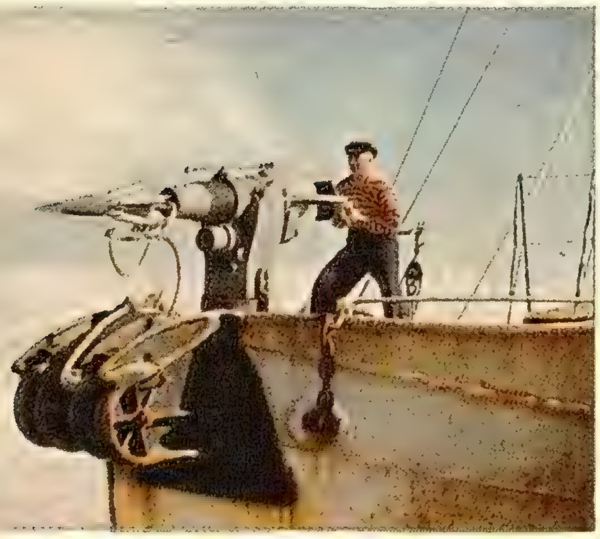
Oh, boy! Seventh inning and two ahead!

He can't get it! He can't get it!

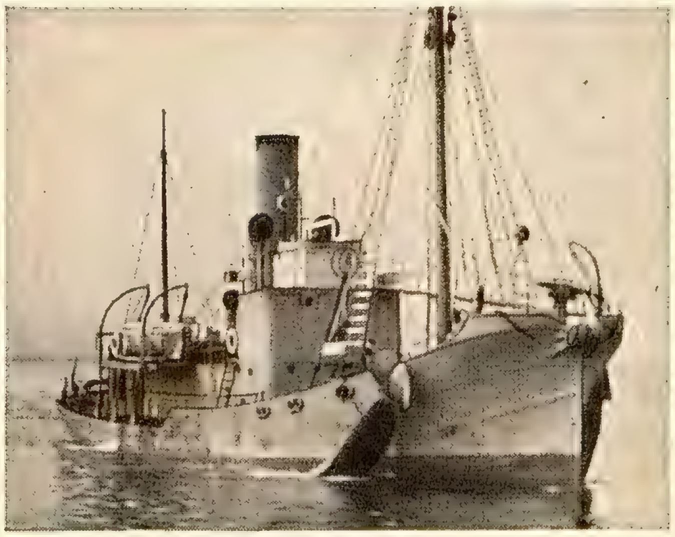
Whadd'ya mean it was the catcher's fau

Climbing into the sky to hunt giants...

1 "'**Spouting to starboard!**' I cried, pointing off to my right, and the crew went into action," writes Hans Holvik, a friend of Canadian Club. "I was aboard a Norwegian whaler whose master generously had allowed me to join the lookout in the 65-foot-high crow's nest. We were out to catch sea giants—50-ton fin whales, rich in blubber and whale oil.



2 "**The harpoon gun** was manned by the captain himself. The harpoon has a pointed bombhead which explodes 3 seconds after striking, makes whaling far safer. Our crack-shot captain killed the whale first try.



3 "**Our small ship** wasn't much larger than the prize catch we hauled slowly alongside. Just lifting the tail out of the water gave us quite a list to starboard. Tail flukes were removed to prevent damage to the vessel. Then we started the 20-hour tow home.

4 "**Hoisted to the dock** back at port, the whale proved to be bigger than it looked—really something to celebrate. *65 feet* long, it weighed over *50 tons*. After flensing, it would provide lots of oil for soap and heating.

5 "**The lookout and I** celebrated with Canadian Club highballs poured from a cherished bottle he'd saved for the season's first 50-ton catch. In all kinds of remote spots I've found that all kinds of people share my enthusiasm for the matchless flavor of Canadian Club Whisky."

6 "**It's like finding an old friend** to be offered Canadian Club in out-of-the-way places," write travelers from 87 lands. Why this world popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. That's what made it the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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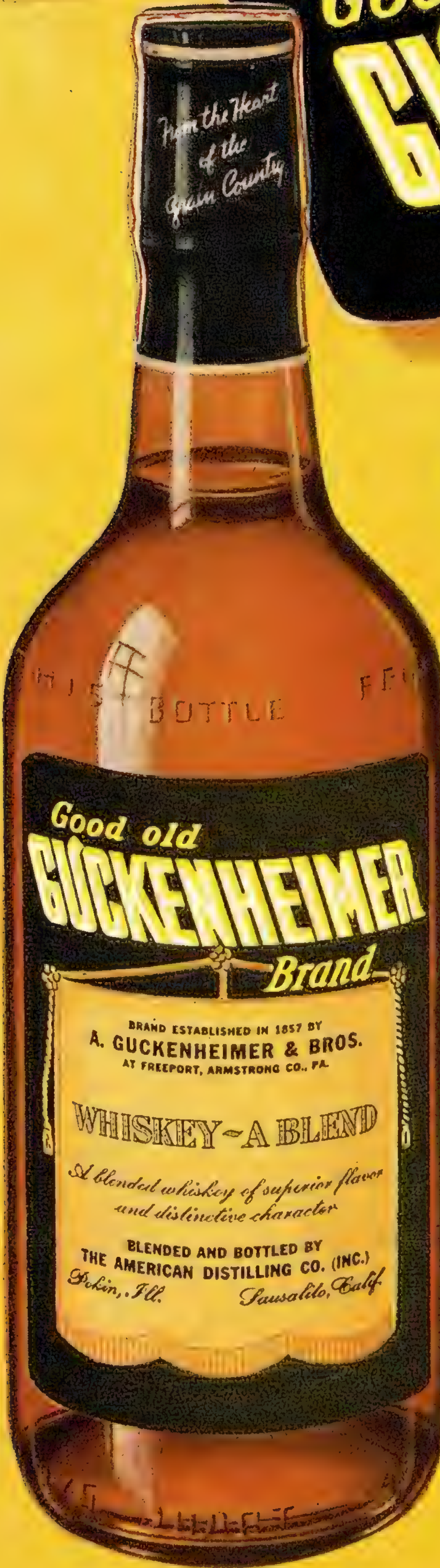
Good old GUCKENHEIMER Brand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THE BEST TEST FOR WHISKEY—POUR SOME INTO A GLASS AND DRINK IT

LEAD ALL—BABY

Continued from Page 21

white crib. Julie was lying on her back, quiet, as always. She was small for a year and a half and she would have been a pretty baby if it hadn't been for that old, old look she had. Her face and arms and hands were almost colorless.

She'd looked old ever since she'd been born, and Dr. Peruzzi had fussed and fussed over her. Finally, two weeks ago, he'd brought over another doctor from City Hospital and they'd given Julie's illness a long Latin name. They'd said it was quite an uncommon thing and that a man in New York named Gerrish was an expert on it.

Tim leaned far over the crib. He never could tell whether Julie knew him or not. He was so close to her now he could hear her faint labored breathing, and he had a sudden sure sense of what Dr. Peruzzi had said today. He'd said she wouldn't get well.

He straightened up with that knowledge hard and cold in his head. She was such a good baby; she nearly never cried. Perhaps it would have been easier if she had.

"Come on, Tim," Aunt Doris was calling. "Supper's ready."

He sat down at the table and began talking away furiously. He told Aunt Doris all about the people on the paper.

HE awoke with a startled jerk, and Aunt Doris was standing at the foot of his bed in her white nightdress.

"Timmy, go down to the store and phone Dr. Peruzzi. Get Dr. Peruzzi as quick as you can. Tell him—" she put both hands up to her face. *"You'd better get Father Barry too!"*

HE came into the Courier city room very late that afternoon. He knew what was going to happen and it did.

Myles swung angrily around at the desk. "You boy, come here! Tim, you're paid to be here on time. What do you think this is, anyway, a newspaper or a charity school?"

Myles was quite right. When you work on a paper, the first thing you learn is that the paper's got to come out every day on schedule no matter what happens.

In a second, now, Myles would fire him.

He stood there, suddenly weak at the thought of that. "I'm very sorry, sir, but she's so sick. She's so awfully sick. They—they don't think she'll last much longer."

Myles hooked a chair with his foot. "Sit down, Tim. Who's so sick?"

"Julie. The baby. Aunt Doris' baby. And Dr. Peruzzi says nobody can do her any good but a Dr. Gerrish over at Children's Hospital in New York. She's such a good baby, Mr. McAndrew. She never cries."

"Hey! Take it easy!" Myles' thick eyebrows seemed to come closer together. "What's the matter with her?"

Tim felt a sea of helplessness flooding over him. "It's some long Latin name." And then he began telling the big man all about it.

Myles took up the shears and began to tap on the green desk blotter. He said suddenly, "What's this Dr. Peruzzi's number?"

Tim never would have believed Myles could be so quick. He'd snatched up the phone and he was talking to Dr. Peruzzi.

"City editor of the Daily Courier, doctor. We're interested in this Julie Lydon baby you're looking after. What's the story on her?" . . . "No, I don't get it. . . . You'll have to spell it out. . . . All right, what's the nature of it?"

Tim sat there and the wire machines were whirring, the typewriters going, the fire tapper counting off an alarm in its corner.

MYLES was still talking at the telephone, low and clear. "Could this Gerrish guy really do anything for her? . . . No, I know they haven't got any money. . . . It would have to be quick, would it? How quick?"

You could hear Dr. Peruzzi's excited voice through the receiver.

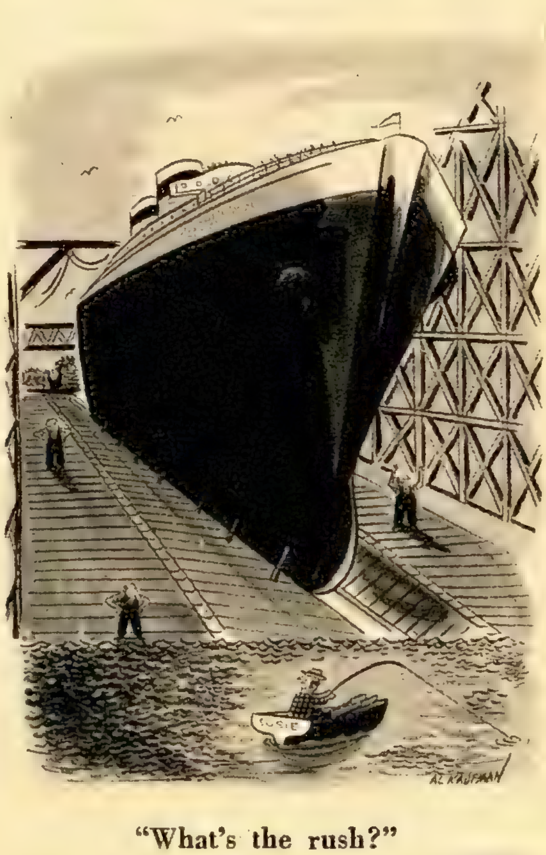
Myles said a perfectly absurd thing: "Listen, doc. Could the kid fly to New York?"

Tim still sat there and nothing made sense.

Myles' voice had a driving quality now. "Look, doc, I want you to drop everything and go straight down to C Street and stay with that kid. The paper'll pay for it."

You could hear Dr. Peruzzi's angry sputter quite plainly.

Myles swung around. "Tim, they're calling for a boy down in Sports. And keep your tail up. Maybe we can do something."



"What's the rush?"

LIBERTY

They couldn't, of course. Nobody could. But when Tim came back by the city desk, Myles was still at the phone.

"This the chief of staff at City Hospital? Courier desk calling. You went over to see that Lydon baby on C Street, didn't you? . . . Sure, I know it's a rare case. . . . Yes, you bet we're interested. . . ."

"BOY!" said Mr. Dale in a shout, and Tim had to go running over.

He had to go down to the composing room too, and when he came back, Myles had pulled his chair over to Mr. Dale's desk and was talking to him, sharp and quick.

Tim could only hear snatches, and those were very strange. "You checked it with City?" Mr. Dale was asking. "And Father Barry said it was all straight? If Father Barry says anything, you can bank on it." He drew the day's dummies toward him. "All right. Go ahead. Spend some money on it. Build it up. We need a human-interest story in this paper." He swung around angrily. "BOY! Keep that wire copy coming!"

Tim ran down to the machines that were pounding out all the news of the world on long strips of white and yellow paper, and when he came back, the whole city desk was caught up in a strange new tension.

"Here's Al Hines on the New York Star," Myles' assistant was saying.

Myles' voice was even sharper now. "Al, we've got a pretty good story shaping up here." There was so much noise in the room that Tim couldn't hear for a minute and then could again. "Yeah. Gerrish. Dr. John Gerrish. We're putting the kid on a plane, and I want the doctor at Children's Hospital the minute the baby gets there. Yeah, it's a good yarn on your end too."

He put down the phone, ripped open his shirt collar, then caught up the phone again. "Get me Chet O'Donnell in South Bay. Chet, get over to 323 C Street in the hell of a hurry. See Mrs. Doris Lydon. Baby's desperately sick over there. Get everything you can for a color story. . . ."

"BOY!"

TIM had to run out to Reference and wait there while they hunted up pictures, and when he came back at last, the Western Union operator was waving a yellow slip at him.

"Take it up to the city desk."

As he ran, he read the wire and it was very odd: "Got Gerrish. Will be at Children's when your kid gets there. Will have police escort LaGuardia Field to hospital. Pls give us full story your end. Al Hines."

He put the slip down on the big desk and then everything seemed to happen at once.

Myles' voice was a steady roar: "Get Jim Brady at Airlines! PHOTO! Two cameras out here in a hurry. DOLLY! Ready to go! Call Johnny Sullivan at police headquarters! Harry Blair, drop what you're doing."

You would never believe things could move so fast. Two photographers coming toward the desk with their hats and coats on. Dolly snubbing out her cigarette and snatching up her handbag. Harry Blair tearing something out of his typewriter.

Myles at the phone: "Jim Brady? I've got to get a sick baby, her mother, a reporter, and a cameraman on your next New York plane. . . . Well, bump somebody off, then. This is emergency. . . . You will? Listen! You may have to hold that plane a few minutes. Yeah, you'll know when you hear those sirens coming."

Myles swinging around. "Dolly! You're flying to New York with a sick baby. Take Robbie with you for pictures."

Myles at the phone again: "Johnny Sullivan? I want a City Hospital ambulance and a police escort at 323 C Street as fast as you can get 'em there. HARRY BLAIR! Take Chet O'Donnell off twenty-two and then I'll talk to you. TIM O'BRIEN!"

HE stood at the desk, shaken and confused, and Myles smiled at him. "I guess you know it without my telling you, Tim. We're flying your aunt and Julie to New York. They'll be very comfortable all the way and Dr. Gerrish will be at Children's Hospital when they get there. Dolly and Robbie are with them, so there's nothing to worry about."

It wasn't real, any of it. It couldn't be. Poor people don't have planes held for them, nor policemen on motorcycles racing before them with shrieking sirens and everything else getting out of the way. And a great man like Dr. Gerrish isn't waiting for a quiet baby from South Bay.

"Pick up that phone!" said Myles.

An infinitely unhurried voice said in Tim's ear, "Johnny Sullivan. Tell Myles his police escort is on the way."

HARRY BLAIR had gotten very tired of listening to Chet O'Donnell in South Bay. He hung up his phone, stared at his notes and, as Myles walked over to his desk, asked in utter disgust, "What's this stuff all about?"

Myles brushed back his dark hair. "It's quite a story. We're flying this baby to New York to save its life—I hope."

Harry felt listless and bored and a bit irritated too. When city editors dreamed up a stunt like this, they always thought it was wonderful. That went with being a city editor, he supposed. If you couldn't summon up that flaming enthusiasm, you wouldn't be much good at the big desk.

So he said wearily, "One of those things?"

Myles nodded. "We're going to lead the paper with it. The sick kid's a cousin of Tim O'Brien, the copy boy."

Harry yawned. "The one who's always going around with his mouth open, admiring everybody?"

"Yeah. You'd better take some more notes. The baby has some sort of obscure circulatory ailment. I'll spell its name out for you. . . ."

Harry's pencil moved automatically and he looked up at the clock. He'd have to write this story in a hurry. And it was deadly stuff to do.

"You'd better make it lead to come," Myles said finally. "We'll slap on a two-paragraph precede when we actually get them started on the plane. It's a story that'll sell a lot of papers, so give it all you've got."

Harry grinned acidly. He sawed his hand across his opposite arm as if bowing a phantom violin. "Hearts and flowers?"

Myles rose. "Sure. Don't be so damned cynical. Get going."

Harry stared savagely at his typewriter. He'd write a baby story to end all baby stories. He'd let himself go. He'd do a stinker.

His fingers began to tap the keys, slowly at first, and then very fast. It didn't matter much whether the baby died or not, he thought. Maybe it would be better if she did. For little girls don't have much of a chance when they grow up in a South Bay slum. They live in a bitter, vicious world and few of them have the sense to be hard-boiled about it.

You have to be hard-boiled, Harry knew, for he hadn't had an easy life himself. You have to see things clear and sharp—just as they are; not as you'd like them to be.

When you're young, you're sure you'll amount to something. When you're thirty-five, you find yourself tied to a typewriter and turning out mush like this for a lousy tabloid.

He suddenly sensed that the story he was writing was getting out of hand. It wasn't shaping up as he'd meant it to. Stories did that sometimes, and he began to type faster still.

"Swell stuff, Harry," Myles called down from the desk.

He said "Nuts," under his breath, loosened his tie, and lit another cigarette. For he'd got caught now in the old, old way that good newspapermen do. He didn't see the city room at all but another room altogether: a room somewhere in South Bay, a room with a quiet baby in it, a baby who didn't cry.

"Start your lead!" said Myles in a shout. "They're off on the plane."

"LEAD ALL—BABY."

THERE! Done at last, and Arthur Dale dashing down to the composing room, and pretty soon the papers would come up, and then he'd get his good night and go out and get drunk. He didn't very often, but now he'd set it down in words, he couldn't get that damned tenement room or that dreadful baby out of his head. He could even see the awful rug O'Donnell had described, with the red roses on it.

Myles came slowly toward him and he looked tired. "I'm sorry, Harry, but I guess you'd better stick with the story. I'm going to hang around too."

Of course that was the way it would be. Writing new leads all night long. Crying over a baby who didn't have a chance.

"Oh, Lord, Myles! Anybody on the night side can turn out this tripe."

"No, they can't," the big man said. "Because it isn't tripe."

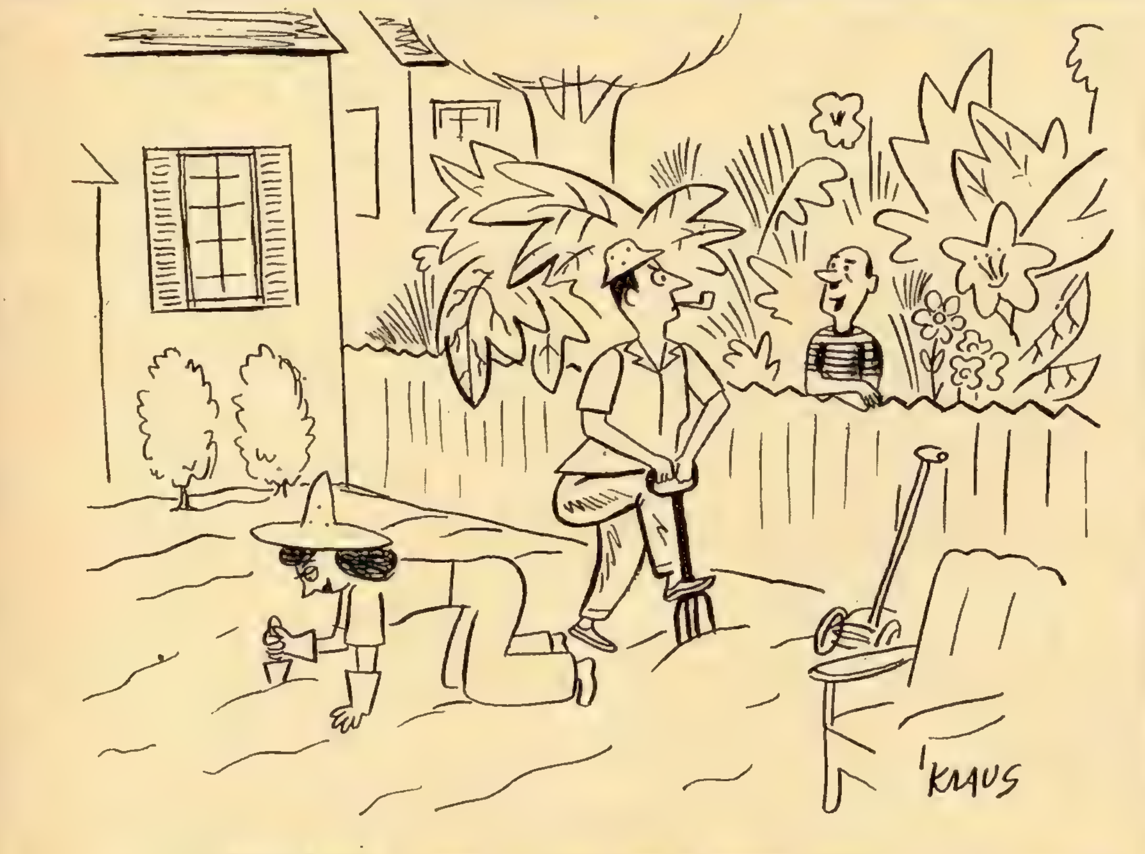
Tim didn't hear them. And he still couldn't make any of it real. Aunt Doris and Julie weren't on a plane soaring through the skies. If he went home to the dingy house on C Street, he'd find them still there.

"TIM O'BRIEN!"

"Yes, Mr. McAndrew."

"Pick up that phone and read Harry's story to a rewrite man on the New York Star."

The sheets of soiled copy paper



"I don't know, I guess I've just got a green thumb . . ."

LIBERTY

lay before him and he began to read. And suddenly he could see Aunt Doris sitting in the plane and the baby wrapped in a light-blue blanket in her arms. He could see it, because Harry'd seen it so sharply, because Harry'd seen it all just as it was. He'd even known about the moss-green rug with the wonderful red roses on it. . . .

"Hey," said New York, "keep your voice up. I can't hear you."

He hung up at last. Until now he'd felt frozen tight inside. Since he'd read Harry's story, he wanted to cry.

Myles looked at him as if he saw how he felt. Myles said, "I can use you, if you want to work tonight."

Myles knew that he wouldn't leave this dark room where all the echoing winds of news blew in from the whole world, that he couldn't leave. The people on the paper were wonderful. They knew everything.

First edition up and the headlines huge and black on the front page:

STRICKEN BABY
IN PLANE RACE
AGAINST DEATH

First edition up and Harry Blair laid his down on the desk. It was cheap, awfully cheap, the way the whole thing had been handled. Why couldn't they let the poor sick kid die in peace?

THE night side were coming in now and the night city editor sat down to read the paper. He got up and went over to the water cooler.

"Who wrote the baby story?"

The head of the copy desk said over his shoulder, "Harry Blair."

The night city editor took a long, deep drink. "I didn't know Harry was so softhearted." He blew his nose with some vigor. "I didn't know I was, either."

Harry supposed he might as well eat.

"BOY!"

Tim O'Brien, of course, with those bright blue eyes blazing in that thin pale face.

Tim O'Brien with words stumbling out of his mouth so fast they fell over each other. "Gee, Mr. Blair, what you wrote about Julie—honest, Mr. Blair—gosh, I wish Aunt Doris could see it!"

Harry felt faintly sick because the kid had that shining look of having visions that only the very young and innocent can know: of seeing everyone and everything forever bright and fair.

So he said quite sharply, "Hop across the street and get me some coffee and a ham and cheese on rye." His voice seemed to be going on of its own volition: "Treat yourself to the same."

He stood staring out the window so hard he didn't notice that the city desk switchboard was a sparkle of lights, nor how busy the night side were at the phones.

"Courier desk. . . . No, madam, nothing new on the baby yet."

"You can stay if you like, mother . . . but I'm leaving, Fred ! !"

LIBERTY

"Courier desk. . . . Certainly. If you send it care of the paper, we'll see the mother gets it."

"Courier desk. . . ."

Tim O'Brien back again with a tall paper bag and words bubbling from his lips. "Gee, Mr. Blair, the elevator man asked me about Julie, and the janitor too." He began laying things out on the desk. "Gosh, Mr. McAndrew and Mr. Dale and everybody have been awfully good to us."

The poor stupid kid, Harry thought, he doesn't know they didn't do it to save the baby's life, which they probably won't. He doesn't know they wouldn't have done it at all if they hadn't needed a human-interest story. Oh, hell, he concluded, why spoil it for him?

"Come on," he said. "Pull up a chair and we'll eat together."

The phone rang at his elbow.

"This is Joe Kane, the mayor's secretary. His Honor wants to know how the little girl's getting along."

Yes, Harry thought, His Honor keeps a pretty close eye on the South Bay vote now it's near election time.

Still, there was no harm in keeping Tim's spirits up. "That was the mayor's office. They were asking about Julie."

"Gee!"

"BOY!" called the picture editor. He tossed a glossy print at Tim. "Tell the art department first page for this edition and hurry it!"

He was halfway down the hall before he looked at the picture. The baby was in Aunt Doris' arms and a stewardess was helping them into a huge plane.

Harry was on the last of his sandwich when Myles came to his desk.

"You'd better start writing the fund story."

"What fund?"

"The one for the baby. Hell, people have been calling the desk for hours and wanting to give money. We've got five hundred dollars promised so far and we didn't even ask for any."

Harry said, "Oh, nuts!" and reached for copy paper.

Myles grinned, "Your own fault, wise guy. It's your story that's doing it."

Fund stories were rotten things to write, and Harry was having heavy going when four men came warily into the room. Three of them fanned out beside the fourth as if they were watching over him. They all kept their hands in their pockets.

The fourth was burly and broken-nosed in a livid green suit, green hat, green tie, and Myles was bringing him over.

Myles said, "You know Knocko Dineen, Harry."

Knocko was a particularly repellent racketeer, and Harry looked at him lazily. "Why the army, Knocko?"

The ugly man's voice rasped: "A couple of guys don't like me, so I bring the boys along. Listen. This piece in the paper about the sick kid—" He rubbed his nose. "I ain't got no kids myself. Oh, hell! Buy the baby something, will you?"

MYLES stood watching the four go out. "Just a sentimental sap!" he said.

"Sentimental, hell. He'd wrap a lead pipe around his mother's neck for a nickel."

Myles picked a crumpled piece of paper from the desk. "I guess you don't know a hundred-dollar bill when you see it, Harry."

Harry tried to put his mind on the fund story.

Myles called down, "That was Father Barry on the phone. He wants to know right away when we get any word."

Harry started to say, "Oh, nuts!"

and then stopped. The trouble was he could see Father Barry too plainly: the poor overworked parish priest who'd never get any further in the Church; who'd know how bad South Bay was and wear his life out trying to make it better. You see a lot of Father Barrys when you're on a paper.

He'd finished the fund story and took it up to the desk. Myles sat there, a phone still dangling from his hand. He was swearing in a low, steady stream, and he never did that.

He didn't even look up. "The plane can't land at LaGuardia. It's fighting fog."

He rose and started pacing to and fro, his hands jammed into his pockets. "Maybe I was just too damned smart."

That's the way it is when you try to balloon a story, Harry thought. You try to play God and then you get into trouble.

But he said, "Take it easy, Myles. There are plenty of airports."

He went to the window and a thin rain was driving down with a whining wind behind it.

There was a strong smell of old stale liquor somewhere, and he turned around. Katie had come in with her pail and her mop. Katie was a night scrubwoman, stringy, white-haired, bleary-eyed, and very often a fountain of screeching profanity. She forever had a gin bottle hidden somewhere about her.

"Mister Harry, has the little girl got there yet?"

"She has not. There's a thick fog and the plane can't land."

"The poor baby!" Katie put down her pail with a clang. "I guess I'll slip around to St. Ann's and light a candle."

SHE went away, and Tim came trotting into the room, that trusting look still on his face. He wouldn't know yet about the plane being in trouble, but somebody'd be sure to tell him.

Harry fumbled about in the bottom drawer of Dolly's desk.

"Hey, Tim, how about a game of checkers?"

"I don't play very well, Mr. Blair."

Harry set the pieces out on the board. "Neither do I. Which'll you have, red or black?"

At the desk, Myles had a phone at his ear. He said slowly, "That's good. Thanks."

He came toward them and all his muscles seemed to sag. "Plane's down safe at Newark. New Jersey state troopers are escorting them in. Give me four fast paragraphs for this time, Harry."

Four paragraphs fast while they held edition for them.

"Gee," Tim was saying in utter unbelief, "they got the cops out way down in Jersey—just for Julie!"

Harry was beginning to feel quite queer and it must be because his day had been so long. "Sure. Sure. Let's start this game. You take red."

The queerness was still in his mind, and it was often that way when you'd been dead wrong about something. For he'd been superior and scornful about the story all along. And Myles and Arthur Dale, the assistant managing editor, had been far wiser than he. They'd known that if you get people excited, if you stir them, touch their emotions, you can sometimes accomplish the impossible.

OVER in South Bay, Father Barry would have known that almost all his life.

He wouldn't care what the paper said or did, as long as it helped the child. And while they might have started it just to get a sensational story, it hadn't worked out that way. It had turned into something nearly as fine and shining as Tim thought it was.

For the sick baby, the very small baby, was actually a far bigger thing than any story could be.

"Your move, Mr. Blair," said Tim.

Harry was excited now and he hadn't thought he would be. He was caught in a tight tension, as you sometimes are when a story is unfolding before your eyes and you can't tell yet how it's going to turn out.

Those Jersey troopers would get them to the hospital pretty fast: through the tunnel and up the West Side Highway with the sirens screaming.

He looked up at the clock—that same clock that had been droning off the minutes one dull Sunday afternoon when a lethargic office boy had casually laid a torn piece of wire copy down on Arthur Dale's desk:

ATTN ALL EDITORS — FLASH — JAPANESE PLANES ATTACK PEARL HARBOR.

Arthur Dale hadn't looked down at his desk for a little while. When he finally did, he'd gone, for a few minutes, quite quietly mad.

And now the clock was still ticking, as calm as the spinning Fates. It simply didn't give a damn.

"Your move, Tim."

Twenty minutes—thirty—the three quarters—the hour.

"Gee, that's three games I've beat you, Mr. Blair!"

"HARRY BLAIR! Take Dolly off twenty-two!"

He could hear the checkers go clattering on the floor as he snatched at his phone.

"Harry? I'm calling from the hospital. Dr. Gerrish has just finished his preliminary examination. He gives Julie a better than fifty-fifty chance. And, Harry—"

"Yes, Dolly."

"She's such a sweet baby—so quiet—she didn't cry a bit all the way over. Let me talk to Tim, will you, Harry?"

He pushed the phone over. He pawed around his desk. No carbons, of course; no copy paper, and the clock was racing like mad now, as it always did when last edition was going in.

Tim set the phone back in its cradle. "Gee, Mr. Blair, that doctor's going to get Julie well. *I know he's going to get Julie well!*"

Yes, the doctor probably would, Harry thought. And he'd always thought that faith was a lot of nonsense before, but it was a quality Tim certainly had; faith in Myles and Arthur, faith in everyone and everything, faith even in someone called Harry Blair who was quite unworthy of any such thing.

"Hey," he said in a shout, "get me some carbons! Make me up some books. Shake that lead out of your pants. We've got to get this story in the paper!"

Two o'clock in the morning and he was so tired he could hardly put his coat on: tired of the story and the paper and everyone on it. Tired most of all of Tim and his doglike adoration. Oh, well, in twenty minutes he'd be treating himself to a good stiff drink.

TIM was hunched on the office boys' bench, and he looked up at Harry as if there wasn't anyone to equal him in the whole world. "Good night, sir. Gee, sir—"

Oh, hell! Harry thought. Somebody's got to look after him.

He bent over the bench most unwillingly. "There won't be anybody left over at your place now, will there, Tim? Be sort of lonesome, won't it?"

The kid was so done in he could hardly talk. "No, sir. Yes, sir."

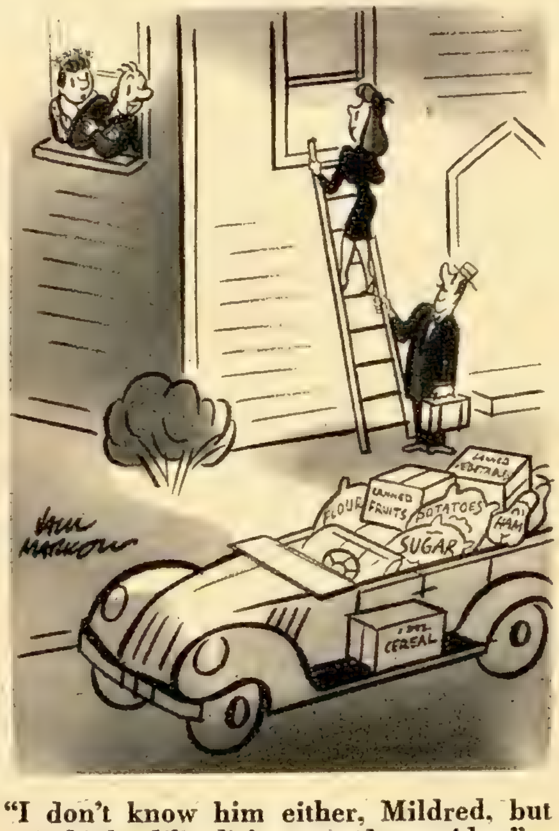
"Better come home with me, then. There's plenty of room."

"Won't—won't I be a bother, sir?"

You bet you'll be a bother, Harry thought. I can't even get tight if you're there.

He slapped Tim on the shoulder. "No, you won't be any trouble. Matter of fact, I could do with some company. Hurry up. Get your hat."

THE END



"I don't know him either, Mildred, but it looks like he's a good provider."
LIBERTY

I DON'T WANT MY CHILDREN TO GROW UP IN SOVIET RUSSIA

Continued from Page 19

monthly income of 3,500 rubles, were on a distinctly favored economic level, yet our living standards were incredibly low. Just before the war we obtained a two-room apartment, all our own; it made us feel like millionaires. But before that, our existence was more typical of the great mass of city dwellers when the five of us lived in a single room about ten by thirteen feet, along with all our earthly possessions. Having no closets, we hung some of our clothes on nails in the walls. Other things we kept in boxes and old suitcases; utensils were stacked on wardrobes and in corners; the window ledge served as an "icebox" in the winter. Two other families—we added up to twelve persons in all—shared our tenement apartment, its one small kitchen and one narrow toilet. There was no bath. Keeping reasonably clean under these handicaps involved a relentless war on dirt and vermin.

NO one who has not known life in an overcrowded Soviet city really understands what a housing crisis means. People married for a room, schemed and lied for it. The use of a corner of someone else's room is the most that thousands can aspire to. Whole families have been denounced and exiled on some flimsy political pretext only because a powerful bureaucrat or police official coveted their "living space."

On a typical working day I would get up at five or six in the morning to queue up at the neighborhood store. If I managed to pick up a few vegetables or an extra loaf of bread—the rations were never enough to still our hunger—I felt well rewarded for the early rising, even in the cold and pitch-dark of a winter morning. Back home, I would make tea on the primus, the single-burner kerosene contraption standard in Soviet kitchens. That and dry bread were our breakfast. While my mother dressed the youngsters, I would sweep up and rush to the plant, where I was due at nine. Getting there involved an hour's travel in an evil-smelling streetcar packed tight with grouchy humanity. The thought that I had left no milk or eggs for the children—nothing, in fact, but dry bread—weighed heavily on my spirits.

As a "responsible worker" there was no limit to the extra hours I had to spend at my job. It was an easy day when I managed to return early enough to prepare a pinch of cereal or some other luxury for our evening meal. There was always an accumulation of laundry, sewing, mending, cleaning. Getting

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"Wonder what the argument started about!"

LIBERTY

through such tasks in a dim light, the adults talking in whispers to avoid waking the children, was an endless misery. How I yearned for the leisure to know my son and daughter better, to read to them, to guide them!

As for Sunday, there could be no thought of real relaxation. It was the chance to catch up on piled-up housework. Usually I was up at dawn, to go to the peasant market before supplies were exhausted. Soon I was back in the kitchen, doing sheets and other heavy laundry in a small tin tub, with water heated laboriously on the small primus.

ALL the same, Kiril and I often did manage to devote a few Sunday hours to our children. Though fatigued to the point of physical pain, our nerves raw with a week's worries, it was our chance to pretend that life was normal—that we were a family in the old, sweet sense of the word.

The illness of one of the children, which was all too frequent, was no excuse for remaining home from work. Like most Russians who can afford to call in doctors on a private basis, we did not often resort to the state clinics. The government physicians were overworked, slipshod, and casual. In the first year of her life our Lalya had pneumonia. After a few visits by the clinic doctor, we called in a specialist, though at the moment the 150-ruble fee was a serious drain on our resources.

"The child's condition is serious," I remember him saying, "so better not take her to the hospital." He wrote out a prescription, muttering dejectedly, "What's the use? You won't be able to fill it." But we did fill it, only because Kiril, through influential friends, managed to get access to the Kremlin Hospital pharmacy reserved for the upper officialdom.

If life was so difficult for us, how much more so for people without our earning power, our education, our official "connections"!

When Americans ask me questions based on their own life and experience, I can only envy their luck and their blessed innocence. Do Russian women enjoy shopping? Do they follow the styles in clothes? Do they play cards and attend women's clubs? What kind of toys do their children like? Only the wives and mistresses of the highest Soviet officials can even grasp the implications of such inquiries.

Shopping? The very word gives a Soviet citizen a sinking feeling. It means traveling to remote parts of town on the trail of a rumor that some rare product—fruit or candy or even an item of wearing apparel—is available in a certain shop. It means a fierce struggle to obtain the simplest everyday supplies—matches, salt, kerosene; above all, foodstuffs—even when there is the money to buy them at the government's heartless profiteering prices.

We Russians have reached a point where we join a queue without knowing what it is for. *Ya za vami, shto dayoot?*—"I'm behind you, what are they selling?"—is a familiar satiric phrase.

Toys? Children cry for a little more bread, another spoonful of cereal, not for playthings. For all but the richest, the perennial imagination of childhood must create its own toys. A dilapidated pot makes a drum. A discarded wooden spoon wrapped in a rag serves as a cherished "doll." Barrel staves tied to the feet with string become skis on which our Russian youngsters, born to this sport, ride with great skill. Boys and girls play "house," they play war games and "prison" and "liquidation"—making games of the troubles around them as cheerfully as children the world over.

In leafing through American magazines, I sometimes pause at the competing advertisements of sanitary napkins. I cannot help thinking at such times that most Russian women, unwilling to waste precious rags, use old newspapers.

Arriving in the well-stocked "capitalist" world, a Soviet citizen actually has trouble identifying the uses of some garments, never having seen them. Wives of high-ranking Red Army officers abroad have been known to arrive at formal functions decked out in elaborate silk nightgowns which they mistook for evening gowns.

When the Germans were approaching Moscow, my mother, the children, and I were evacuated to Morozovskaya, a town between Rostov and Stalingrad, where, as assistant chief engineer in a motor-repair shop, I worked twelve or fourteen hours a day. Usually the children were asleep when I left, asleep again when I returned late at night. They begged me to wake them because they were lonesome for their mother.

Sometimes Lalya, who was not yet six, would wake up early and insist on seeing me off to work. I could not deny her the pleasure of those additional minutes with me. She would stand on the street, in frigid weather, waving until I was out of sight.

ONE incident out of that period I cannot recall without a lump in my throat. When I got home that night, my mother handed me a chunk of black bread, gnawed at the edges. Vova, she explained, had been given the bread by a neighbor who adored him. He had nibbled a little of it and stoically saved the rest. *"Babushka,"* he had said before going to bed, "promise me to keep this for mama. She didn't eat a bite this morning."

This intimate awareness of hunger by a mere baby!

Another time, also at Morozovskaya, I was alarmed because little Vova had a high temperature. The idea of remaining home did not even cross my mind. But, despite myself, I lingered at his bedside, reluctant to leave him. The boy's words at the time will remain with me forever.

"Don't worry, mama, I'll be all right," he lisped through his fever. "You'll be late and they'll take you to court."

Not only hunger but police terror were already familiar things to my babies, as familiar as candy and Christmas toys to children in more fortunate countries. The pathos of this simple fact cannot be put into words.

Late in 1940 the Soviet government put into effect a system of child exploitation about which remarkably little is known abroad. Under the guise of a program for labor training — the building of a labor reserve—the authorities instituted an annual "mobilization" of children from thirteen up. Millions of boys and girls since then have been torn from their families and apprenticed as miners or factory hands.

However the process is covered with official verbiage, it amounts to forced child labor. In effect the victims become "industrial soldiers," wards of the state, cut off from home ties—in blunt words, slaves of the dictatorship. Rarely before had I seen the workers in my plant so angry and distressed. Many of them had already lost their children. "My boy is a good student," one woman wept. "He wanted to be a doctor or something. But they've taken him away for the Labor Reserves. 'I'll run away!' he cried. 'I'll hang myself! I don't want to remain a worker and live in a slum!' "

IN behalf of this woman and several others, I undertook to appeal to the Moscow office of the Department of Labor Reserves, because I happened to know one of the important officials there. I realized immediately, in calling on her, that she was as unhappy about the inhuman edict as the rest of us.

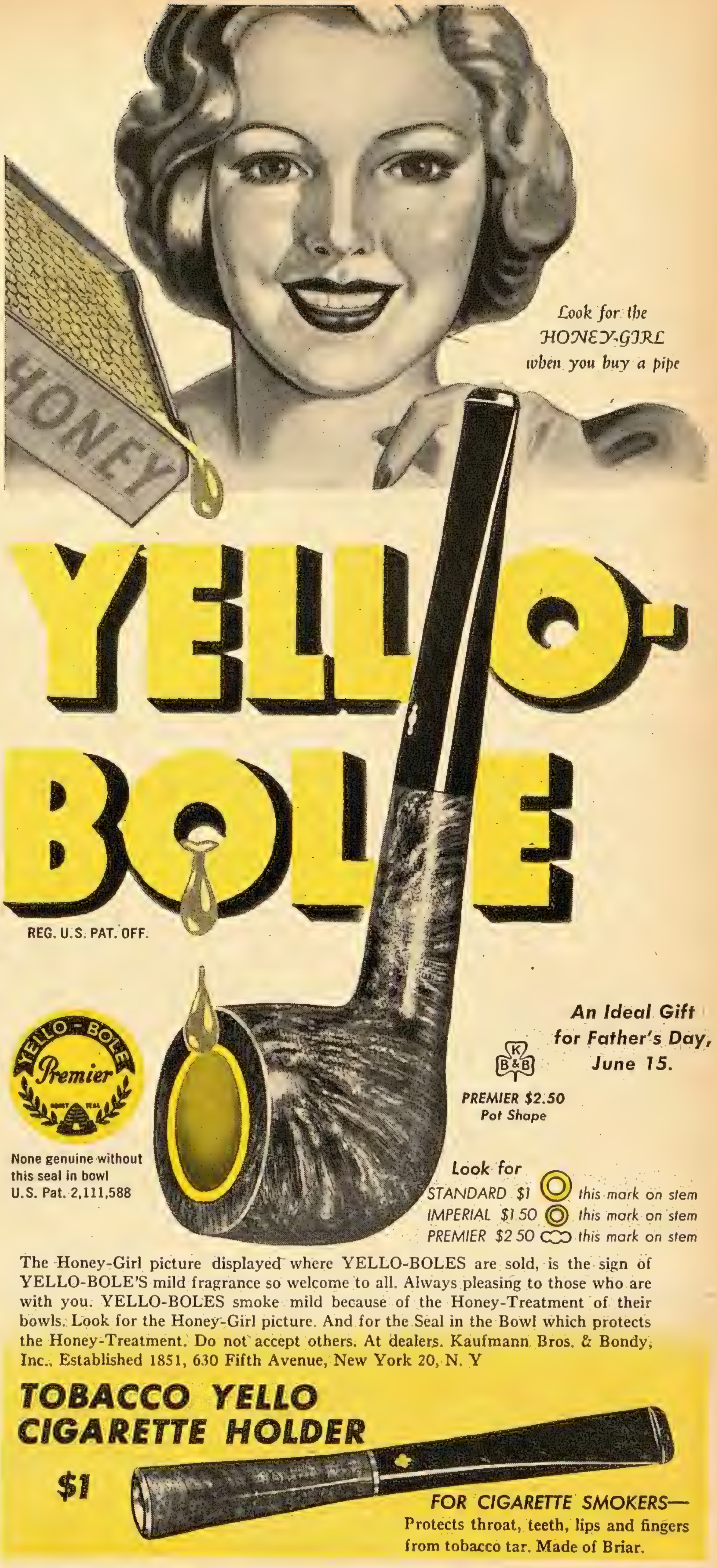
"Look at this pile of letters," she said sadly. "Children's letters. Thousands of them reach me here. I can't help them, Ninochka, and it breaks my heart."

About seventy of these impressed boys and girls were attached to our munitions factory. Their black uniforms were dirty and mostly in tatters. Few of them had decent shoes. Many of them looked so drawn and ill that they belonged in a hospital or under a mother's care, not at the machines where they worked at least four hours a day. They lived in barracks under rigid, almost military discipline and were given food that was revolting even to look at.

There was not a woman among us who was not aching with pity. In the little slaves each of us saw our own children.

I have written mostly of the physical hardships and handicaps from which I wanted to save my children when I decided not to return to the Soviet Union. But these are really secondary. More harrowing, to me at least, was the prospect of moral degradation and mental servitude to which they would be exposed in their native land.

Vova and Lalya are normal, healthy youngsters of lively intelligence, now on the threshold of the great adventure of growing up. But I know too well that in the U.S.S.R. their minds would be put into a strait jacket, their best instincts would be distorted, their emotions crippled to fit the needs of an all-powerful state.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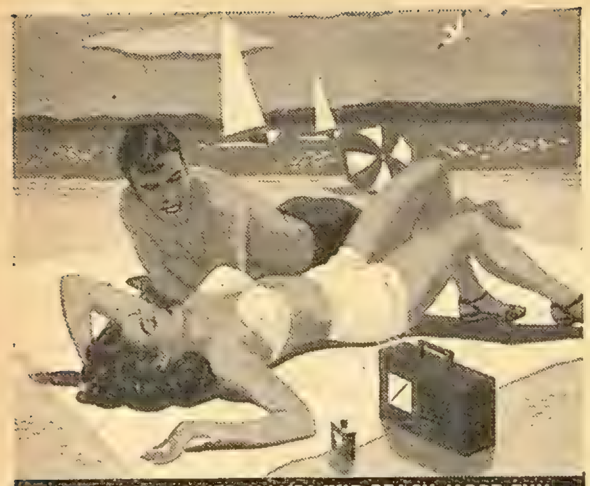

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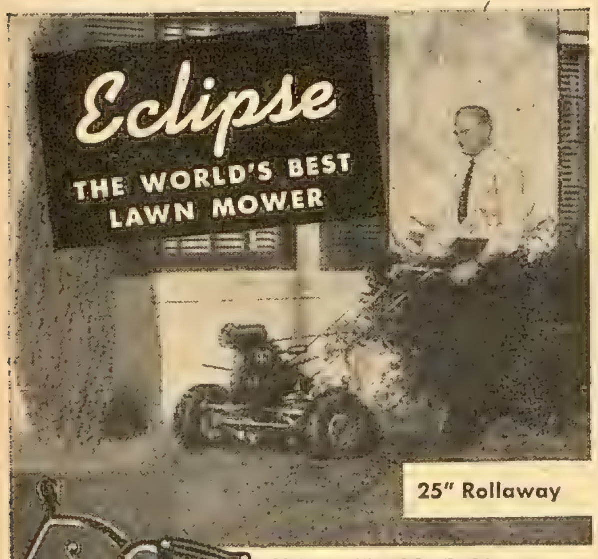

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• HAND AND POWER MODELS •

The most tragically unhappy man and woman in a totalitarian society are those with minds of their own—or with hearts responsive to human travail. There is no room for "softness" or sympathy or mental independence. The only way to survive is to conform.

That is why intelligent parents in Russia do not encourage their children to think for themselves or to rate truth too highly. I know dozens of fathers and mothers who carefully hide their deepest religious and moral convictions from their children; they fear to plant seeds of doubt and discontent which would ruin the chance of getting along in the Soviet world.

I recall how alarmed I became whenever my children showed symptoms of individual viewpoints. I had to crush their natural character, in order that they might be better adjusted to the tough, depersonalized society in which they were trapped. I had to feed them the official falsehoods—feeling, all the time, as if I were killing the best in them.

THERE was the time Vova and Lalya were playing "prison" in the courtyard of our Moscow tenement. Later they wanted to know why people were put into prisons. I tried to explain. "Then why have they put Vadik's papa there?" Lalya insisted. "He didn't steal or hurt anyone. He's a good man and told us funny stories." "Vadik says it's because his papa is an enemy of the people," Vova added. "What's an enemy of the people?"

How could I tell them that the man was innocent; that he was a victim of an arbitrary and senseless purge? I had to lie, choosing my words carefully, fearful that the children might repeat an unguarded phrase at school and bring down the weight of the State's vengeance on our heads.

There was the time when they asked why their friend Galya was always hungry. I tried to explain that it was wartime and everybody was making sacrifices.

"You say war—but isn't the war also for Marinka?" Lalya asked in honest confusion.

Marinka was the daughter of a high Communist official. At her home, which Lalya sometimes visited, there was always plenty to eat, including milk, sugar, honey—even chocolate. Somehow I had to squeeze out an "approved" story to cover the immense class differences in our "classless society."

In Mexico City, as everywhere abroad, the children of Soviet representatives are forbidden to attend "bourgeois" schools. I was one of the teachers in our own embassy school. My children didn't like the dull propaganda books they were obliged to read.

"Mama," Lalya said one night, "I love reading old books, especially the historical things like Pushkin, Lermontov, Chekhov. Even if they were rich and aristocrats, they wrote interestingly. But the new Soviet books are hard to understand, and dull." She made a grimace of distaste.

"They're boring and not written nicely," her brother chimed in. "All about *Kolkhozi*, factories, *Stakhanovtzi*. . . ."

I was frightened out of my wits. What if they had been talking like that to outsiders! Nervously I defended the new books.

"You're not telling the truth, mama. I know it, I know it!" Lalya exclaimed and began to cry.

I took her in my arms and soothed her. "Don't cry, darling," I whispered. "When you grow up you'll understand."

The older my children grew, the more inquisitive they became, the more distressing was my dilemma. In Mexico, as I visualized our return to the U.S.S.R., I became sick at heart. My job, as a loving mother, would be to subdue their natural instincts for truth and beauty in order to fit them into the police State.

I knew that, at best, they would grow up as slave drivers, if they emerged into the small ruling class; at worst, they would be among the slaves. Now, whatever happens to me and to their father, they are at least in a world where they can make the best of such talents as God endowed them with.

THE END

HOW TO SOLVE A COCK-EYED CROSSWORD

Continued from Page 23

"Poor man's mink," class! Had that pesky word been FORD, I'd have defined it as "Poor man's Lincoln"!

Horizontal 17, "Shaw, pseudonym: Young Manville with a Horn," seems to be a combination descriptive-pun definition. GEORGE, as in Bernard, fits the space, but does it fit the definition? It must be ERNIE, or, still better, ARTIE. And so it is, for hasn't the oft-wedded Artie Shaw recently become the Duke of Winsor (still another pun)? O.K.—so he plays a clarinet, not a horn!

"Blazing success on Broadway" (Horizontal 20) might be ACTOR, TRAIL, or FIRE, except that none of these, aside from FIRE, makes a probable word out of Vertical 1. Hence this must be another descriptive-pun. Cudgeling the brain for what blazes on Broadway, light finally breaks. What kind of light? NEON, of course. There—you've guessed it! All by yourself, too!

NEON automatically sets up CAN as the last three letters for Vertical 1, which is defined as "Look sharp." It takes but one fourth of one wit to guess the missing word: SCAN. Say, we're getting on, aren't we?

Still stepping gingerly around Horizontal 1, old Automotive Vertical 3 again rears his ugly face. Now we have TTO—all that is lacking is the fellow's empty head. What could be emptier than an O, which makes it OTTO? "But," you may ask, "just how does OTTO fit the definition: Automotive man? It couldn't be that the author has twisted AUTO into OTTO—no, it couldn't be. People just don't do such things!" Folks, it could be and he has—and it's a shame to take the money.

Except for Vertical 4 (and Horizontal 1), the corner is almost licked. Since Vertical 4 seems to be written in Basic Gibberish: "!ti t'nsi, gnittuC," let us be brave girls and boys and attack Horizontal 1. By mental sweat and cunning we have wrested SHO and ST from blankness; and the definition reads: "Where men go to get fitted for doghouses." The "def" must be the pun type, with "doghouses" representing the gimmick. Again let us whir the wheels in the cranium. What is "doghouses" a pun on? Could it be that Shane is referring to the human foot, or ped, in disrespectful or slangy manner? If it could be, the SHOE fits, and STORES can be made of ST and a little ingenuity. We've done it, folks! We've made a sucker out of a so-called brainbuster.

1 S	2 H	3 O	4 E	5 S	6 T	O	7 R	8 E	9 S	■
11 C	A	T	F	U	R	■	15		K	■
17 A	R	T	I	E	■	18			Y	■
19 N	E	O	N	■	21				■	
■	■	■	23 K	24				■		
			■				■			

One small matter remains to be cleared up. "What in hell," I can hear you mutter, "is an EFINK, as revealed in Vertical 4?" No use going to the dictionary, folks—it isn't there. However, look the definition over carefully. Does it occur that "!ti t'nsi, gnittuC" might be "Cutting, isn't it!"? in reverse, and that an EFINK is simply a KNIFE with the point toward you? And that the Cockeyed Crossword is the only puzzle in the world in which the word can solve the definition?

Well, from here on in, you're on your own.

You have done the difficult; the impossible possibly lies ahead. In any event, you are under way, and with the expert (ahem!) advice I've dished out, and with the clues I've left you, you should have the rest of the puzzle worked out in anywhere from a half hour to an eon. As any married man can tell you, one word leads to another. It should take but a trice to figure that Vertical 9: "Air line's big overhead" is SKY!

My parting word of advice is simple: If you don't succeed at first, etc. Should one portion of the puzzle stump you, try another. Should the entire puzzle stump you, try the next puzzle. But don't give up. Remember, I've got to eat!

THE END

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WASHINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND

Continued from Page 36

fore his death—and I was sure they would—there would be investigations, all sorts of impossible questions to answer.

When I ran into the house, I was breathless. Solomon, in his white jacket, was swishing a mop over the tiled floor of the foyer.

"Boss is up at breakfast," he said. "There's a visitor waitin' on him in your office."

"Who?"

"Foreign feller. Didn't catch the name."

"Does Mr. Garret know he's here?"

"Nope. Figured he's entitled to finish breakfast in peace."

I hurried into my office. The visitor rose at once—a slight man with very black hair and a smile as beautiful and sparkling as an Arab's. His hand-painted tie was a miracle of brilliant colors.

"Good morning," I said. "I'm Mr. Garret's secretary. Can I help you?"

"I wait for Mr. Garret," he said. "My name is Luis Carazel."

I must have stared. Luis Carazel, I recalled, represented the Mexican cattle syndicate with which Walter Legrue had dealt. To cover my astonishment at his coming, I took off my hat and coat with more deliberation than necessary and put them in the closet.

"I'll tell Mr. Garret you're here," I said. "Please sit down."

IT would have been easy to call Ray on the intercom, but I was too anxious to see him, to get his reaction to the news. So I ran up the steps to the dining room.

He was at the table, with newspapers scattered everywhere. Every morning, before he came to the study, he spent more than an hour with the early papers. He read not only the news and editorials, but most of the other columnists—particularly the political commentators.

When I came in, he leaned back. He looked strained. My face must have told its story too, because he said without preamble, "Don't let it get you down, Fran."

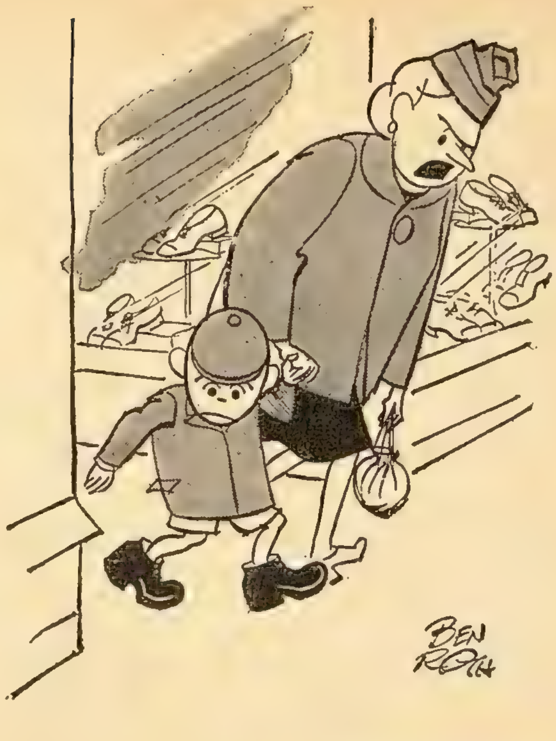
"I—I just heard it on the radio—"

"It's in the late editions too." He took a cigarette out of his pocket. "A mess. A rotten mess. I'm terribly sorry for Irene." It was the first time I'd heard him speak of her, and somehow it silenced me. He asked, "Anybody downstairs? I heard the bell."

"Luis Carazel."

He lifted his brows. There was something more than surprise in his eyes—a trace of suspicion too, I thought. He lit the cigarette, blew out the match with a stream of smoke.

"Let him wait," he said. "We may have the police here today, if they learn Legrue came around last night." He reached across the table for one of the papers. "This is what probably made him go to his files. The column was in last night's editions."



"I'm tired of you outgrowing shoes!"
LIBERTY

He gave me the Globe, opened to Elliot Case's column, They Say. Case applied a Hollywood technique to the Washington scene, dealing largely in rumors that promised sensations. Very often he omitted names—he had to, in order to avoid libel suits. If nothing came of his predictions, he never mentioned them again. If they became realities, he was fond of running I-told-you-so paragraphs, harking back with a note of triumph to his original scoop.

What Ray pointed to was a paragraph which said:

"The grapevine carries whispers today of an imminent criminal exposure that will link some Mexican cattlemen with a well-known Washington lobbyist and even a figure on the Hill. Too early to say more. Watch the news."

I said in bewilderment, "How would Elliot Case know?"

"Same way we found out."

"Bly?"

"Maybe Bly shopped around, dickering for the highest bidder. I'll put Eddie on it today."

As Ray got up and went across the room to the radio cabinet which contained the intercom, I kept staring at the paragraph. No doubt Legrue had been shocked if he had read this last night. Knowing his correspondence could have betrayed him, he would certainly have rushed to his office to see if any of the letters were missing.

Ray turned from the cabinet. "Send Carazel up," he said, "and get a record of this."

I looked at him—a replica of Ray Milland, coatless, with the red-and-black suspenders bright against the white shirt. In a low voice I said, "I don't know what you can possibly say to the police."

"Depends on how much they already know." He went back to the table. "Now let me have Carazel."

So I went down. A few seconds later I sat beside the intercom box in my office, with a pencil in a hand that was too tense, and a memo pad ready.

UPSTAIRS the two men hedged over formalities for a minute. Luis Carazel had read all about the murder. He said with his precise, Spanish accent. "It is terrible." And then, "You wish me to be frank, no?"

"Certainly."

"I come for Legrue's letters. Last night, after he left here, Legrue telephoned me at the Wardman. To tell me you have them."

Ray said, "I told him I have nothing."

"He did not believe it. That is why I am here."

"Meaning *you* don't believe it, either."

"Mr. Garret," Luis Carazel said, "you asked me to be frank."

"I see."

"These letters involve me and my associates. We would not wish them made public."

Ray said, "I've heard they show you authorized Legrue to pay up to fifty thousand dollars in bribes."

Carazel seemed to be choosing his words with care. He gave each one its own emphasis. "That is not correct. No. We said nothing about bribes, Mr. Garret—not a word. Never."

"Nothing about fifty thousand dollars?"

"We simply expressed a willingness to spend fifty thousand dollars to see a certain bill pass through Congress. We left the methods of procedure to Mr. Legrue."

"Then why worry about your letters? Honest lobbying is an accepted custom. Everybody knows it costs money, and nobody goes to jail for it."

"That is true," Carazel said. "And I am not concerned about my letters to Legrue. I am worried about his reports to *me*. Mr. Legrue chose unfortunate ways of lobbying. His letters sent to us while I was in Mexico—of which there were copies in his files—indicate that he did bribe a member of Congress."

"And you acquiesced. At least, you didn't protest."

"It was too late to protest. The money had already been paid—ten thousand of it. The bill was in committee."

Ray asked, "Did you yourself ever talk to this congressman?"

"No. Naturally not. As Legrue pointed out, it could have embarrassed the Congressman to be seen with me while he had such a bill before the House. I never approached him in any way."

"If you had," Ray said in a dry tone, "you might have learned he'd

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never taken a cent from Legrue."

There was a silence so long that I thought something might have gone wrong with the intercom. Then Luis Carazel said in a lower voice, "That is a serious charge, Mr. Garret."

"Not as serious as the charge against the congressman."

"You are saying Mr. Legrue himself kept this money. That he lied to us. Could you prove such a thing?"

"I don't see that I have to prove anything to anyone. I'm just an outsider. Why don't you speak to the congressman?"

"It would mean nothing," Carazel said. "I would not expect him to admit he accepted money." He hesitated. "Let us come back to the letters. I wish to destroy them, Mr. Garret. They can easily affect whatever chances the meat bill has of passing the House. Therefore I am willing to buy them for a good price."

"Did you see Elliot Case's column?"

"Yes." Carazel sounded scornful. "The man has no facts, no letters. Bly tried to interest him before he turned to you—he admitted it to Legrue—but Case wouldn't pay. Now, as to my offer to buy them back from you—"

I caught the scrape of a chair. "If I had them," Ray said in a flat voice, "they wouldn't be for sale. The stuff that goes into my column is for sale only through syndicates. There's no other way to buy it."

THE telephone rang at my elbow. I switched off the intercom at once, resenting the intrusion of the ring even while I answered.

A woman's voice, deep and guarded, asked, "Is Mr. Garret there?"

"He's in conference," I said. "May I take a message?"

She waited a second or two, as if trying to decide. "How soon do you think he'll be free?"

"I can't say. Perhaps fifteen minutes. Who's calling?"

"This is Mrs. Irene Legrue. Would you ask him to call me as soon as he can?"

Somehow I kept my voice firm. "Yes, Mrs. Legrue."

"Thank you."

When I put down the telephone, I felt dampness in my hands. I hadn't told her who I was, and the chances were she wouldn't remember me anyway. Hearing her voice left me shaken. Why, in the midst of her grief, on this day of all days, was she calling Ray? Did she, too, know all about the letters?

Behind me, somebody said, "My, they keep you busy around here. Interesting work, too, isn't it?"

I swung around in my chair. Nick Dudley, grinning, stood in the study door, leaning against the jamb.

"Mr. Dudley!" The words came like a gasp, because I realized he might have overheard the entire conversation upstairs. I hadn't seen him go into Ray's office. He must have come while I'd been up with Ray. I felt as if I had been spied on.

He nodded to the case of a portable typewriter at his feet. "Came down for this. You rushed in while I was in the study. So I thought I'd hang around and wait till you were free."

"Why? Can I do anything for you?"

"Now, that's what I call a leading question." He chuckled. "Lady, there are lots of things you could do for me. Oh, lots!"

"Look, Mr. Dudley, I really haven't time for riddles—"

"There's no riddle about it. I've been looking forward to a chance like this of—well, getting better acquainted. I thought maybe you'd noticed that. I haven't been exactly dead-pan, have I?"

A wolf, I thought in disgust. "I'm sorry, Mr. Dudley—"

"Why not call me Nick? All my friends do. Makes it more sociable."

"I'll be glad to call you Nick," I said, "when I start calling your wife Bea." He winced as if I'd stabbed him. I said, "If you'll take your typewriter now and let me get back to work—"

He shook his head sadly. "Gosh, you didn't *look* so tough. In fact, you look cute. All business, aren't you?"

"I get paid to be all business."

"But you don't have to overdo it."

I made an impatient gesture.

"Anyway," he said, "I have to wait. I want to talk to Ray."

"He's likely to be tied up for some time."

"That's all right," Nick Dudley said, still leaning against the door jamb. "I've got all morning."

"I have work to do."

"Just let me stand here and watch. I love to watch people at work. I used to watch steam shovels by the hour."

"I'm flattered to know you find me as interesting as a steam shovel, but all the same—"

Then I heard Ray and Luis Carazel coming down the stairs. Dudley heard them too. He straightened, went back into the study.

WHILE Ray took the Mexican to the outer door, I told myself it was silly to be angry. This was probably Nick Dudley's way of trying to sound sophisticated—a cheap and stupid way, but harmless if you gave it no attention. The best thing to do was to forget it.

When Ray came into the office, I decided not to mention Irene's call until he was through with Dudley. Let him handle one thing at a time, I thought. Besides, the less I said in Dudley's presence the wiser it would be. So I nodded toward the study to indicate that someone was there.

Ray didn't close the door. "You're at it pretty early, Nick," he said, going to his desk.

"Well, I'm anxious, naturally."

"Uh-huh."

"Have you thought it over?"

"Yes," Ray said. "No soap, Nick. I can't do it."

"Ray! For the love of—"

"Fifteen thousand is too much. Even fifteen hundred would be too much."

Nick Dudley began to plead. There was sudden desperation in his words. "You don't understand, Ray! This is something *big*. The biggest thing that ever came my way! Why, when you consider what other New York night spots are earning—"

"What they're earning you couldn't earn."

"Why not?"

"I don't know why not," Ray said. "You just couldn't."

"Look, Ray," Nick Dudley argued. "This guy who's giving me a chance to buy in—Hal Ulrich—he knows the night-club business inside out. He's run clubs in Miami, in Chicago, in Las Vegas—"

"If he'd been successful with them," Ray said, "he wouldn't need your fifteen thousand now."

"He's a *friend* of mine," Nick Dudley said. "He's doing it to give me a break!"

"Nuts."

"Ask Bea!"

I could hear Ray shuffling papers.

"This'll be the last time I'll ever ask you to back me in anything," Nick Dudley said. "This one's *bound* to click, Ray. Hal Ulrich's got a swell location all picked out, with an option on the lease. Bea and I will take care of the entertainment—"

"Let's quit kidding ourselves," Ray said. "You were just as excited the time you wanted to open that dance studio. You were going to make Arthur Murray look like a piker. Ten thousand would swing it. And I fell for it. So what happened? The minute you got going, you spent more time at the tracks than at the studio. And the business blew up."

"This is different!"

"And then there was the time you were sure you could click in pictures if only you could get out to Hollywood, pal around with the right people, and land one dancing job. So I staked you to six weeks in Hollywood. And what did you land? A couple of winners—but mostly also-rans—at Santa Anita. No, Nick. No more. From now on you're on your own."

"Ray—"

"Beat it, will you? I've got a column to write."

"Listen, man—"

"I'm sorry, Nick. The answer is *no!*"

A MOMENT later Nick Dudley came out. He wasn't carrying the portable typewriter. He gave me a half-grin—rather sickly, I thought—as in his eyes there was something more than frustration or disappointment; it looked like downright fear.

When he was gone, I saw Ray standing at the door, his mouth grim. That was when I told him about Irene's call. It startled him. His eyes narrowed a little and he thrust the hair up from his forehead. Then, frowning, he nodded and shut the study door behind him.

I knew he was calling Irene—I could hear his voice through the door, though not distinctly enough to hear what he said. But I didn't try to listen. In a way, I didn't want to hear; it was better to barricade my mind, my ears, my nerves.

Eddie Lark arrived, and despite his pallor and anxiety, I was glad to see him. As always, excitement bulged his eyes.

"We're sure up to our necks in this one," he said. "Baby, if the police find out I bought stolen letters, I'm a cooked goose! Where's Ray?"

"On the phone. You'll have to wait."

SAM RYKER came in, too, having lingered in the foyer to talk to Solomon. He and Eddie usually met for breakfast at a Connecticut Avenue cafeteria, then drove together to the house. Lank and homely, Sam had a harassed look this morning. As he tossed his hat to a chair, he said, "Well, we asked for it. Got nobody to blame."

"What're *you* worried about?" Eddie said. "You're not in it."

"Only by office ties." Sam sat down, searched his pockets for a cigar. "I was supposed to cover a meeting at State—some guy back from Russia telling the press his story. But after seeing the morning papers, I figured I'd better find out what's cooking here first."

Listening to them, I had a bitter thought; and though it vindicated some of the things I'd said a day or two ago, I found no satisfaction in it. If this affair proved anything at all, it showed the danger and futility of the code of ethics Ray Garret had adopted. His methods were bound to lead to trouble.

The study door was pulled open.

Ray, in his shirt sleeves, stood with a hand on the knob, looking out at us. He was pale, and there was something new in his face—something bleak and harsh and haggard. It was clear that his conversation with Irene Legrue had jolted him.

"Eddie," he said, "get Bly on the phone. Try him at his office, home—anywhere. Find out how much he's already told the police."

Eddie's eyes became tremendous. "What's up?"

"Mrs. Legrue knows her husband was here last night. She doesn't know why, but she knows he came. And she's told the police. They'll be around any minute. No sense making fools of ourselves about the letters if Bly has already talked."

Eddie said in a husky voice, "My God, Ray, you don't think Bly would *admit* to the cops that he stole—"

"Nothing that man did would surprise me. Call him."

Sam Ryker was looking past Ray, out of a window toward the street beyond the garden. "You're too late," he said. "Here they are. That's Lieutenant Greeve."

To be continued in the next issue.

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FREEDOM WITHOUT DIVORCE

Continued from Page 15

pregnancy. Eddie might have sued for an annulment on the grounds of misrepresentation. Instead, he petitioned for relief on the basis of force and duress. The court freed him.

Another form of void marriage is the incestuous one—the marriage of an ancestor and a descendant, a brother and a sister, an aunt and a nephew. Laura Rizzo apparently was unfamiliar with the law. When she returned to Italy on a visit in 1939, she was attracted to her handsome 17-year-old nephew. Although she was in her forties, he became infatuated with her. It may have been, too, that he welcomed an opportunity to come to the United States, the land of his aunt's citizenship.

They were married and came to America. Six years later, Laura, now ill and fading, was deserted by her nephew-husband. She sued for support. He countered by asking for an annulment on the ground that their relationship made the marriage illegal from the outset. The court voided the marriage.

Finally, impotency has become a ground for annulment in most states. Mary and Ted had been married for five years when she brought action for annulment on the ground that her husband was impotent, and testified that their marriage had never been consummated. The husband admitted it was so, but said it was not his fault; his efforts at courtship were distressing to his wife. The court granted Mary an annulment and said, in brief, "Human endurance has its limitations. The husband's plea does not inspire confidence."

The war has given rise to a new problem involving impotency as a ground for annulment. Authorities in the field of marriage relations assert that, quite apart from physical injury, many veterans have been rendered physically incapable by psychological and neurotic causations. Medical care may help these men, but unless their wives exercise patience and understanding, a number of avoidable annulment actions may be expected to reach the courts.

Such are the factors giving impetus to the unprecedented march to the annulment courts. Many of these actions may be justifiable, but, as one jurist said recently, "No judge who presides over our congested matrimonial calendars can escape the conviction that resort to the process of annulment is frequently based on a desire for freedom from marital bonds which one spouse, if not both, finds uninteresting.

"The alacrity with which unhappy, impatient, and disillusioned spouses, whether singly or in concert, are now beating a well-traveled pathway to the halls of justice in confident expectation of relief based on the most fictitious or obviously shallow claims is cause for alarm."

And if there is any lingering doubt that an annulment boom exists, affairs in the Eighth Judicial District of New York should dispel it. In that district there were only 37 uncontested actions for annulment in 1935. In 1946 there were 1,129! Buffalo is the chief city in the district; otherwise, it is predominantly rural. So there is reason to believe that many outsiders are shuffling quietly off to Buffalo to avoid the publicity attendant on annulment actions in their home cities.

What is to be done? Certainly bills such as that which recently passed the New York State Senate don't seem to be the answer. The New York bill limits the time in which one may seek an annulment to five years following the marriage. A five-year trial period should be sufficient, say the lawmakers. It would seem so.

IS the answer, then, to stiffen the annulment statutes? Margaret Gilbert Benz, professor of sociology at New York University, for one, says no. "Rather," she says, "the time has come when public sentiment demands a liberalization of the matrimonial laws. Annulment is necessary in a state where the divorce law is strict. It is necessary to terminate bad marriages. We should be less concerned with making stricter laws and more concerned with making better marriages."

Many will agree. Saner sex education, franker discussion of marriage problems between young people and their parents, greater care in examining the qualifications of one's future spouse, and wholesome living conditions, are preventives which will reduce the number of unhappy marriages.

Certainly the spirit of the law does not propose that married couples seek an annulment the moment the flame of romantic passion begins to cool. All honest men and sensible women know that when they marry there is at least a possibility of failure ahead, but they must have confidence in their ability to weather the storms and to make such adjustments as are necessary. If at the first sign of trouble a couple can run to the court to annul their union, then marriage as the foundation of our social structure ceases to exist.

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DATE BAIT

Continued from Page 24

bination poker parlor, oratorical forum, and saloon.

Joe and Sunny were proud of that room. They covered the windows with red drapes, placed a red Navaho rug on the floor, and painted the furniture with bright Chinese-red lacquer. The only thing that wasn't red was a big brown Morris chair, which, when correctly manipulated, could be used as a bed. It was Sunny's chair, and it fitted him perfectly.

Sunny Neilson was a large chubby-faced man with lots of black curly hair. He attracted all sorts of characters, the dumb, the smart, and the strictly screwball. And he loved them all.

Joe had a long face and a swooping cowlick which usually dangled above his right eye. One-time visitors were apt to peg him as the studious type. Two-timers found him more unbending. Three-timers never knew what to think. He was that unpredictable.

TEN minutes after he left Annie, Joe stalked into the room and threw his books on the table. Sunny was in the Morris chair, smoking his pipe, and reading a novel recently banned in all major cities.

"I just got myself in a mess," Joe announced. "I've asked Annie to the dance."

Sunny nodded.

"I didn't intend to ask her. I haven't got the dough. I'll be flat broke in a week, and the old man can't send me any more."

Sunny glanced up, scowling. "Look, dearie," he said grimly, "I am at a part where the guy has the gal in his room and he's slavering like a wolf. Shut up!"

Joe picked up American Government and Politics and heaved it at Sunny's head. He missed. Sunny put down his pipe, marked his place in the novel, and arose. He made a lunge at Joe, knocked him to the floor, strangled him with a headlock. Joe managed to wriggle loose. He then jumped up and down on Sunny's stomach with both knees until Sunny yowled for mercy. Joe quit and lit a cigarette.

"Now, what was it you were saying?" Sunny asked from the floor.

"I said I was taking Annie to the dance."

"I thought you didn't have any dough?"

"I don't. I was going to tell her I couldn't take her—until she happened to mention that Schlegly guy had asked her."

"Carl Schlegly? He's taking Marjory Bowen."

"Who says?"

"He's had a date with Marge for a month. Believe me, pal."

"Sunny, I got to have fifteen bucks. Can you lend it to me for a couple of weeks?"

"If you asked for my right arm, I would saw it off on the table. But fifteen smackers! My old man's griped now on account of the thirty bucks I overdrew on his bank."

"You couldn't spare ten?"

"Spare it? Josephus—I ain't got it!"

THERE was a pitter-patter knock on the door. A gaunt face peered in. It was topped by a mass of yellow fuzzy hair that stood straight up.

"Hello, Klotz," said Joe.

The creature called Klotz slunk in. He was short and skinny. He wore corduroys, a sweater, and no shirt. His real name was Bailey Fenwick III, but he looked more like Klotz.

"The drawbridge of the enchanted castle swings down at five," said Klotz. He referred to his and Joe's place of evening employment.

"You've got plenty of time," said Sunny. "Come in and snatch a weed."

Klotz inspected the cigarettes in the cigarette box. "My wife is unhappy," he declared. "She complains that she was better off while I was in the army."

"She can say that again," said Sunny. "Now the poor gal has to work eight hours a day to put you through school."

"Twelve hours," corrected Klotz. "I just got her a night job, ushering."

"Klotz, you are a beast," said Joe.

"I'm working two jobs myself," said Klotz. "Besides, Laura understands that she must support me if she wants to be a doctor's wife. By the way, I would like to put the bite on one of you guys for a fin."

"You knocked at the wrong poorhouse," said Sunny. "Joe has just offered to sell his soul for the use of fifteen bucks."

"Would you like to earn twenty bucks easy?" asked Klotz.

"If it's so easy, why don't you earn it?" Joe countered.

"This is a job that calls for two men," said Klotz. "It will net at least twenty smackers apiece."

"On the level?" said Joe.

"It is absolutely on the level," said Klotz. "The new quarter begins Monday, and with it begins a premed course in dissection."

"Don't be a sucker, Joe," said Sunny. "It is worth more than twenty bucks to be dissected."

"Your humor is unfunny," said Klotz. "This is a cat-anatomy course. The only animals acceptable are animals known as cats. Up till now Professor Hinchly has been unable to locate any."

"He can't find enough cats?" frowned Joe.

"He can't find *any* cats. His feline procurement department at the city pound reports that all the local tabbies are well-housed happy home bodies. There just ain't no cats."

"He will offer four bucks a head," continued Klotz. "And we know where to find cats—don't we, Joey?"

"I am floundering in a mental quagmire," said Sunny.

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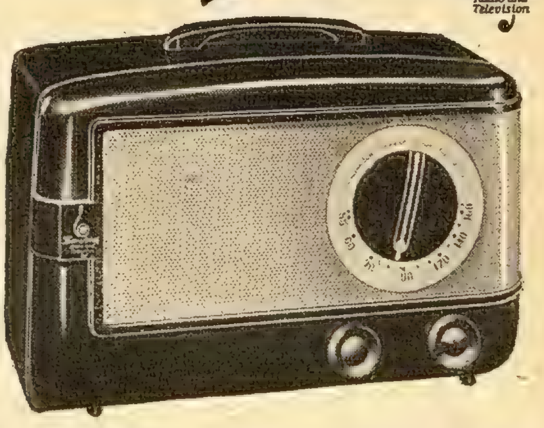

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"Klotz is thinking about the Hamburger Castle," Joe explained. "Every evening a whole slew of wild cats comes down from the hills to snaffle the garbage in back of the joint."

"And you intend to capture these trusting souls and sell them to a dissecting lab?" Sunny shook his head. "Klotz, you are more of a ghoul than I suspected."

"You say you can get four bucks a cat?" asked Joe.

"Ten cats means forty dollars," said Klotz enthusiastically. "And the market will stand at least twenty."

"Why are *you* so eager for cash?" inquired Sunny. "With your wife working twelve hours per day, you should be in the lettuce."

"I wish to buy a set of surgical instruments," said Klotz, rising with dignity. "Laura refuses to help me."

"Smart girl," said Sunny.

As they drove out to Hamburger Castle in Joe's jaloppy, Klotz put his feet on the dash and hummed a little tune. "That roommate of yours is a trifle stuffy," he said.

"Sunny's O.K.," said Joe. "To tell the truth, I'm not so sold on this deal myself."

"It will be very simple," said Klotz. "All we do is pop the animals into a box with some chloroform—"

"You mean *we* have to do it?"

"Do you think Professor Hinchly will take delivery on a parcel of brutes that might claw his eyes out? *Nein.* These cats must not only be defunct—they must be injected."

"Injected?"

Klotz grinned. "We slit the beast up the middle and inject a solution into the vascular system. This is done so that the students may study the blood vessels."

"I—couldn't do that." Joe shuddered.

"Don't worry. All you have to do is assist me. I will perform the actual surgery."

"Maybe you better count me out," Joe said.

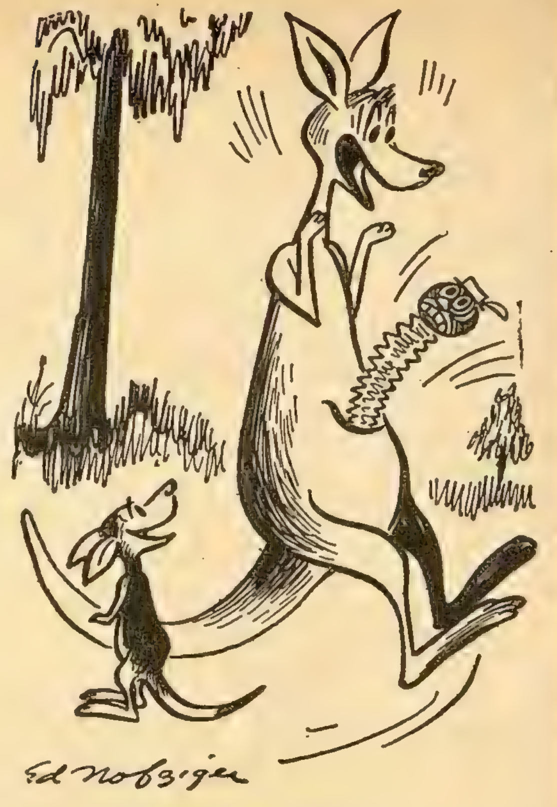
"You must realize that you are working for the cause of science," said Klotz soberly. "And, furthermore, you want that twenty bucks, don't you?"

JOE thought about Annie. And there was a lot of truth in what Klotz said. After all, it was better for doctors to practice on cats than on people. He had to go through with it. Nevertheless, he felt like poor old Faustus being pushed into sin by the devil. He glanced at Klotz, who was busy leering at a pretty female pedestrian.

Klotz made an admirable devil.

The Hamburger Castle was run by two old maids who, unlike conventional old maids, did not like cats. The prospect of ridding the premises of nocturnal visitors met with their wholehearted approval.

At nine thirty, Joe and Klotz went to the back of the restaurant and waited. After a while eyes began to appear in the darkness and grayish shapes scudded back and forth making harsh, hungry noises. Klotz held out a piece of hamburger and uttered high falsetto cries which were intended to have an enticing effect. The first customer, an enormous striped tom, approached nervously and took an oversized bite, encroaching upon the end of Klotz's thumb. Klotz let out a howl, and before either party could move, Joe grabbed the cat with gloved hands and popped him into a gunny sack.



"Scare you, Mom?"

LIBERTY

"He bit me clear to the bone!" moaned Klotz, wrapping a handkerchief around the injured member.

"In the dark you look just like cat meat," said Joe unsympathetically. "Quick—here comes another!"

The first three cats were easily victimized. After that it took more cajoling, more speed, and more hamburger to make a capture. It took three hours to catch eight cats. Then the entire band vanished.

"Eight of 'em isn't so bad," said Klotz. "That's sixteen bucks apiece."

"Now what?" asked Joe. "It's after midnight."

"We might as well get it finished," said Klotz. "I think the Science Building is open all night. Drive by the University Hospital first, and I'll pick up some chloroform."

Driving back to the campus, Joe felt more guilty than ever. Klotz was humming a tune and eating a banana at the same time. Now and then he glanced over his shoulder at the two gunny sacks in the back seat.

It took Klotz nearly an hour to wangle a can of chloroform from an interne friend who was on night duty at the hospital. When they reached the Quad, they found that the Science Building was closed tight.

"Guess we'll have to wait till morning," said Klotz.

"But what are we going to do with these animals?" asked Joe.

"Can't we put 'em in your room tonight?"

Joe shook his head. "Why don't you take them?"

"My wife is sometimes very intolerant about small things," said Klotz. "She might divorce me, and then how would I work my way through school?"

"My room's out. Sunny would murder us both."

"But you told me he was spending the night up in the city with some friend. We'll get rid of 'em first thing in the morning."

"You want me to sleep with eight vicious cats?"

"Lock 'em in the bedroom and sleep on the chair," said Klotz. "Unless you want to forget about the sixteen bucks."

Klotz gave a little chuckle, and Joe decided that all he lacked was a pair of silky horns.

EVERYTHING was serene around Burdell Hall. A typewriter clattered, snores oozed out of some of the windows, a radio played soft music.

They hauled the gunny sacks into 125 and released the occupants in the bedroom. All of the animals seemed to be in fine fettle in spite of their recent confinement. Having always led a paw-to-mouth existence, they were obviously untroubled by the present and unworried by the future. As Joe watched them sniffle the furniture and claw the bedclothes, he decided they were the biggest, healthiest, meanest cats he had ever seen.

There was one in particular, with a chewed left ear. He was solid black with white paws. After swaggering around with his tail high, he climbed onto Sunny's bed, dug a hole in the comforter, and went to sleep.

"They seem very happy here," said Klotz. "Say, have you got something I can put the chloroform in? The cap dropped off some place, and the stuff evaporates in no time."

Joe took an unlabeled whisky bottle out of the closet, poured the chloroform into it and capped it. He put the bottle on his desk, and they edged out of the room, leaving the cats to their own company.

"I still don't feel right about this," said Joe. "What'll Sunny say when he sees that hole ripped in his comforter?"

Just then the door opened, and in walked Sunny, wearing his best tweed suit, a Homburg hat, and a camel's-hair topcoat. There was an amiable grin on his face and his eyes had a troutlike glaze.

"Oh, my," said Joe. "I thought you said you were staying in the city tonight."

"The hunter is home from the hill." Sunny removed his hat and hung it on an imaginary wall hook. "Pete Winkler staked me to several flagons of brew at the Dutchman's, and I postponed the trek to the city. By the way—your Apple Annie was at the Dutchman's also with a character known as Mink Murdock."

Joe received the news in silence. Klotz glanced anxiously at the door to the bedroom. There was the sound of little feet scampering.

Sunny listened. "I thought I heard something," he said.

"Mice," said Joe. "Burdell is full of 'em."

"Bet they're after that fruitcake of mine." Sunny started for the door.

"Wait!" Klotz grabbed him by the arm.

"Oho," said Sunny happily. "So you wish to rassle?"

He tripped Klotz, grasped his ankles and bounced him up and down.

Joe watched thoughtfully. "You shouldn't do that to Klotz," he said. "It is evident that you are fried to the eyes."

"Would you care for some of the same, chum?" asked Sunny, swinging Klotz into a corner. "I happen to be Abdul the Lion Tamer. I wish for you to jump over that chair."

Joe did not feel like jumping over chairs. He stooped, seized the edge of the rug with both hands and gave it a yank. Inasmuch as Sunny was standing on the rug, his feet went out from under him. As he fell, Klotz was at him like a jackal, clinging to his legs. Joe sat on his chest and pinned his arms to the floor.

"I think we should tie him up," proposed Klotz. "It would be for his own good."

"Lemme up," said Sunny. "I—suddenly feel rather illish."

Joe looked at him closely. His face had assumed a chartreuse color. "Better let him up," Joe advised.

"It was that last boilermaker," Sunny explained. "I believe I am going to yap."

He arose, folded his topcoat carefully, then hurried down the hall to the lavatory.

About an hour later they carried him back to the room and placed him in the big chair. He was snoring horribly.

"Are you going to leave Abdul here?" asked Klotz.

"No. I'm sleeping here," said Joe. "Abdul can sleep with the cats. He won't come to till noon anyway. Let us lug the body into the other room."

NEXT morning Joe was awakened by a heavy knock on the door. He sat up in the Morris chair and stretched. It was nine fifteen, according to the clock on the bookcase. Klotz was late.

The pounding on the door continued.

"Come on in—you slob!" Joe yelled.

The door swung wide and a large elderly man with prosperous jowls walked in. He was followed by a small elderly woman with a thin mouth and schoolteacher eyes.

Joe felt his heart scooting up his windpipe.

"Good morning, Joe," smiled the man. "I imagine you expected someone else. Is Theodore in?"

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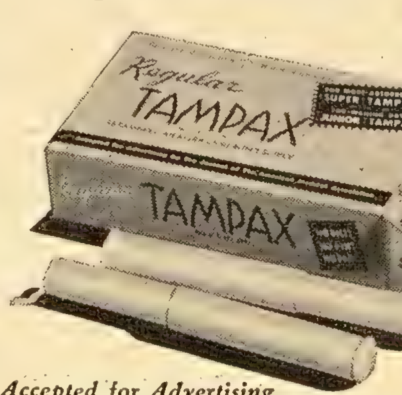

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

"Yes—I mean, not just now." Joe struggled to get his mental machinery working. "Sunny stepped out for awhile, Mr. Neilson—I think to the library. You'll find him at the library."

"We'll wait here for him," said Mrs. Neilson.

Joe was worried. Until now, Sunny had managed to convince his family that he was a paragon of scholarly virtue. If his old lady took one peep in that bedroom, her illusions would go higher than Hiroshima.

"Theodore's cousin is staying with us for several weeks," said Mr. Neilson. "She wanted to see the university. Helen, this is Mr. Joe Thomas, Theodore's roommate."

Joe had failed to notice the third visitor. She was about five feet three, with chestnut-brown hair and a cute little nose that wrinkled when she smiled. She looked like a million dollars in large bills.

"I've heard a lot about you, Joe," she said.

"Don't hold it against me." He managed to grin.

A loud gurgling snore seemed to make the door shake.

"Joe," said Mrs. Neilson sharply, "is someone in the other room?"

"Klotz is asleep in there," Joe said. "He stayed with us last night."

"Who is Klotz?" asked Mr. Neilson.

"He's the boy Theodore brought home with him last month," said Mrs. Neilson. "The one who ate so much."

"Good morning, Merry Sunshine," said Klotz, breezing in briskly from the hall. "Let's collect the kitties!"

There was silence all the way around.

Mrs. Neilson bristled and started for the bedroom. "I want to see what you're hiding!" she said.

She twisted the doorknob and barged in. Joe had a feeling that she was going to scream. She did. Mr. Neilson hurried to her side.

"What *is* this?" she exclaimed hysterically. "What's happened to Theodore?"

Joe glanced in and saw that nothing had happened to Theodore. He was still lying on the bunk, fully clothed, and sleeping soundly. The big black cat with the white paws was curled up on his chest.

Aroused by the commotion, the other cats were now milling around rapidly. Hunger and incarceration had not improved their dispositions, and they yowled like banshees. The black cat leaped to the floor and streaked between Mrs. Neilson's legs. Klotz popped him into a gunny sack before he could reach the hall door.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Neilson in quiet awe.

"They seem to have quite a menagerie," remarked Helen.

"Joe—don't stand there!" urged Klotz. "Help me catch 'em!"

Joe picked up the other sack and went to work.

Mrs. Neilson shook Sunny's shoulder violently. Sunny groaned in his sleep. "Wake up!" she pleaded. "Arthur—what's wrong with him? Do you suppose he's had some kind of an attack?"

"If you are asking my opinion," said Mr. Neilson sagely, "I think the boy is drunk."

Mrs. Neilson spotted the whisky bottle on Joe's desk. "Liquor," she said grimly, removing the cap.

"No, it isn't," protested Joe. "Put it down!"

With magnificent disdain she raised the bottle to her nose and took a long, deep sniff.

She started to weave back and forth. Mr. Neilson grabbed hold of her and Joe snatched the bottle.

"Jeepers," said Helen. "What's in that bottle?"

"Chloroform," said Joe. "She took too much in one breath. She'll be all right in a second."

"We've got all the cats but one," said Klotz. "Let's duck out."

Joe nodded. They ducked. As Joe kicked the starter, someone yelled at him from a downstairs window.

"Hey, Thomas!" said the voice. "You're wanted on the phone."

JOE slid out of the car. "You take the cats over to the lab," he told Klotz. "I'll meet you there." He went to the booth in the hall lobby. Annie was on the other end of the line.

"Joe," she said, "I think you are the most wicked, heartless man I've ever known. I am not going to the dance with you!"

"But, Annie—"

"And, furthermore, if you've stolen my Mittens, I'll never speak to you again!"

"Stolen your what?"

"Mittens—my little kitty. I know all about what you and Bailey Fenwick are doing. Sunny told me last night. I think it's—repulsive!"

"But we didn't steal your cat."

"Then why hasn't Mittens come home? He never stays out all night. He isn't that kind of cat."

"Annie—I swear we don't have your—" Joe just happened to think. That black cat with the white paws! He'd had a feeling he'd seen it before. "Annie"—he clutched the telephone-book shelf for support—"don't worry. I'll see that your cat is found. Good-by now."

Sunny's predicament held little interest for him at the moment. He had to reach the Science Building before Klotz could carry out the finale of his fiendish plan.

It was a half mile from Burdell to the Science Building. Joe's eyes were bulging when he hurled himself against the weathered door that opened into the laboratory.

Klotz was there, happily sharpening a scalpel. "Ah," he chuckled, "I have just committed one of the beasties to his ancestors."

"Which one?"

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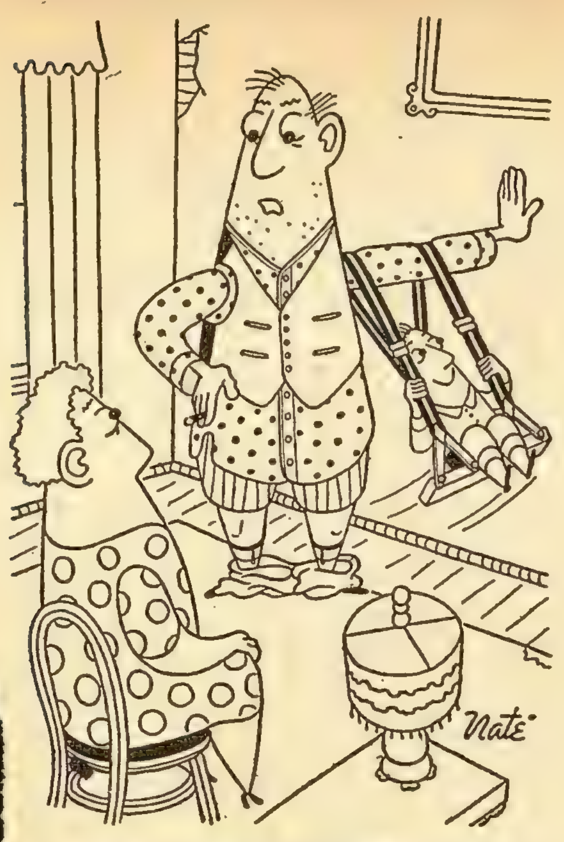
JACK MARKOW

"I understand it's full of Pepsi-Cola."



"I wish we could afford an outdoor swing for him!"

LIBERTY

"That—black one." Klotz pointed to a dark bundle of fur on the dissecting table. "The rest of 'em are in that cage."

"You louse!"

"Why am I a louse, sir?" Klotz bristled.

"Because that's Annie's cat! Its name is Mittens."

"*Was* Mittens," said Klotz.

Joe flopped onto a chair. "This queers me with Annie—for good," he said. "Klotz, do you realize that we are almost as bad as gangsters? They murder people for money. We are murdering animals for money."

"Yes," Klotz admitted. "The Chicago stockyards are full of guys like us."

"But that's different."

"Cats are animals; cows are animals. I never saw you weeping tears over a beefsteak."

"Nevertheless," said Joe firmly, "we are not going through with it."

"Joe!" Klotz tried hard to restrain him, but Joe shoved him aside. "Wait a minute. Don't—"

It was all over in a second. The moment Joe opened the cage door, the room seemed filled with cats. They leaped to the windows and doors. Then they were gone.

Klotz eyed him balefully. "It is dumbheads like you who put road blocks in the pathway of knowledge," he said.

"Look!" An expression of glad amazement formed on Joe's taciturn features. "You—you didn't do it after all!"

The black cat had moved sleepily, stretching out one paw.

Klotz regarded the phenomenon without interest. He scowled and lit a cigarette.

"I should have used more chloroform," he said.

JOE did not return to his room until after 10 P. M. He hoped Sunny would be asleep by then.

Sunny was sitting in the big leather chair, smoking his pipe and reading. "Hi," he said.

"Hi." Joe packed his pipe.

"That babe of yours called up."

"Who—Annie?"

"She said not to worry about the cat. It came in the door a couple of minutes after she talked to you."

Joe frowned. "Then the cat we had wasn't Mittens."

"Speaking of cats," Sunny's gaze was stern, "I do wish that you would not keep them in my bedroom. Also I strongly resent your attempt to chloroform my mother."

"It was an accident," said Joe. "It's easy to explain."

"No doubt. But I have done so much explaining today that I do not care to hear explanations from anyone else."

"What'd your family say?"

"Mother suspected that I had been drinking — until I convinced her I had been up all night with my studies. The old man, of course, knew better. I had to tell them the truth about your cats. My old man was much impressed by your ingenuity. He bolstered my bank account with fifty bucks and told me to lend you any part of it you required."

JOE puffed his pipe and watched the smoke climb up on the drapes. "I won't need the money now," he said. "Annie tied the can on me."

"Perhaps she has relented."

"Sunny," Joe seemed to be looking at something a long way off, "do you believe in love at first sight?"

"It is the only reliable kind."

"That cousin of yours—she's a cute doll."

"Not Helen? No, Josephus—never! I like you as a roommate, but it would be horrible to have you in the family."

"Shut up," said Joe. "Could you fix it up for me to take her to the dance?"

"What about Annie?"

Joe shrugged.

"Well," said Sunny, "I must admit that Helen did speak very favorably of you. She also expressed a desire to go to the dance. So what else could I do except promise to arrange it?"

"You asked her already?"

"I figured it would be nice. You see, before I got too stiff last night at the Dutchman's, I overheard your Gentle Annie promise Mink Murdock that she would slice the cotillion with him. So I made a date for you with Helen."

"Sunny," grinned Joe, "on occasions like this, it is very difficult for me to remain convinced that you are basically a moron."

"Thank you," said Sunny. "I'm pretty, too."

THE END

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"BUGS"—KEY TO OIL AND PEACE?

Continued from Page 33

and no oil came forth; which put the responsibility directly on the "bugs."

Knowing a good deal about the quirks of bacteria, he figured out half dozen ways in which they might have done it.

Bacteria reproduce by dividing. One splits into two, two into four, four into eight, and so on. They may do this every 20 or 30 minutes. Dr. ZoBell figured they might have multiplied fast enough in the crannies in the oily sand to push some of the oil out. Or they might have scraped it off particles of sand to which it adhered. Or, by their emission of carbon dioxide, they might have caused chemical reactions, such as dissolving tiny grains of limestone to which bits of oil adhered.

He still isn't sure just which of these effects may be most important. But he has proved in test tubes that it is bacteria that do it—proved it to the satisfaction of the U. S. government, which a few weeks ago granted him a patent on the process of extracting oil by means of bacteria. The patent, possibly worth billions, he immediately assigned to the American Petroleum Institute for free public use.

THE method is simply to inject some of the proper variety of bacteria into oil-bearing earth and let them multiply until they force the oil into pools from which it can be pumped. The types of bacteria Dr. ZoBell has found effective for this work fortunately are harmless to humans and have no deleterious effect on oil.

Although no oil has yet been extracted on a commercial basis this way, encouraging experiments already are under way in the Bradford, Pennsylvania, oil fields. A tremendous immediate prize is at stake, because all present oil-extraction methods get only about half the oil out of a deposit.

"If we could quantitatively recover the oil in known fields," Dr. ZoBell says, "we would immediately be multiplying by two our proved oil reserves *plus* all the oil that has been produced since 1860" (when commercial oil production in the United States got under way).

"Millions of barrels of now unrecoverable Pennsylvania grade crude remain locked in their sands," the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Association stated recently. "If the use of bacteria proves practical in the field, the nation's recoverable oil reserves in presently known fields will be increased vastly *overnight*."

But there is a further stake which, even alongside this, is fabulous. That is the possible opening up, throughout the world, of vast reserves where today there are not thought to be any.

Dick Ericson

"Well, squirt him back!"
LIBERTY

Oil pools generally occur in underground "domes" formed by a layer of hard rock or sediment that has been warped by some movement of the earth's crust. These domes may extend for miles.

Similar dome-like crannies no bigger than grains of sand, each imprisoning a bit of oil smaller than a single drop, are believed to exist in astronomic profusion underground—perhaps in territories where there is no hint of oil now. These are called "microtraps." Put together, they might well turn out to contain far more oil than the world dreams of now. Up to now, no one has even had an idea of how these microtaps might be tapped.

Bacteria may be the key to this untold hoard—a key not only to world-wide plenitude of inexpensive heat and power, but also to the elimination of one of our leading sources of international discord.

THE END

BUILD YOUR OWN HOME—YOURSELF

Continued from Page 28

order too, although there seem to be plenty of them in stores.

The catch on most power tools is finding the needed fractional-horsepower motors—which are nationally short. However, a little shopping around is sure to dig them up, in used but usable condition.

The ¼-horsepower motor, bought in a local second-hand store, that mixes my cement is part of an old meat grinder—or so I guess from the looks of it. The ½-horsepower motor on my jointer is something I found while nosing around in a plumbing shop. For $17.50 I bought a broken-down well-pump; I took off the motor, threw the rest away. The price, incidentally, is just about what a used motor is worth.

Power tools, like building materials, are scarce but can be found. Bought secondhand, they can be resold later at little loss. Mine do so much work so well that I'll probably never part with them. I expect them to pay for themselves again as I build the furniture for the house.

As you can see, I am doing it the easy way—if there is any easy way to build a house in this postwar age. The result is that I am not getting a $12,000 house for $3,000. My house is going to cost me about half what it is worth, which is saving enough.

(If you want to be businesslike about it, you can figure my saving another way. By building my own place and thus keeping the cost down to where I can pay for it as I go along, I am steering clear of a mortgage. Thus I save several thousand dollars in interest alone. And no matter what happens to the house market, my place will never be worth less than it is costing me.)

SOME people have contracted for houses to be left unfinished. Then, at their leisure, they have put in partitions, interior paneling, and such light work. Experience shows that you can save as much as one third to one fourth of the price that way.

That is pretty much how the Joseph Dianos worked it. There is a good deal of their own work in their home in the co-operative community of Bryn Gweled, 20 miles from Philadelphia. A contractor put up the framework and sheathing, and the Dianos took it from there.

They put on the siding, installed the enormous windows that give the house its handsome modern look. They put in the steel sash, finished the ceilings, paneled the interiors, and built an impressive field-stone fireplace.

The Dianos and most of the others I have mentioned have built their places in the country. That's partly because it is a lot simpler to do things your own way if you are out of range of city codes and inspectors and other complications. Mostly, though, I think it happens that way because the kind of people who are inclined to do their own building prefer country living.

If you decide to go ahead and build a place yourself, you may have some trouble deciding which parts to hire done. The best general answer is to farm out whatever you don't want to tackle. But I can sum up what I have learned from my own building and from the many others who have been through it:

Design. Don't pick a plan out of a book. If you can find a liberal-minded architect who will go along with your weird notion of doing your own building, by all means at least hire him for a few consultations.

Otherwise, plan it yourself to fit your own talents, realized or potential. Read a book or two on modern architecture. Remember that a flat roof or shed roof with single pitch is easier to build than the conventional one. In fact, forget most conventional ideas. Make the house *yours.*

Digging and leveling. Remember, this may take a lot of work. If there is much leveling, try to get a bulldozer in to do it for you.

Cement work. Do small jobs yourself. For big jobs, better have a crew come in with a big mixer.

Framing. This you can do. But get a carpenter by the day, if you can, until you learn the tricks.

Sheathing. By all means do it yourself, both walls and roof.

Masonry. Better do this yourself, after watching a professional. (It is easy to lay up concrete block, for instance, but not so easy to do it straight.)

Trim and interiors. This is for you.

Plumbing. Most of this is complicated to figure out, but fairly easy to do. Get some help if you can, but don't worry if you can't.

Wiring. Same as plumbing, except that it requires less equipment.

Roofing. You can do most kinds rather easily.

It is surprising how much you can learn from books—framing, cement work, plumbing, wiring, etc. But don't let the neighbors or any part-time workers you hire find out that you get it out of books. They'll be sure you're wrong about anything not learned from long experience.

And don't worry. You'll make mistakes. You'll do things the hard way all too often because of ignorance. You'll also stumble on short cuts because of that very ignorance. When you get through, your house will probably be out of plumb here and there. It may leak.

So what? My experience is that most houses have defects, no matter who builds them. You can't do worse than I found in one carpenter-built house I once rented. And at least you'll know the structure of the house so well that you'll be able to repair it in a hurry.

BUILDING a house is a lot of work. You may wonder if it is worth it. If you don't wonder now, you will by the time you have developed a backache and blisters.

But I have never known anyone to build his own place and regret it. Quite the contrary. Paul Corey likes the whole idea so well that he is selling his present house to move to California and build another one.

Donald Thompson had been figuring on building some more rooms onto his homemade home. But now that his children are 11, 6, and 1, he is toying with another idea:

"Our developing children have a tremendous appetite for doing things. I've been thinking that another house-building project in which the whole family could participate would be just what the creative urges of our children need."

I guess that's testimonial enough.

THE END

YESTERDAY'S *Memories*...
Dreams OF TOMORROW
IN *Music*
THAT SAYS

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ANDY RUSSELL
THE KING COLE TRIO
PEGGY LEE
PIED PIPERS
MARGARET WHITING
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PEGGY LEE
"Somebody Loves Me"
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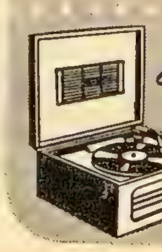

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New Capitol machine plays electronically *anywhere*: 2 motors (wind-up or plug-in). At record stores now.

A LETTER FROM MAC

Continued from Page 16

"Now," he'd said seriously. "Scotland is a state of mind. People like my grandfather brought it to this country. That's what makes America great, people bringing things here—rock-strength from the hilly countries, like Scotland, laughter and art from Italy, honest sweat from the Chinese laundryman—" He broke off, flushing. "You're laughing at me! But I'll make you see. Did anyone ever tell you that you're—lovely?" Just like that, right there in the crowded corridor with everyone going by, he began to sing under his breath, "I dream of Jeannie with the light-brown hair. . . ."

The very memory brought a lump into her throat. Oh Mac, it's been so long, so very long. . . .

"Stop it," Jeannie told herself sensibly. Mac always said about trouble, "Face it. Then, if you can't do anything about it, do something else." Jeannie gathered up the books she'd need to plan tomorrow's lessons, put on her hat and coat, and started for home. But the singing went on and on like a lonesome ache inside her, her heels on the pavement tapping out the rhythm, "I dream of Jeannie . . ."

She was still humming as she went up the steps of their home, hers and Mac's and got out her key. She could almost see his letter to her lying there on the bare hall floor under the mail slot with Mac's impatient scrawl across it: Mrs. Angus MacGregor, 12 Main Street, Rushville, Mass., U.S.A. But when she opened the door, the letter wasn't there. There was only the closeness of the house shut up all day.

"That's funny! I was so sure—" Her breath quickened. She'd always known when Mac needed her. She remembered the time he got hit by the bus on his way home, late, from school, and she'd had her hat on, ready to go to him, when the hospital phoned.

NOTHING'S the matter with him, Jeannie knew stoutly. The letter will be here tomorrow, likely. What I need is a cup of tea. She flung her hat and coat onto a chair and went on out into the kitchen which they'd painted over when they took the place. The walls were a pale gray, but Mac had insisted upon outlining the windows in light blue.

"To lead up to the sky," he'd explained. "See that white cloud up there? That's St. Peter's beard. You can't see him because he's behind it."

Funny how endearing nonsense lived on in one's memory when other things faded. But that was the reason all the kids in his class had adored him, because he was half kid himself, always asking "Why?" about everything; believing in the wonders of things he'd never seen, like St. Peter and Edinburgh. He'd never given up his plan to go there.

"Let's put aside ten per cent of our salary, h'mm?" he'd asked Jeannie their first payday after they were married. They borrowed books from the public library and pored over them until they could almost smell the flowers growing down in the valley on one side of Princes Street, and see the Rock towering over it all. "The most beautiful Main Street in the world," it said on page 74 of the guidebook. But the money seemed to collect so slowly. They might have made the trip the year before the war if Mac hadn't sent Timmy Foley, the bad boy of his class, away to summer camp.

"I had to. Timmy'd been stealing oranges from the fruit man. He had to get away," Mac had told Jeannie earnestly. "I've arranged for him to get a job as messenger boy this fall. He ought to be kept busy, and his mother could use the cash."

"So could we," Jeannie ached to retort, and how glad she was that she hadn't! But by fall it looked as if there wouldn't be any Scotland left to go to, nor any heart in Mac left to go, for the war had turned him upside down too. "Conscientious objector" was too pedantic a term for Mac in those days. "Loyal" was better, loyal to his belief that there was no excuse for killing. He was six months too old for the first draft and dead against it. "War never settles anything!" he'd told his big boys, and he'd refused to march in the Legion parade, so most of his class had not marched either, and the Legion was furious; tried to get Mac fired from the school as "un-American."

But Mr. Curtis, the principal, had refused. "In a democracy a man has a right to say what he thinks," he'd insisted.

The worst of it was that Mac wasn't sure how he felt. When the Germans marched into Poland, it was bad enough; but when England got it, and his beloved Scotland, Mac was physically sick; he couldn't eat or sleep; lost weight. "They're crazy, those Nazis!" Mac groaned. Then came Pearl Harbor. . . .

DANGER
DYNAMITE
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"That's so he can jump quickly!"
LIBERTY

"Right or wrong, I've got to go," Mac told Jeannie, his tortured eyes burning deep in his head. "I can't stand this. If the United States goes down, what then?"

She remembered what he'd said about the Scotch bringing us strength, and the Italian laughter, and the Chinese laundryman honest sweat, and she knew he was asking himself, "I'm six feet two and strong. What have I brought?" So she was actually relieved when he told her he'd enlisted. Some of his boys were seventeen, and most of them had enlisted, too, when Mac did, including Tony Trazzini's brother Pete. And some of them hadn't come back. Did Mac still think he'd done the right thing? He'd asked her, Jeannie remembered, "Could you still love me if I'd killed a man?" And she'd told him, "I'd always love you, darling, whatever you did!"

IT had grown dark and her tea was cold, Jeannie discovered suddenly. The kitchen was full of purple dusk. It was the time of day when she missed Mac most. Funny about there being no letter from him today. If that bond between them was broken—knowing how the other one was, what was happening to him—there'd be nothing left. The doorbell, ringing sharply, made her jump. Special delivery maybe?

Jeannie rushed out into the hall, snapping on lights as she went. When she opened the front door, it wasn't the postman, but Mrs. Foley and Timmy standing there. He had on his Western Union uniform, but he hadn't any telegram in his hand and he'd brought his mother. Funny time of day to call, but still—

"Come in, won't you?" Jeannie smiled. "I'm so glad to see you both."

But the two of them just stood there, and finally Timmy took off his cap, pulled out a yellow envelope, and she saw there was sweat on his forehead as he held it out to her. "I—I brought ma," he stammered. "I—I thought—"

She didn't hear any more. As she ran her finger under the flap of the envelope, her heart raced so she could hardly breathe, and before she could read, she had to wait till the words settled down.

"The Secretary of War regrets to inform you . . . the plane, a DC-54, ten days overdue . . . believed lost. Your husband, Sergeant Angus MacGregor . . ."

What did it mean? her mind asked stupidly. The war was over. A man didn't die for his country now. Mac had been flying home and the plane was lost and Mac was missing too. She'd never see him again.

"Oh, no!" Jeannie moaned.

"She's stunned," Mrs. Foley said and put her arm around Jeannie, led her into the living room. "Go on, Timmy," she ordered. Her hat, Jeannie noticed—funny the things one notices in a panic—was askew, as if she'd just jammed it on. Mrs. Foley promised, "I'll stay with you, dearie, till you know where you're at. Here, sit down here in the big chair. What you need is a nice hot cuppa coffee."

She bustled out, and Jeannie sat, staring straight in front of her, with the telegram crushed in her hand. But presently the numbness passed and she could think again. "Face it," Mac always said, "and then, if you can't do anything about—" Face it. She drew a deep breath, miraculously relaxed, for a warm sweet flood of relief was flowing over her. *Mac was all right. She knew it. If he'd been hurt, killed, she'd have known it at once. Hadn't she known when he just broke his leg? He was all right. He might be missing to the War Department, but he wasn't to her. She'd hear from him still—soon.*

"Here. Try to drink some," Mrs. Foley urged, handing her a cup of coffee, and when Jeannie's hand shook so that she spilled some, added, "You poor thing!"

Mrs. Foley mustn't pity her. But how could she explain? She couldn't very well say, "The Scotch have second sight. I know the War Department is mistaken." Jeannie tried to take a sip of the coffee, but she simply couldn't swallow; her head felt light and her hand leaden, and the voice of Mrs. Foley going on and on was like water dripping in the sink.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to be alone for a while," Jeannie told her apologetically. She almost added, "with Mac," but she caught herself in time and said instead, "But thank you very much."

SHE hoped, as the front door closed, that she hadn't hurt Mrs. Foley's feelings, but it was imperative that she be alone. She'd better muffle the phone and pull down the shades before the rest of the town called. News traveled so fast in a small place, especially bad news. Jeannie pulled down the shades, snapped on all the lights, and at last, in the blessed stillness, she could think.

I'll read Mac's letters all over again, she decided. It'd be almost like talking things over with him.

She had them in three shoeboxes, and the first letter was so worn in the creases it almost fell apart when she picked it up; but she knew it by heart anyway, how he'd gotten to the training camp and there were no beds ready, so he'd sat up and written her how much he missed her. She shuffled the letters lovingly through her fingers. There was the first one marked U. S. A., which meant Mac was overseas. She unfolded it.

"There's a great bunch of boys in my outfit," Mac wrote. "One of the best is a tough guy they call Stinky

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"Certainly a mixed crowd tonight, isn't it?"

LIBERTY

because he smokes such a vile pipe. Him 'n' me was sitting out under a tree tonight—excuse it, please, I was thinking in his mind—and in the dark you say things you don't in daylight. I asked him, 'Stinky, do you hate the Germans?' He snorted. 'You don't hate skunks; you shoot 'em.' It's wonderful to have an uncomplicated mind like that. If he smokes that pipe much longer, they'll accuse us of using gas first. . . ."

JEANNIE laid down the letter, smiling. They must have Stinky for a visit when Mac got home. The rest of the letters from France were short, often smudged, because, as Mac wrote, he was a "little busy right now." But lately, in Germany, he'd had more time to answer what she wrote. Once he said, "That Tony Trazzini of yours sounds like a swell kid—the sensitive kind who have to know all the whys or they get into trouble. They'll be leaders anyway—in crime, if you don't give them a star to steer by. You know, it's a comfort to me, your taking up teaching. As if I'd never left."

There it was again, the bond between them, deeper than words, than anything sensible; unless loving anyone so terribly that his very thoughts were hers was sensible. Most people wouldn't think so; but then, most people never had what she and Mac had, poor things. A person couldn't see radio either, but the words came across the world with their meaning clear. . . . Jeannie reached with a steady hand for the War Department telegram, and this time she read it without the words jumbling. The plane had left Scotland ten days ago, and since there was still no trace of plane, crew, or passengers, they must be presumed lost. Left Scotland. . . .

"So Mac got there after all!" she thrilled. "Did he see the Rock and Princes Street? Oh, I wish I'd been there!"

A queer sense of peace came over her, just thinking of Mac there, his dream come true. She slid down deeper into his big armchair, leaning her head against the back. When she closed her eyes drowsily, it felt almost as if his strong arms were holding her, though of course that was silly. I'll hear from him tomorrow maybe, she thought, curling up more comfortably. After a few minutes the telegram slid from her relaxed fingers to the floor and, with all the lights burning, she slept.

It was seven thirty the next morning when she woke up, stiff but refreshed. As she snapped off lights, threw up windows, breathed in deeply the fresh morning air, she felt as if windows were opening inside her too. Still, she didn't think she'd go to school today. If she tried to explain her untroubled face, they'd think she was a little queer, after the telegram, and in a small town, being queer was the final sin. Much better to say nothing at all.

"Of course, take as long as you like," Mr. Curtis, the principal, said when Jeannie phoned. She could tell he'd heard about Mac, but he didn't mention it.

She'd get breakfast, she decided, clean up the house, and by then the postman would be here. "Believed missing." No, don't think of the telegram. But she couldn't swallow the toast. She was rapidly becoming one big Ear, like the Eye on the Sunday-school card she'd had as a child that warned, "Thou, God, seest me." She simply couldn't stop listening for the postman's step on the graveled walk.

"Stop that!" she ordered herself sternly. She went resolutely upstairs, smoothed over her unrumpled bed, cleaned the bathtub, but she worked with such fierce energy that it was still only eight thirty when she'd finished, and the mail never came before nine.

"I'll wash the best glasses," Jeannie decided desperately. That would take a steady hand, concentration, because Mac had bought them for her birthday. She got out fresh towels, strung the work out as long as she could, rinsing the suds off under the hot-water tap. "A thousand years in his sight is but as a day that is gone," or something like that. And half an hour could be a thousand years. Dear Lord, someone was coming up her front walk! The front doorbell rang sharply and the glass in her hand fell with a crash into the sink as Jeannie ran.

"IT'S got to be from Mac! Help it to be from him!" she prayed. The letter, a big fat one, was actually there on the hall floor and she was crying for the first time as she snatched it, for the big careless scrawl across the envelope was his. "Oh, darling!" she whispered. Her shaking fingers ripped open the envelope and she saw that it was from Edinburgh. He'd written her before he left and it'd gotten here before him. Mac had written:

"Darling, it's a gyp, my being here without you. We leave here early tomorrow morning. Likely I'll be home before you get this, but I'm so excited I had to talk to you, let off steam or else—even if we read this together. *Together.* Oh, Jeannie, I don't dare think about it.

"Stinky and I just got back from walking up Princes Street to the Rock. And the guidebook was right; it *is* the most beautiful Main Street in the world. On one side are the shops and the cars whizzing by, but down in the valley on the other side are little formal gardens, and above them, stretching up to the blue heaven itself, is the Rock—the Rock that is the very heart of Scotland. I said to Stinky, 'It doesn't seem fair, me seeing all this without Jeannie!' And suddenly, the funniest thing happened. I heard you laugh! It was so real, I turned my head, startled, to look, but it was only a girl behind me on the sidewalk. But I heard you saying, 'Oh, Mac, we made it! Oh, darling, we're here!' Well, if we're nuts, it's kind of nice."

"Oh, yes!" Jeannie cried aloud. "Oh, yes, Mac, it *is* nice!" The terrible urgency had gone out of her and she gathered up Mac's letter, took it out to the kitchen and settled down next to the window.

"The War Memorial is up on top of the Rock, remember?" Mac wrote, reminding her of the pictures they had pored over together. "It's built of the same gray stone, quarried out of the Rock itself, so it seems just a part of the cliff, of the eternal Scotland itself. Stinky and I went through the Hall of Honor where a lot of women in black dresses were leafing through the big regimental books, looking for their Jock's or Johnny's names, I suppose; but we went on into the inner shrine.

"It's quite a small stone room with stained-glass windows so high up, the walls seem like cliffs; and there's a great stone figure of St. Michael hanging from the vaulted ceiling as if he were keeping guard over the small carved casket that holds the names of the Scottish men and women who died in this world mess and the last. Hundreds of thousands of men and women. *Whole cities,* I thought. The light was like a colored finger pointing at the letters cut deep into the everlasting stone walls. 'The Souls of the Righteous Are in the Hand of God. There Shall No Evil Happen to Them. They Are at Peace.'

"It did give you a kind of funny feeling, and yet there *was* peace, too. Stinky read the numbers on the brass plate and whistled under his breath. 'Were they all Scotch?' he asked, awed.

" 'Being Scottish or American or Chinese doesn't matter, where they are,' I told him. 'It's the biggest democracy there is.'

"We were both whispering, because the stillness in the little graystone room thundered like an organ does, shaking you and thrilling you at the same time. I read again, 'The Souls of the Righteous . . .' Why didn't it say The Righteous Dead? Then, all of a sudden, Jeannie, like a great spotlight melting the stone walls, I saw them marching, hundreds of thousands of them, men and women, line on line, and the funny thing—*Stinky and I were right there in the middle, marching too! We were all together in the hand of God. Oh, Jeannie, I was right to come!*

"Stinky's hungry. He says, 'Tell her, "I'll be seein' of yuh," and come on.' Did I ever happen to mention that I love you? MAC."

THAT was the end of the letter; there wasn't any more. There never would be any more, Jeannie knew that now. Mac, with his "second sight," had seen what was going to happen. *"Stinky and I were right there in the middle, marching too!"* That roaring in her ears was her own heart beating, bursting. She got up, laid her hot cheek against the cool woodwork of the window, blue to lead up to the sky where Mac was, in the greatest democracy there was, *together in the hand of God."*

Why, it was true! The bond between them still held! The plane had been missing for eleven days now and yet she'd known that Mac's letter was coming, and it had!

I'll have to tell Tony Trazzini what Mac said, Jeannie thought—about his brother Pete. That it wasn't wasted.

Tears blurred so now, that when she looked up through the window, she saw only brightness. She went slowly to the phone and called Mr. Curtis, the principal. She promised quite steadily, "I'll be in tomorrow, sure."

THE END

BOOK THE CHAIR FOR MARTIN ROME

Continued from Page 42

like anybody else. I can even guess the kind of girl you'd pick. All you tall blond guys seem to go for 'em small—say five-two-or-three; weight about 115—you know, curved in the right places. And, let's see: dark hair, brown eyes, and very pretty. You got a girl like that, Marty?"

"No! I never had a girl!" His face lied.

Dietrich sneered. "You been outa stir a year. What'd you do with your time?"

"None of your damn business!" Rome shouted, struggling to sit up.

Doctor Tolan pressed him back against the pillows. "You'd better leave," he said to the homicide men.

"Come on, Heavy," Mendel said to his openly grinning subordinate. "I think we've got something to work on."

THE prisoner relaxed his guard only when Nurse Pruett was in the room, but they had never spoken other than necessary words until one evening he said abruptly, "I like you."

A policeman came in presently and snapped on the lights. With him was a man, expensively overdressed, with a brief case, who walked briskly over to the bed and attempted to shake hands. "I'm Harvey Niles," he said in a hearty voice. And, much lower: "Tom was a client of mine."

The cop warned: "You'll have to make it snappy, Niles. I don't want to get in a jam." He went out.

The prisoner said, "I know about you, but I can't pay any thousand-buck fee."

"I'm not going to represent you," said the lawyer, sitting down, "even though a girl named Teena is ready to pay a thousand. Are you and Teena married, Marty?"

"Why?" Rome's eyes were dangerous.

"Just wondered," said Niles, something cruelly oriental in his face. "My office girl remarked that Teena is pregnant. Very pretty girl. I've forgotten her last name. You'd better let me have it and her address, Marty."

"By God, she had sense enough not to trust a shyster like you too far," Rome gritted. "Now, either get out of here or tell me what's on your mind besides blackmail."

Niles' voice purred. "I want you to confess to that de Grazia job."

"You're crazy! Leggett's been convicted for that."

"That's right." The womanish mouth smiled. "My client, Whitey Leggett. But, of course, he's innocent. Whitey's your age, height, build, and complexion, but *he* doesn't have a girl friend whose description was furnished to the police as being his accomplice."

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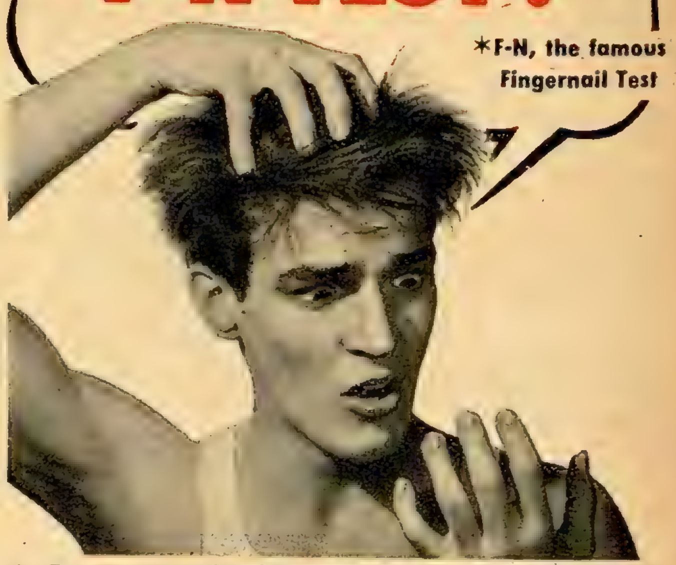

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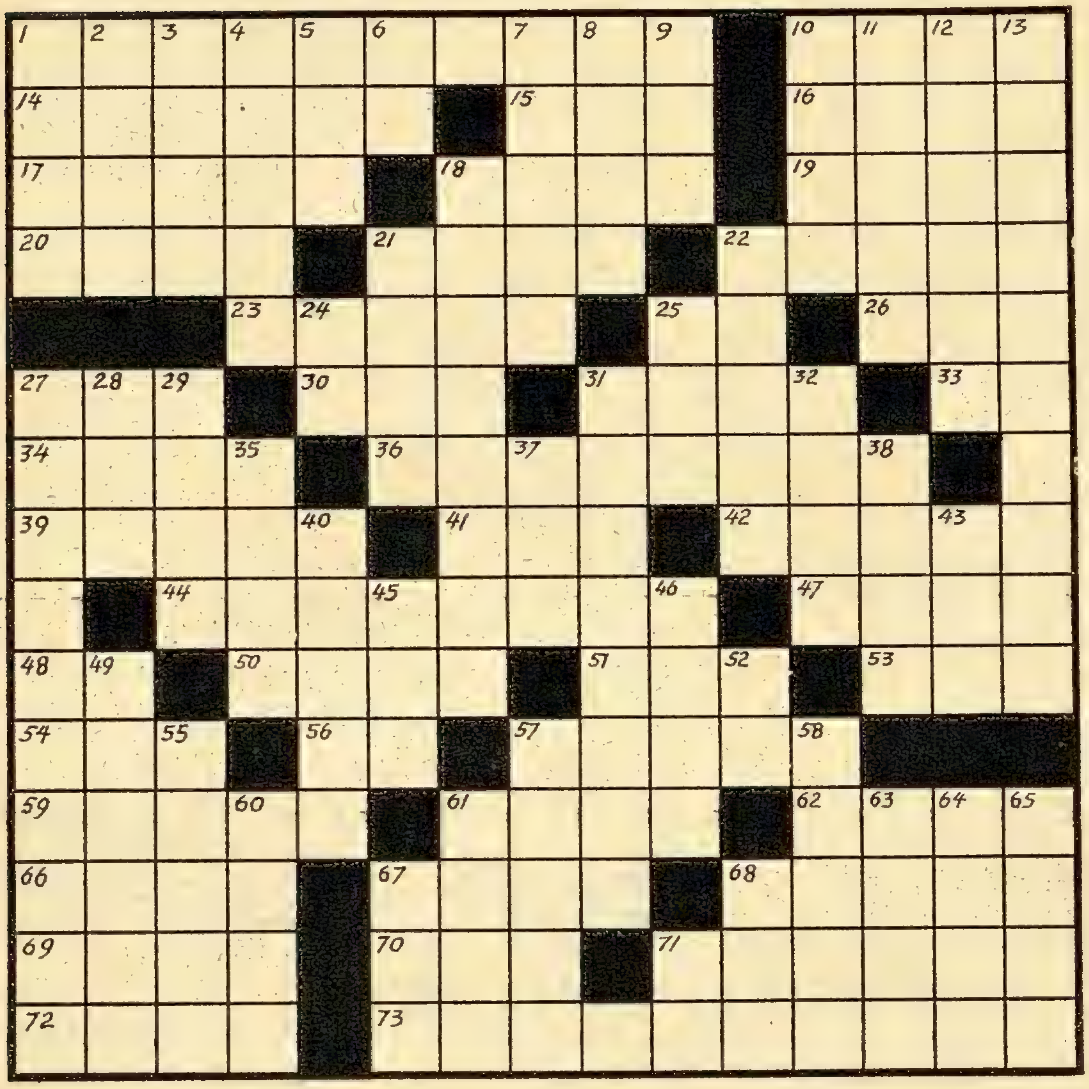
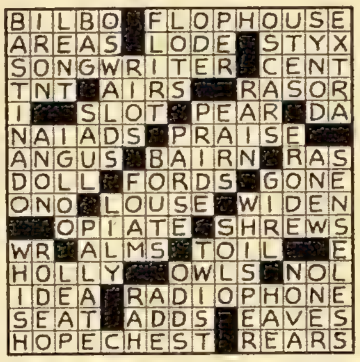
BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Everything went black, they stabbed some VIPs with light fingers to show them up
10 Nazi creation
14 Istanbul bureaucrats
15 Sturdy member of an upstanding family
16 This is big and thick enough to hold an elephant
17 What the acrobats do up
18 Kind of gal you get all scratched up on
19 Der Shtink River
20 Possible source of cheese to be delivered by rocket ship
21 Automatic bill payers and doormats
22 Kind of campaign fought in mud
23 "Thees —— me!" cried the Spanish boatbuilder as he jumped overboard
25 Distance Lily Pons has gone
26 Kind of boots
27 Fermented hogwash
30 Dream of the singular young man
31 Baby swallows
33 Stalin's Bluffing (abbr.)
34 Colo$$al $tinker
36 Snore vents
39 Grooms, a year later
41 *Roe* over (anag.)
42 Annie Oakley of Rome
44 Jr.'s reward for sliding down the banister
47 Cut down on the inflationary tendencies
48 Pill-shooter pill
50 What a hillbilly does when he isn't lying
51 They'd like to see America secede from the Unions (abbr.)
53 Fleur de France
54 Piece of cheesecake (fem.)
56 In time America will see red if it follows this sign
57 It's inhuman what these things eat
59 Byrd house
61 Producer of pear-shaped tones?
62 It will answer the mitey question: One world or none?



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H	O	P	E	C	H	E	S	T	■	R	E	A	R	S

May 24 Answer

66 Most beautiful thing about the University of California campus
67 Something you'll rarely find a farmer in before August
68 It's hard to hit this 'cause of lots of strikes on the nose
69 Lace queen
70 Feminine article, seen around France
71 Thumping good get-togethers
72 It's a standout (suffix)
73 They say we're in for a change, but make some gloomy predictions

VERTICAL

1 Steak that didn't pass its army physical
2 Famed California alto
3 City that consumes most sardines
4 The less you add to this, the more of a job it becomes
5 The farmer set his hens on a stop watch so it would do this to 3-minute eggs
6 It ain't ain't
7 A lot of dumb Klux run around in these undercover bonnets
8 Fans Johnny in a hotspot
9 Air-line's chief overhead
10 The ungrammatical find themselves in Whom's this
11 General office assistants
12 What unkissed girls are in love with
13 You can't tell whether they're coming or going—even if their front ends are first to appear
18 Good examples of hot air causing a rise in inflationary circles
21 Noodle-factory foreman
22 Tasty
24 Hunka hen frooit
25 Warm member of an upstanding group
27 He believes in fewer and Dummercrats
28 Why business men swore from '42 to '47 (abbr.)
29 Men's feet grow flat waiting for these
31 England gains hers through misery
32 Catapulted the carcass 'cross the plate
35 Nut shells
37 Snob union
38 What Britain conquered the seas under
40 Greenland county
43 What he never could say to Napoleon
45 Pronoun and preposition make one Jap
46 What 19-cents-a-pound sirloin is
49 Scuh-ram!
52 What ungrammarians with I trouble say
55 Pixy ballrooms
57 Kind of Mongolian
58 Ste. Marie's favorite seasoning
60 Longhairhythms
61 Turner of men's heads
63 Southern justice dispenser
64 One thing the war doesn't seem to be
65 The army's sure was—ask any officer
67 Kind of Bud
68 100
71 2,000—nice, eh?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

BOOK

THE CHAIR FOR MARTIN ROME

Rome said in a low, restrained voice, "Get out!"

Niles shrugged. "Well, if you want Teena thrown to the legal wolves, that's up to you. I can do it. The least that can happen to her is a three-year rap as your accomplice."

"Wait!" Sweat beads stood on the killer's forehead. "Suppose—suppose you spill the whole thing to me."

The lawyer's face set like a hard-grinning skull. "You're going to the chair, Marty. You haven't got a thing to lose by having the de Grazia killing put against you, but Whitey has. You don't have to admit the girl—if you've got the guts to take it. In return for your confession I'll get Teena out of town, and give her, say, a thousand dollars for expenses. I don't have to be that generous, but I will."

Rome stared at the ceiling. "I'd be a fool to trust you. I read about that de Grazia job. A man and a girl got into the apartment and toasted the old lady's feet until she gave them the safe combination. After they got the jewels and money they beat the old lady to death. How would I account for the jewels?"

"You could have given them to Tom Mills to fence. He's dead. They can't ask him. I can coach you up on everything. Is it a deal?"

"I've got to think about it," Rome said dully.

"That's all right. Meantime no leaks to the cops." Niles' brown eyes narrowed. "I'll have to get in touch with Teena. How about giving me her last name and her address?"

"No dice. It isn't a deal yet."

"It had better be. Don't forget I can tip the cops about this girl. I can even have a few of the jewels planted on her. We'll trace her, or more likely she'll come back to me."

Rome's face conveyed an indescribable threat. "Beat it, shyster!" And Niles did.

WHEN Nurse Pruett entered, soon afterward, Rome said, "Nurse, listen a minute."

"Yes," she said in her matter-of-fact voice, "What is it?"

He said in a low tone, "When a guy like me gets in a jam, innocent people can get hurt, too." He waited.

"You mean Teena, the girl who came to ask about you?"

"Yes. When they find out about her—well, the kindest thing you could do would be to tell her the quickest poison to use."

"My God! You don't mean you'd want me to—"

He said quickly, "It won't be that bad, if somebody will tell her to get out of town within twenty-four hours without telling anyone; if she'd have nothing to do with a lawyer named Harvey Niles; if she'll change her name and not write letters to friends or relatives—and especially me—especially not to try to help me. Her telephone number is Parker 12-4734—Teena Riconti. I'd be grateful."

She said, thoughtfully, "If I did it, I'd do it for her. I wonder if you realize my position if it were found out."

"It's asking a lot," he answered. "I won't insult you by saying you could ask money for this favor—and get it."

"You'd better not." She left, making no promise.

The next day she came in with Rome's first solid food. Tucking a napkin under his jaws, she said, "You're going to be moved this afternoon to the city prison. Teena's gone. I recommended her to some people upstate. She told no one. She'll be safe."

His eyes were softer than any one had yet seen them.

MARTIN ROME, propped by slipless pillows to a sitting position on a hospital bed in the center of a barn-like room, turned a bitter, lonely face from the barred sunlit window set high up on the back wall.

"Hullo, Orvy," he said. His face wore a several days' beard.

The little trusty winked in reply, and took his scrub pail into the lavatory. A turnkey who had let him in shouted at Rome, "Every day for three weeks I'm tellin' you—no talkin'! I got my orders."

Orvy returned and began to sweep, talking apparently to himself. "It ain't right that a turnkey like Mister Ledbetter should be takin' of orders. Mister Ledbetter should be agivin' orders."

Lieutenant Mendel appeared at the door. "Ledbetter, lock me in," he said. "I'll yell when I want you."

He walked over to the bed. "She double-crossed you, Marty."

"Who?" Rome massaged the wrist of his left arm, now unbandaged.

"Teena," said the detective.

Rome flinched. "Don't know the name," he said, features well controlled.

Mendel changed to well-simulated anger: "I regret we've been so easy on you. A man responsible for the de Grazia job deserves no consideration—nor does that girl of yours. Helping to murder and torture an old lady! She'll get what's coming to her, by God!"

Astoundingly, Rome laughed. "Cut it out! You haven't got any Teena, or you'd have brought her here. What's bothering you is you haven't got a damn thing. You're bouncing me around to get me to talk."

"You'll talk—or the girl will, when we get her. You think you're safe, Marty, because Whitey Leggett's been convicted. The D.A.'s office convicted Whitey on the meagerest circumstantial evidence. It could be you're the lad we want. Otherwise, why do you go to such lengths to protect this Teena?"

Rome's gaze fixed on the detective. "You interest me," he said.

Mendel made an inviting gesture. "If you tell me what you know, if this girl is innocent, I'll protect her. I guarantee it."

"If I had anything to tell, why should I trust a cop? Six years ago I might have beat that burglary rap if I'd kept my mouth shut."

Mendel's face grew rocklike. "You're asking for it. We can keep you here a long time before bringing you to trial. No lawyer wants your case for the fifty bucks the court will grant—not even shysters."

Rome said between his teeth, "Leave it to a cop to play dirty!"

Mendel put out a fending palm. "Don't give me that," he said in disgust. "The average cop will play it square any time, when he can. You know that. McReady was a tough cop, but he was honest."

"Oh, sure," Rome flashed back, "louse it up! McReady had me on the floor, loaded with three hunks of lead. What was I supposed to do—pray while he plugged me between the eyes?"

"You walked into that bank gun in hand. You had it coming."

INSPECTOR MOON WON HIS BET AND THEN...
W-WHY IT'S AN ARROW!
KEEP BACK FROM THAT WINDOW!
IN A LOFTY NEW YORK APARTMENT, DETECTIVE INSPECTOR JIM MOON AND A MYSTERY WRITER, H.H. KYNE, ARGUE OVER THE PLAUSIBILITY OF THE LATTER'S NEWEST "WHO DONE IT" WHEN...
NOW HERE'S A MYSTERY JUST MADE FOR ROUTINE POLICE METHODS
BET YOU A DINNER I SOLVE IT FIRST
ARROW... SHORT SMALL PERSON
WRONG AGAIN! H-M-M-M
...AND SO, WHILE AUTHOR KYNE TRIES ARM-CHAIR DEDUCTION TO FIND THE MYSTERIOUS ARCHER, INSPECTOR MOON VISITS SPORTING GOODS STORES
A GIRL, EH? GOT HER NAME AND ADDRESS?
THAT EVENING
HERE'S OUR ARCHER AND, ODDLY ENOUGH, HER NAME'S DIANA
I WAS TARGET SHOOTING ON MY ROOF ACROSS THE AVENUE AND...
WASN'T OUR BET "DINNER FOR THREE", MR. KYNE?
WHY CERTAINLY! SUPPOSE WE PICK YOU UP IN AN HOUR, MISS BAILEY
SHE'S MARVELOUS
I DIDN'T SHAVE TODAY AND...
YOU'RE WELCOME TO MY RAZOR
SAY, THIS IS A SWELL BLADE! SKIMS OFF MY TOUGH STUBBLE LIKE MAGIC!
THIN GILLETTES ARE PLENTY KEEN AND EASY SHAVING
JUST IMAGINE! ME THE MAIN CHARACTER IN A REAL MYSTERY!
HE'S WONDERFUL LOOKING
YES, AND WITH A DASH OF ROMANCE, IT'LL MAKE A GOOD YARN
THIN GILLETTES GIVE YOU SMOOTH, REFRESHING SHAVES THAT LOOK AS GOOD AS THEY FEEL. THAT'S BECAUSE THEY HAVE THE KEENEST, SMOOTHEST-FINISHED EDGES OF ANY LOW-PRICED BLADE ON THE MARKET. WHAT'S MORE THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY. THUS, YOU'RE PROTECTED FROM THE SMART AND IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ALWAYS ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
Gillette BLADES 4 for 10¢

THE CHAIR FOR MARTIN ROME

"So do you hear me squealing?" asked Rome.

Mendel stamped to the door. Rome jeered after him, "Better see a movie, you'll have more fun." But when he was alone, a forlorn weakness crept into his face, and his eyes swept the room like those of an animal in a trap. He got out of bed and began to limp about. Gradually the weakness was replaced by a fierce determination.

THE prison doctor hummed snatches of ditties as he examined the killer and took a dutiful glance at the breakfast tin.

"Look here, Doc," Rome said, "let's admit you don't give a damn about anything except drawing your pay check; but is that any reason why I've got to lie here like a pig in a sty?"

"I'm strong enough," Rome went on, "to wash and shave myself. My leg will hold me up as far as that bathroom. I've got money in the office to pay for my laundry, as other prisoners do. I've got clothes of my own if I'm permitted to wear them—other prisoners can. I can pay for decent food—even including the graft. To me, I'm still a human being, even if I'm not to you. Orders or no orders, you're the man who looks after the prisoners' physical welfare."

To say something pontifical and angry was the surprised doctor's first impulse. Then he stared at the window. He finally said, "All right, son," in a mild quiet way. "We'll see what can be done."

Half an hour later Orvy came for the food tin. "Guess the heat's off, Marty. You wanna get shaved by the barber? Six bits. Or you c'n rent a safety razor f'r two bits. Look, Marty," he went on in a closely sheltered tone, "s'pose you had a chance to make a out, could you take it? Your leg, see?"

Martin Rome studied Orvy—the wispy physique, narrow face, thin hooked nose, and pale, rather childish eyes. He said. "Three-four more days, and I could make it. Why?"

"Oh, nothin'," Orvy evaded. "Just thinkin' out loud. They're gonna let you have y'r own clothes. Door lock's old-fashioned. You c'n work it in a second with a spoon handle. I done it. Noon, everybody's out to lunch. A different guy in th' office, an' on th' elevator. If'n there's a pass layin' there for a guy name of Bob Nelson, come to see his wife down the line, he naturally picks up the pass on his way out, goes down the elevator, an'—he's out."

"But—the pass," whispered Rome, eyes glowing.

"Could be planted, I guess. I got blanks."

"I wonder what the guy who planted the pass would want."

"Fun!" The trusty's pale eyes lit up. "Fun! Everybody scared of gettin' the buck passed on 'em. Lordy!"

Mendel was ushered that afternoon into a freshly cleaned room, and he found a rejuvenated prisoner: freshly shaved, hair combed, and attired in clean pajamas.

"Hello, Moses," greeted Rome. "Bearing the cross?"

Mendel clenched his fist, then decided to forget the insult. "You don't know any better," he said.

"Yes, I do," the killer replied. "Only it's a relief to insult back once in a while."

"Do you ever think about McReady, the man you killed?" Rome would not look at the detective. "He had a fine wife he loved a lot. He was young and healthy. A tough cop, but decent and honest."

"He was something else, too," Rome said. "He was a killer."

"He was doing his duty."

"That isn't what I mean. When McReady had me on the floor," said Rome, "most cops with that advantage would have yelled at me to throw away my gun or get the works. McReady didn't. He thought I was perfectly helpless, and he took his time. I could see it gave him a kick. But I let go, first, not really knowing I was shooting. . . . Sure, I think about him. Too much. And I'm talking too much."

"Keep on," Mendel said. "I'm interested."

"Sure you are," said Rome in a tired way. "Talk, talk, that's all you guys want. Well, you can't keep me here forever. People are going to wonder what happened to the guy who killed the cop—when is he going to the chair?"

"Aren't you afraid? Don't you think about it?"

Rome nodded.

"Somebody has gone and got you a lawyer. We're making it as tough for him as we can. And I'll tell you something else, Marty. We've finally decided to let the newspapers in on the mystery girl angle—Teena. The description will be accurate enough so that some busybody will give us a line on her. Do you love her, Marty? It's out of my hands now. But there are still ways I can help her. For God's sake, Marty, if the girl is innocent, give her a chance. Give *us* a chance to clear her of this de Grazia job."

LIBERTY

Almost frenetic suspicion stared from the prisoner's blue eyes. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Mendel said quietly, "God help you, I don't believe anyone else can." And he went away.

THE young man was the academic more than the legal type; very tall, slender, with an air of genteel shabbiness, pleasant face, and intelligent brown eyes.

"I'm Dana McLone," he introduced himself, "your lawyer, provided you have no objection." His smile was friendly and elicited an answering smile.

"Grab a chair," said Rome, "Who hired you?"

"A very good friend of mine," answered McLone, tamping tobacco in his pipe. "Lucille Pruett. Surprised, eh? So was I, until I learned you were under her care at the hospital. Lucille's a queer girl. She even offered to pay me." McLone blew a smoke ring. "She told me someone else was putting up the money. Could that be true?"

"It sure could," Rome's mouth showed unhappiness.

"The question is, then, do I act for you?"

"If you want the job. I killed a cop, you know. Even a battalion of lawyers couldn't keep me out of the chair."

"Self-defense," said McLone. "We'll plead not guilty to first degree. That'll mean a jury trial. I don't say we'll win, but if we lose we'll have a fair chance for a commutation of sentence from the governor; especially if we can drive home the fact it was self-defense. You see, McReady had already killed four men—in line of duty, of course. He was a crack shot."

"I'll be damned!"

McLone went on, "I'll need information. You'll have to tell me about yourself. A lawyer who hasn't his client's full confidence is badly handicapped."

"I know I haven't got a chance," Rome said, "no matter how good a lawyer you are. I wish—I wish—Hell, I've wished I was back to the day I got out of stir after that first cheap burglary. I felt like I had a sign on me. I got a job in a candy factory, worked about six weeks, and one day in the locker room my prison discharge paper I'd been fool enough to carry fell out of my pocket and the foreman picked it up. He wanted half my pay check every week for keeping his mouth shut. I smacked him one and lit out of there. I didn't try for another job. I suppose that blackmail business sold me the idea it'd be like that everywhere. But I was hungry, and getting desperate. I saw well-dressed guys with pretty girls, having good times. So I began to figure out how I'd get 'em. And then I ran into Tom Mills. We'd been cell mates. He had a setup, and he needed a partner. We walked into a night club one night, and walked out with over four thousand dollars.

"Well, I got my good clothes, the fast times, but I didn't get a kick out of it. And then I met a girl. She worked in a store." He stopped.

McLone prompted, "Don't you want to go on about that?"

"No, I've said enough."

"Very well, the bank job, then," McLone agreed.

"My job was behind the cage, scooping bills into a handbag. I'd forced the clerks to lie on the floor. Tom was out in the middle of the lobby, holding two guns on about a dozen people. Then McReady came in. He wore plain clothes. Tom ordered him to put up his hands, but McReady drew a gun. Tom let go with two shots, and missed. McReady didn't miss. I went tearing out of the cage and caught a slug in the shoulder, and then another one in the side of my chest. The third one, in the leg, knocked me down. I lay there, watching McReady draw a bead on me. He had a funny grin on his face. I knew he meant to kill me, so I let him have it. That's all."

"Didn't McReady order you to surrender, or drop your gun?"

"No."

"Did you at any time before the third shot try to shoot at him?"

"No. I forgot I had a gun. But when I realized he meant to kill me I wanted to do something, so I shot. Instinctive, I guess."

"Are you an expert shot?"

"Hell, no. I had a .38 automatic. I just pointed it and let go. I guess I was as surprised as he was."

DANA McLONE arose. "Is there anything I can do for you—get in touch with relatives or friends?"

Rome shook his head. "I haven't a relative who gives a damn, nor friends, either. But you can tell Miss Pruett that I'm—well, grateful. I wish you'd tell her, too, that pretty soon the papers will be full of stuff about a mystery girl, but that it's all a lot of hooey."

"Mystery girl? Maybe you'd better let me in on this."

Rome spoke with cold ferocity. "Look here, McLone, I think you're square and I know you figure you've got a duty toward me as a client but don't pry. I'm finished, whether it's the chair or life imprisonment—but why should someone else have her life ruined? Do me a favor—forget it."

When the lawyer had gone, and

the strange case of lippy and laraine

Laraine Day and Leo Durocher of the Brooklyn Dodgers are direct opposites, yet couldn't be more in love or more determined to make a go of the marriage that caused so much talk. Read their own story in June Silver Screen.

should young girls marry older men?

Where but in Hollywood can you find the best answer? Dorothy Lamour, Ida Lupino, June Haver, Glenn Ford and other top stars tell what they think in spirited interviews . . . in June Silver Screen.

AND behind-the-scenes stories of Colbert, Peck, Peggy Cummins, Dale Evans, Ellen Drew, Ronald Reagan. In COLOR photos of Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas, Power and Romero, Shirley Temple, Teresa Wright.

Linda Darnell as AMBER . . . on the cover of JUNE

Silver Screen

Silver Screen

Rome felt sure he was unobserved, he got out of bed and began to limp about the room, muttering, "I'll make it! I'll make it!"

"LISTEN, Orvy," muttered Rome as he signed the pay slip for lunch a few days later. "Can we do it tomorrow noon? I've got some money—"

"Don't want no money," said Orvy. "It's for fun. I'll bring a extra spoon with me when I picks up the tray."

At fifteen minutes of noon the next day, Orvy brought the lunch tray, and as Rome signed the pay slip, whispered, "It's all set. Good luck, Marty."

"Thanks." The killer's word was barely audible.

When Orvy had gone Rome lifted the left sleeve of his coat, which was hanging on the chair. Inside the coat cuff was a secret pocket from which his searching fingers brought forth money, crisp, new. He counted five twenty-dollar bills and shoved them into his pants pocket. Then he donned his coat, and from under the mattress he garnered a tablespoon. He looked at the cane, hanging from the bedrest, and did not take it. He walked slowly to the door just as the noon whistle blew. After watching and listening for several minutes, he inserted the spoon handle into the worn lock and levered. The lock slid back.

Twenty minutes later he was walking into a pawnbroker's shop, with a sign: NEED DOUGH—SEE JOE. The proprietor came from the cage. "Can I do something for you?"

"Yeah." Rome indicated the back of the store. "I want a second-hand topcoat—brown tweed, single-breasted, size forty. And a brown hat, size seven."

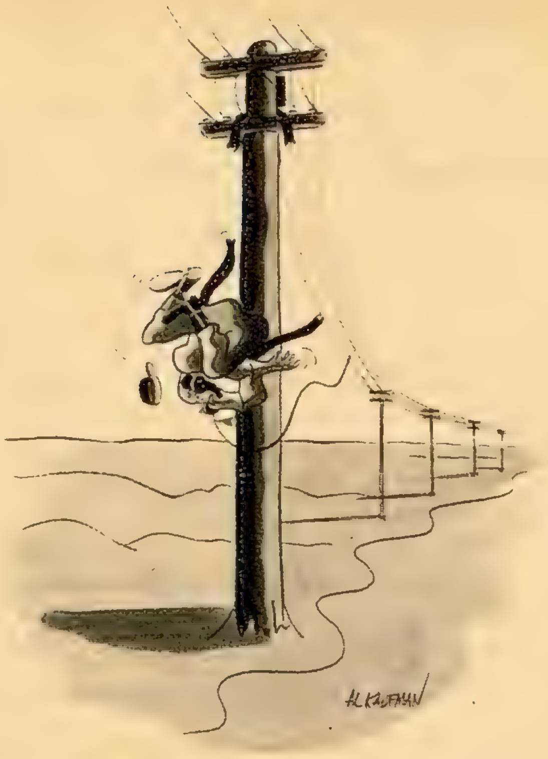
When the things had been selected and donned, he said, "I was here some time ago. I left something, but lost the ticket. A flat package, with two loaded clips. I owe you twenty bucks on it."

The pawnbroker's whole personality changed. "Who are you?"

"Tom Mills was my partner. He got our stuff here."

"Oi, is this trouble!" Joe went to the front door, which he locked. Then he disappeared behind the counter, and presently made his way back to Rome with a long-barreled automatic .38 and two cartridge clips.

Rome took them; one clip he put in his pocket, the other he rammed into place in the gunstock. He held the gun in his right hand, and with some difficulty worked the ejection mechanism with the weak left hand, pumping a bullet into the firing chamber. He slid the gun into the right-hand topcoat pocket.



"Hello, operator—I've been disconnected."
LIBERTY

"Now," said Joe firmly, when Rome had paid him, "out the back door you go. Don't come back—ever."

THE elevator stopped on the tenth floor of Argonaut Temple and a handful of people, including Martin Rome, emerged. Rome stopped, lighting a cigarette with time-consuming care until the others dispersed. Then he limped along the corridor to Number 1055, Harvey A. Niles, Attorney-at-Law. He went in, and a brunette behind a low railing ceased typing and turned upon him a face of insolent handsomeness.

"Is Niles busy?"

"Have you an appointment?"

"I'll just go in," he said. His knee had been investigating the railing gate and found it not locked.

Niles was seated at his desk, lighting a cigar. When Rome entered he dropped the lighted match. "What the hell do you mean, coming here!" he said loudly. "I can't do anything for you. Get out!"

"Shut up!" said Rome. He brought out his gun.

Niles' womanish mouth sneered. "I've been dealing with rats like you all my life. You can't frighten me."

Rome walked forward. "You're wrong, shyster," he said, and he transferred his weapon to his left hand as he went around the desk. "You may have been dealing with rats all your life, but not rats like me." He struck Niles in the face with his clenched fist. The blow had more psychological than physical effect. Niles was disoriented.

Rome said, "Now you get the idea." He sat on the edge of the desk, and transferred the gun back to his right hand.

"Let's—let's talk this over." The lawyer's voice shook. "Suppose—"

"Open your safe. And no tricks. Don't set anything off."

"The alarm is only set after office hours," muttered Niles. While Rome stood just behind him, he opened his safe. From a compartment he took a bulky envelope. "How much?" he asked.

"I'll take it." Rome opened it. "Must be five-six thousand here."

"You won't need all that," said Niles, his brown eyes snarling. He began to swing shut the door.

"No, you don't!" Rome halted the action. "Take out all those compartments and dump what's in 'em on the floor. Go on!"

Correspondence, cancelled checks, keys and bonds began to pile up on the floor. At the last compartment, Niles rebelled sullenly. "What do you want with all this junk?"

"Let's have that last box," the killer rapped out.

Very slowly, the lawyer spilled out of it a number of cotton-wrapped objects.

Rome's blue eyes gleamed. "Get up and back against that wall." The man obeyed, and Rome, one-handed, began unwrapping rings—diamond, emerald, ruby—a diamond-studded wrist watch, and a link bracelet of brilliants. He began to stuff his pockets.

"The de Grazia stuff. You lying, cheating, conniving, double-crossing, woman-faced shyster! And you wanted to pin it on a girl who never did you any harm. Come over here."

Niles lurched forward and clung to the desk.

"Who was the girl with Whitey?" Rome demanded.

The desk buzzer sounded, and he snapped, "You aren't seeing anyone, or taking any calls. And tell your office girl to go home." He put the muzzle of his gun against the lawyer's cheek, lightly. Niles choked out, "No more calls today, Hildy. You go on home. I'll look after things."

ROME cut the connection, motioned him into the chair, and said, "All right. Who was the girl with Whitey?"

"I don't know. He never told even me."

"You lie," said the killer. "Somebody fingered that job for Whitey. He couldn't fence high-price stuff without protection or a better brain than his to work the deal. That's you. I think you picked the girl that worked with Whitey, and I think she's dead—either you or Whitey took care of her. All I want is her name. Now—give!"

Niles, his eyes on the gun, moistened his lips. "It won't do you any good to shoot me, Mart. The girl's alive, but I don't know where she is. Two-Scar could—"

He broke off because the desk telephone murmured. "It might be Hildy. She hasn't had time to leave the office yet."

"I guess," the killer acknowledged, "you'll have to answer."

Niles averted his eyes, and Rome could not see their gleam of relief and calculation. "Yes, yes, Hildy, you've got it right. Take the brief home, then, like a good girl. Good night."

"That girl!" Rome ejaculated. "She recognized me!" He limped toward the door, then stopped with a half-snarl of indecisive rage. He turned again to Niles. "She phoned the cops, didn't she? So she calls you on the phone instead of using the office system. Well, that does it." He aimed his weapon at the lawyer.

Niles came out of his chair. "You wouldn't dare! Listen, you've got time—three-four minutes. Leave the stuff. Phone me later—"

"I asked you about a girl. I guess you don't want to live."

"I'll tell, I'll tell!" Niles stared past the gunman, and Rome swung half-about and saw Hildy at the opened door. She said, "The cops are on the way."

Niles, giving a husky scream, drove at Rome. The killer, with a nervous jerk of the wrist, turned the gun and shot the lawyer in the chest. Niles dropped to the floor, squirmed, and lay quiet. Rome looked at the body with stunned incomprehension, which changed to quick realization.

"You fool!' he told the paralyzed office girl, limping towards her. "You damn fool! If you hadn't barged in, I wouldn't have shot him."

He moved swiftly then, through the outer office and out into the corridor, first pocketing his automatic.

IN a dark, narrow alley Rome stumbled and uttered an exclamation of pain. He was limping badly. He located a door, let himself into a vermin-odorous hallway, and stepped down some cellar stairs. At a door marked PRIVATE, he knocked. It was opened by a thin, baldish man.

"Hello, Gimpy," said Rome. He moved forward into a small basement room, windowless. "Get Two-Scar down here for me."

"Okay," said Gimpy. "Don't lock the door."

Rome limped to a chair by a card table. He got out his gun and the envelope he had taken from Harvey Niles, and selecting a hundred-dollar note, he laid it on the table, weighting it with the gun. He stretched out his bad leg, slouched down in the chair and waited.

It was not long before a big man came in. He had a jagged scar on his throat under his left ear, and another along his left jaw. He said, "I guess I'm supposed to know you."

"I was here with Tom Mills some months back," said Rome. "I got in a crap game, along with Whitey Leggett."

"I got a mem'ry," Two-Scar reproved the gunman. "You got a nice watch an' ring off Whitey. You had a good night." He took the cigarette from his lips. "You're hot, kid. I had the radio goin' a minute ago. What you want with me?"

"An out." Rome lifted the gun and shoved the hundred-dollar bill out under the light. "Take a look at this."

Two-Scar's hands, though grubby, handled the bank note with the sensitive, deft examination of a teller.

"It's the McCoy," said Rome. "I've got more, and I'll use 'em to buy an out. I need a spot to rest up, and then transportation. Out of the country."

"Where'd you get the dough?"

"My business," Rome said coldly. "It isn't hot."

"Listen, kid," advised the gambler, "maybe it is my business. Niles owed me. You got this from Niles' safe. Maybe it's my dough."

The killer's fingers fixed onto his gun. "I say it's mine," he challenged.

"Keep it," said Two-Scar. "I ain't so interested. It's the other stuff. I got a line into headquarters, an' I know they found some rings an' a diamond wrist watch—part of the de Grazia stuff. But they didn't find the rest of it. You got it."

"If I had it, I wouldn't carry it."

"Got it stashed?"

"Maybe." The killer was amused. "This line into the police department you've got—some cops just drop around to give you the gossip a couple of hours after the business happens. You wouldn't dream of asking, because how would you know what to ask about? And how could you know Niles had the de Grazia stuff, unless?" Rome smiled.

The gambler sat down. "I can work your getaway," he said, "but it won't be cheap."

Rome nodded. "I've got a grand."

"Kid, there ain't a flatfoot gonna lift a finger to bring you in alive. An' you bid a grand! It ain't you, it's me what's goin' to make a deal."

"Make it," said Rome.

"I'll hide you out, an' you can pick any spot in the country an' I'll see you get there. But I don't want your dough. I'll give you dough—five grand, an' a out. Me, I want that de Grazia stuff. That's the only way I deal."

"When can you get me out of town?"

"Coupla days. Are we doin' business?"

"We are."

Two-Scar begged with his palms. "Give with the stuff."

"It's in a package," said Rome, "on its way to the post office. General delivery. I'll give you the name on the package when you complete your part of the deal."

The gambler rose. "It'll take a hour to get the contact to pick you up here an' take you to a safe spot."

IN the living room of a six-room apartment Rome watched the girl who had driven him there. Rose Given was pretty under too obvious make-up, but she had the predatory eyes of a prostitute.

"So you knocked off Niles," she stated. "The shyster! I'll buy you a drink for that, Mart."

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He examined her with a certain distaste. "I don't want a drink. I want to sleep."

She laughed. "Don't be that way, honey. But c'mon, I'll show you a bedroom—there's two." She brought him pajamas and told him of shaving materials in the bathroom. "I'll see you after you're tucked in bed."

"Let's keep it on a business level," he told her.

"Dearie, with me it's always business before pleasure. It'll cost you a hundred bucks a day for this hideout. Give, brother."

Rome took from his pants pocket the hundred-dollar bill with which earlier he had intrigued Two-Scar. He said, "I'll hand one out each day I'm here. Now I'd like to get some shut-eye."

"Okay." She kissed the money with affection. "Maybe when you've had a good night's sleep you'll be more worth my time."

He awoke just before noon, and dressed with painful slowness. He used his tie as a belt and stuck the gun inside the waistband. Rose he found in the living room absorbed in a love-story magazine. "You look like hell," she said.

"Got anything to eat?" he asked.

"Look in the kitchen. I ain't no servant."

"Thanks."

She threw a taunt after him. "Me stuck with a sad sack like you for God knows how long."

"Tough," he told her. "Comb your hair before somebody sees you. It's the wrong color anyway. Why did you dye it red?"

"Why, you heel! Who do you think you are?"

But she was using a comb and scowling when he rejoined her.

"Listen, dearie, Two-Scar said you had some dough. How 'bout lettin' Rose have a couple more C's? I'll treat you right." She wriggled with meaning.

"Sure, I'll let you have a couple of hundred. Okay?"

SHE had slitted her predatory eyes. "I listened to the radio this morning. The city put two thousand bucks up on you today, so you're damn right you'll dish me out a couple C's—only, let's make it five. Better give before I really spank. I could use two grand."

He stood up, reaching his hand into a pocket. "Five C's is a big bite off my apple, Rose," he said, limping over to her. "I've got to have enough to keep me going. Let's settle for two hundred."

"Nix! Five century markers, dearie—for that you can cry all over me."

He drew close, and his right arm shot out, long fingers digging into her throat and pinning her head against the chair. She writhed and clawed, and her tongue and eyes protruded. He said, his voice marred by a tremor, "You overlooked one thing, Rose, my dear. That two thousand reward is for a killer—me. I could kill you now. Did you think I'd let a cheap thing like you cat-and-mouse me?" He saw she was losing consciousness, and released his clutch.

She choked spasmodically. As he watched her, a trace of pity slowly appeared in his face.

At last she sat up. "I didn't mean nothin'!" she cried. "I was kiddin', see? Kiddin'!"

"So was I," he told her. "I just wanted you to understand."

He took out a small wad of bills, separated two and dropped them to her lap. "Here's your two C's—and here's a third. I want you to buy me some stuff. Better go and wash your face."

She made off, clutching her money.

Rome found a pencil and writing paper in an escritoire, and began to jot down a list of items. He put a fifty-dollar bill with the list, and laid both on an end table beside the telephone. The instrument rang, and brought Rose, her ravaged countenance remodeled.

"Hello?" She covered the mouthpiece with her palm, saying to Rome, "It's Two-Scar." The gambler apparently had a lot to say, and while she listened she noticed the shopping list and money, and caressed the bank note with her finger tips. "Okay," she said into the phone, "I'll be there. I'm gettin' ready now. I might be kinda late on account of you-know-who wants me t' do some shoppin' for him. . . ."

When she had replaced the phone, she complained, "Always tellin' me what t'do. Well, damn him, he ain't, much longer." She rustled the bank note in her fingers. "This is for me, ain't it, dearie?"

"No." Rome turned his back on her and limped over to the davenport, and did not see her face twist with hate. "You'll need the extra for my stuff. Pick a shop with a good name and tell 'em you want subdued quality. Let the clerks choose."

WHEN the killer was alone, he got the telephone directory and searched through the section of P's. He jotted down the address of Pruett, Lucille.

In midafternoon, he toasted bread and drank some milk. Several times he applied alcohol to his swollen thigh. He had silenced the radio and was sitting in darkness when Rose put her key into the lock. She dumped her packages onto the floor.

"My Gawd, what a load! Where the hell are ya?"

His voice informed her.

"Well, draw those curtains so's we c'n get some light."

When he had done it she put on the ceiling lights. She plumped herself into an easy chair and kicked off her shoes. She was partly drunk, partly excited.

"What did Two-Scar have to say?" he asked.

"Well, dearie," she began, "Two-Scar got hold of a '37 Plymouth coach—not hot—an' had an extry tank put in back. It'll be spotted 'bout twenty miles outa town—he'll say where when he comes here. You'll be goin' to Florida—Jacksonville. He'll put you in touch with a guy there if you want to get outa the country. There! How 'bout slippin' Rosie another C for the good news?"

Rome ignored the request. "How do I get to the Plymouth?"

"I drive you. How about a C note for Rosie? You ain't said."

"You like money, don't you, Rose. Two-Scar paying for this layout?" He moved his hand to indicate the whole apartment.

Rose tried to look wise and secret. "Sure—but he ain't livin' with me, like you mean it. Jealous?"

"Maybe I could do better by you. You're not a bad kid, Rose, but not too bright." He smiled with good-humored contempt. "You didn't get much out of your part of the de Grazia job."

Rose was frightened, and tried to sound angry, "I don't know nothin' about no de Grazia job."

"You're a liar," said Rome pleasantly. "You were the girl with Whitey."

"You—!" She started to rise, but he motioned her back. "I ain't admittin' nothin', see."

"You don't have to," he said. "Did Two-Scar tell you why he's working this getaway for me?"

"Maybe he did an' maybe he didn't."

"It doesn't matter. But I'll tell you. I got the de Grazia jewelry from Niles. I'm trading it to Two-Scar for five thousand and a getaway. He tell you that?"

The dark girl clutched at her

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"Look out for pickpockets."
LIBERTY

throat and her eyes grew hot and wild like an animal's.

"I can see he didn't," said Rome.

She began to swear, a torrent of filth, of spitting venom.

"I don't blame you, Rose. You're entitled to your cut of the stuff, and you ought to know by now neither Niles nor Two-Scar ever meant to cut you in. You were just a piece of change they were going to throw away when they got ready. Well, I'll give you a chance to eight-ball Two-Scar, and at the same time get half the de Grazia stuff—that'd be about twenty thousand after you fence it." Rome smoothed his thigh. "The only out Two-Scar's got planned for me carries a one-way ticket. It doesn't take much brains to figure that. I suppose he offered to split the dough I've got with you. But is he figuring to do the business himself or is he getting someone else, and when and where?"

Rose did not hesitate long. "Some pistol from Detroit, a guinea I never seen before. I take you outa town in my car to where your getaway job is supposed to be, with the guinea in it. You get out, he gets out, you get yours—see? The guinea gets five hundred. Two-Scar and me split your roll."

His eyes glinted. "You're lucky it's not going to come off, Rose. I'd have had my gun on you and anybody else in sight. Play it straight," he advised, "and you won't get hurt."

The bold eyes glittered. "You got the stuff on you?"

"Hardly. I'll probably have to let you pick it up."

"Yeah, yeah!" She jumped up, laughing delightedly. "Let's have a drink on it."

"You have one, and then let's figure out how we'll take care of Two-Scar."

SHE got the whisky bottle. "You gonna plug him, honey? That's kinda noisy, ain't it?"

"I shoot when I have to, not because I want to."

She snarled. "You think you can leave him behind? He's got connections all over the country. Besides, he'll squeal to the cops."

"We'll probably have to take him with us," he mused.

The buzzer sounded a call, three rings, evenly separated. "Two-Scar!" Rose clipped across the room and pressed a button. When the doorbell gave three quick light rings, she eased open the door.

"I'm alone," the big gambler said irritably. "Hello, Rome. Put away your pal, will you?"

"Sure." Rome stowed the gun he had been holding.

Two-Scar plodded over to an overstuffed chair. "Give me a drink, Rose," he ordered, "then we'll get going. Mix it in the kitchen."

The girl snatched up the bottle of whisky. A muscle in her throat pulsed heavily as she went out of the room.

"Everything lined up for me?" asked Rome.

"Yup. Any time you give out with your end of the deal."

"Sure," agreed Rome. "We can pick it up on the way. I'll hold a gun on you in the car while Rose goes in to pick up the package. When I change cars, you get the package."

The big man shrugged. "Rose don't have to know what's in the package. You ain't told her, I guess."

"No," Rome lied. "You got the five grand?"

Two-Scar tapped his breast. "Right here. Small stuff."

Rome smiled. "Times are tough. Show me."

AS Two-Scar pulled out three wads of currency, Rose re-entered the room.

"Don't Rose count in?" Two-Scar took the glass, and she added in a quick, high way, "I made it real strong."

Rome got up. "I'll get my duds on."

Two-Scar was lifting his drink to his lips as Rome limped towards his bedroom. At Rose's giggling shriek, he jerked about in time to see the big gambler lurch sideways over the arm of his chair, face distorted. The heavy body made a final convulsive writhing and went limp. Rose, on her knees, cradled the money, continued her piercing giggles.

"Shut up, you damned fool!" Rome swung over and slapped her, not gently, and the giggles shut off. "You must be crazy," he said.

"You wouldna done it—killed him. The money—it's mine, see!"

"What was in the drink?"

"Cyanide something. He's dead, ain't he?"

"He is." Rome was shaking, his face sickly. "We've got to get out of here." He gagged.

The girl watched him with a sneer. "Let's go, then. But what about—him?"

Rome had command of himself now. "He drove here, didn't he?"

"Sure. He's got a Studebaker coupé—gray."

"All right, then. I want you to go down to the post office, general delivery window, and ask for mail addressed to Martin Cook. You'll get a package, the de Grazia stuff. Bring it back here. I don't want to leave before dark, see?"

The predatory brown eyes were excited. "That's smart! I'll take my own car and be back in an hour. You c'n trust me, dearie."

"I'll trust you with one wad, but leave the other two. Drop 'em."

"Why, sure, dearie," she wheedled, as she let two of the packages fall to the floor, "only you'll give 'em back, won't you?"

He promised. "Now grab your coat and get going." She ran to get her coat and purse, and he repeated the name Martin Cook to her, just before she slipped out the door.

In three minutes he had dressed. In the dead man's pockets he found

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a set of car keys. Then he went to the telephone, thumbed the directory, and began to spin the dial, quick and sharp. He waited three rings before a voice—a woman's—answered.

"Is Lieutenant Mendel at home?"

"Just a minute," she said. A short wait, and then the detective's voice.

"Hello, Moses," said Rome. He grinned a little at the exclamation from the other end of the wire. "Listen, Moses, do you want that de Grazia stuff? Okay, get this. . . ." When he finished talking he put down the phone quickly on Mendel's excited, "Marty, listen—"

LUCILLE PRUETT, admitting the caller to her little living room, recognized him at once. Rome took off his hat.

"Surprised?" he asked.

The color came and went in her usually pale cheeks. Out of uniform she seemed younger, more feminine. At last she said, "I've half expected this to happen."

"Mind if I sit down?" He limped over to the sofa and lowered himself, stretching out that right leg. The lamp threw the haggardness of his face into full relief. "I want to see Teena."

She sat down too. "No," she said, "that isn't wise."

"I've got to. If I don't— It's getting close to the end for me. I had one chance, and I lost it. I can stay clear a little longer, maybe, long enough to see Teena. That's all I want."

"But surely," Lucille Pruett reasoned, "if you believe you're going to be captured soon, you wouldn't want to drag her down with you. I—" she hesitated. "I have a little money. Is that what you need?"

The killer simply looked at her. "Why are you offering that?"

"How should I know?" she said sharply. "Perhaps I, too, am a criminal. You've killed another man, wounded a police officer. I tried to help you, I'll help you now. That makes me as bad, doesn't it?"

He said, "I'd laugh if I could. You—you're just a woman with a soft heart. I don't want anything more from you, just to know where Teena is, so I can see her."

She made little fists of her hands. "Can't you get away? Hide?"

The killer shook his head. "Once a man breaks out of jail, he just breaks into a bigger jail. I'll limp a long time. Somebody'll spot me. I feel like I'm the only human being in the world—all the others are just mechanical things I don't have to give a damn about. Sometimes, though, I'm so alone I've got to touch somebody who's human, somebody I can stand to touch me. That's why I wanted to see Teena. But now—" He looked at her with blank cold eyes. "I can't figure that. I wanted to see her. Bad. Now I don't. I don't want anybody. . . . The cops won't look for her any more. By now they've got the girl they thought she was."

"Now where do you suppose I got that?"
LIBERTY

He got off the sofa and put on his hat. He crossed over to the doors, but stopped and seemed to talk to himself. "I guess you won't phone the cops or anything like that. No, I guess not. Good-by."

She ran to her front window and watched him limp down the walk and get into his car. Then she ran to the telephone and dialed. A man's voice answered, and she cried, "Dana! Dana, he was here!"

Martin Rome drove perhaps a dozen blocks. At one of those neighborhood business corners, he parked, got out, and started across the street towards a drug store for cigarettes. He did not notice the man who came out of the grocery store, a bulging grocery bag in each arm. The civilian overcoat the man wore did not entirely hide the official stripe down each side of his blue serge trousers. When the detective saw that gaunt figure limping across the street, his face grew an expression of almost ludicrous surprise. . . .

THE death house had sixteen cells, eight to a side, and eleven of them were occupied. Martin Rome occupied Number Six. Directly across from him was Alfred "Whitey" Leggett. It was still "free time," in the evening, two hours before the ten-o'clock lights out. And Leggett called across to Rome, "Rosie's on her way. The jury was out five hours. Maybe the bitch'll get an idea what I been goin' through." Leggett was a tall, slender man, close to thirty. Tears of self-pity were close to his shifty eyes. "Now I ain't got a chance, though. If I only had my hands on you for a minute!"

One of the guards strolled down the hall, telling Leggett, "Now, now, cut that stuff, Whitey."

Whitey half-sobbed, "I got feelings. I ain't inhuman like him."

Olsen, the guard, a hefty man in his forties, moved over to Rome's cell. "It don't get under your skin, huh, Marty?"

"Why should it? I get the same number of watts Whitey does."

Olsen chuckled placidly. "That's the way to take it." He walked back to the station beside the desk.

SHACKER, the cell hall captain, came up and the guard reported, saying, "Maybe we oughta shift either Rome or Leggett, Cap. Whitey'll blow his top one of these days."

"I'll talk to Rome," Shacker said in his pleasant, educated voice.

Rome was in his bunk, shoulders hunched, eyes on the wall. Shacker leaned against the bars, said in an easy friendly way, "Seeing things, Marty?"

Rome turned his head indifferently. "Sure, I see things. Always."

"Such as?"

"You wouldn't be interested."

"How's the leg?"

"All right."

The captain showed a hint of irritation. "It's about time you had your turn in the exercise yard. You're going stale."

The killer said nothing, and Shacker turned away. He moved over to Whitey's cell. Leggett twisted his hands around the cell door bars nervously.

"Listen, Cap, could I talk to Rose Given when she gets here?"

"I doubt it," said Shacker. "But maybe you can write her letters."

"Well, thanks," said Leggett. The resemblance between him and Martin Rome was superficial. "Rose an' me," he went on, his voice tremulous, "we're innocent of that de Grazia business. It was Rome an' some twist did it. It drives me nuts to see him actin' like it don't matter."

"Would you like to be moved to another cell?"

"No, no, Cap. I want to be where he can see me. He's gotta break down some time. Him guilty, me innocent—he ain't gonna keep shut and let me take that walk." Whitey's voice rose sharply.

"Now, now," Shacker used the paternal tone, "don't get excited."

McGuire, a big dark Irishman, good-tempered and cheerful, was detailed to take Rome out. Their breaths smoked in the subzero air as they walked around the small courtyard, restricted to the use of death-house inmates. Rome, in a parka-like mackinaw, limped glumly, the heavy prison shoes thudding on the cement.

When they had finished the dour pilgrimage, the guard said, "I'll give you a bit of news. Rose Given was brought in a couple of hours ago, an' the district attorney who got convictions against you, Leggett, and this Given girl is coming to see you."

"I don't have to see any of 'em if I don't want to, do I?" Rome's face was pinched from the snapping air.

"I guess you don't," said McGuire, "unless the district attorney wants to see you officially."

Inside the cell hall, Rome was relieved of his mackinaw, let the stringless heavy clogs slide off his feet, and eased into the slippers waiting for him. Hirsch, another day guard, asked, "Fresh air suit you, Mister Rome?" in the mockingly assumed air of a menial. Hirsch was a squat, flabby man, with small, malicious eyes and loose grinning lips. He sat with chair tilted against the wall, grinning upwards. With a casual quickness, Rome leaned against McGuire and, putting his weight on the bad leg, hooked his other foot under the chair rung and, with a deft jerk, dumped Hirsch to the floor.

Hirsch turned a sickly white. Very slowly he got to his feet. His hand went to his hip pocket and came out with a blackjack. McGuire got between the two men. "Cut it out, Ruben."

Hirsch gasped, "Don't get in my way. I'm gonna kill that Rome!"

Rome's faint smile did not fade as McGuire half-dragged him to his cell. "That was a fine thing to do," McGuire said, coldly angry. "You'll get solitary for this. I have to report it even if Hirsch doesn't."

"That's all right, Mac," said Rome. "Wake me up when you want me."

Captain Shacker came into the hall presently with the prison barber. Hirsch immediately handed over the report he had written. The captain frowned over it, then handed it back to him. "Did Rome know he was going to be questioned by officials this afternoon?"

"Uh-huh," said McGuire.

"Makes sense," said the captain. He gave the dwarfish Hirsch a hard look. "I know the way you've got of needling the men. Maybe you'd better tear that up. Rome's got a visitor—first he's ever had except his lawyer. You ask for solitary. He doesn't get the visit, does he?"

Hirsch set himself mulishly. "This report sticks."

"Have it your way," Shacker said coldly, taking back the paper.

HE walked down to Rome's cell. "A wise guy," he cracked, grimly amused. "Fix up a nice, private solitary for yourself so you won't have to talk to some people."

Rome blinked.

"Won't work," said Shacker. "You go anyway." Then he took a pass slip from his pocket. "Take a look at this."

Rome took the slip and glanced at it: Visitor—Miss Lucille Pruett. Relationship—Friend. Decision—Granted. Time—11:30 A.M.

"I can't see her?" There was real emotion in Rome's voice.

"You know the rules."

"Sure." There was just a hint of pleading behind the word.

The captain was going through his pockets. "What do you know?" he said to the killer. "I can't find Hirsch's report. I was sure I had it. Well, I'll remember to ask Hirsch for another report — after lunch some time." He looked grimly at Rome. "You're lucky, wise guy. I can't take cognizance of any but a written report. After you're shaved and cleaned up, McGuire'll take you to the visiting room."

Back at the desk he took Hirsch's report from his pocket, crumpled it, dropped it into the wastebasket.

SHE was waiting, seated behind the screen. McGuire pushed a chair forward for Rome, and himself retired several feet.

"Hello," she said. "I felt I must come."

"I'm glad—you did. Not wise, though," Rome muttered. "I like you. Don't want you in trouble." He kept avoiding her eyes.

The girl smiled. "You needn't be afraid for me, Martin. I've met the reporters. I even talked to that detective who was at the hospital—the slim, dark one. He asked me if any girl had ever tried to see you at the hospital. I said not that I knew of."

Rome said urgently, "You shouldn't have come. He might have you followed."

"I had to come," she said quietly. "If I hadn't—*she* would have."

"That's bad," he breathed. "That mustn't happen, not if she has to be tied or chained." Then he asked softly, "How is she?"

Lucille Pruett looked away. "She had a fall. On some stairs." She turned her face to him again. "The baby came too soon."

"Is she—is she all right, now?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "I'm sorry she was hurt, but I'm glad there won't be any kid."

"Don't say that!" The blond girl was sharp.

"The world's no good," he said.

"I can understand what you think," she answered. "But there's always hope. Dana McLone is doing everything possible."

"He's a good guy. But he can't beat the rap for me." And after a moment, "Lucille, I've almost forgotten how to say thank you, but I do thank you. Don't risk coming again."

"Isn't there anything I can do for you?" She was distressed. "I feel—"

"Sure you do, because you're that way. There's nothing. Good-by, Lucille."

"Good-by, Martin," she said. "Good-by."

FLASH bulbs flared when Rome and the two guards entered the

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board room. They unlocked the handcuffs and led the prisoner to the table and seated him at one end. Warden Clive, who looked like a successful business man, came around the table followed by reporters.

"The press wants to talk to you, Rome—not without your consent, of course." He took it as a matter of course that Rome consented.

"I've got nothing to say." Rome hunched forward, elbows on the chair arms, and stared at the polished surface of the table.

The warden, if he was displeased, did not show it. To the guards, he said, "Rome may smoke, if he likes."

A DARK slender man stepped forward. "Hello, Marty."

Rome actually smiled. "Hello, Moses."

Saul Mendel handed the killer a cigarette and lighted it for him. He pulled up a chair and sat down. "How does it go, Marty?" he asked in a friendly way.

"I've got this far," said Rome. His eyes were alert.

"You know why the D.A.'s here, don't you?"

Rome grinned maliciously. "Sure, I know. He's afraid maybe he pulled a boner on that de Grazia business. He knows Rose'd get a commutation sure on just Two-Scar's poisoning—they convicted her on that. The public doesn't go for electrocuting women. He's up here to solve the whole business, so that he can show clean hands to the voters. Nice."

Mendel, too, grinned in agreement. "At first I really didn't figure you on that de Grazia job. But since—how'd you get next to Rose when even we couldn't get any kind of a lead on her, unless she was your girl? How'd you know Niles had the stuff? And for God's sake, why did you turn the girl in?"

"I don't like red hair."

Mendel snorted. "There can be only one other reason—another girl, the real one. It's a good thing that Pruett girl who came to see you this morning has a clear record. Funny thing, though—your lawyer, McLone is her boy friend."

"Listen, Moses—" Rome dropped his cigarette butt and stepped on it. "I go the 28th. If you'll do something for me, in return you can come see me on the 28th and I'll tell you what you want to know."

"What's the deal?" asked Mendel, his dark eyes eager.

"Lay off Lucille, and McLone, and the whole damn thing. Okay?"

Lieutenant Mendel slowly shook his head. "I can't lay off. I'm pretty sure I've got this thing sized up right at last."

"No, you haven't," the killer said quickly. "You're headed wrong."

"Sorry, kid." The detective stood up. "So long."

Men began to take their places at the table. Palmer, the deputy district attorney, sat next to a hatchet-faced, pipe-smoking, middle-aged man, the district attorney himself.

Palmer cleared his throat and said loudly, "I think we're ready. Martin Rome—" The killer looked up. "The District Attorney has some questions to put to you, questions to which, to simplify the proceedings, we will require you to answer yes or no."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Are your FEET fit?

With summer coming on and hiking and outdoor sports in vogue, Americans this year are more foot-conscious than ever. Former G.I.s, mindful of the agonies of neglected feet, are educating their families and friends to the necessity for foot care. The week of May 24-31 has been set aside as foot-health week. Good health and good posture often depend on sound feet. The National Association of Chiropodists has outlined four simple rules for foot health:

1. Keep your feet clean and dry; change your hose daily; don't wear the same shoes two days in a row.
2. Wear correct shoes that are properly fitted. The shoes you wear to "dress up" may not be the best for work or walking.
3. Use a fungicidal powder on your feet and in your shoes. It keeps your feet fresh and helps prevent perspiration discomfort and "athlete's foot."
4. Consult a recognized chiropodist at the first sign of foot trouble. Have your child's feet and shoes checked to avoid grown-up ailments.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Rome said in a hard, clear voice, "Where's my lawyer?"

The D. A. took his pipe from his mouth. "You don't need a lawyer, Rome. This interview is in the nature of a private inquiry and has no official status." The voice was an orator's.

"Private, hell! With all these reporters?"

"The press," rolled out the D. A., "is, like ourselves, interested in the cause of justice."

"You say this interview has no official status. In that case, you have no right to question me without my consent. And I do not consent." Rome's eyes gleamed like twin blue marbles.

The D. A. said smoothly, "We have gone to considerable trouble to arrange these proceedings, and I feel that you owe it to us, if not to the cause of justice, to hear what we have to ask."

Rome showed his teeth, mirthlessly. "Not long ago," he said, "you pointed your finger at me and said, 'I demand the full penalty, death, for Martin Rome!' Me, I owe you nothing." Then he spoke up defiantly: "Warden! Since I do not consent to being interviewed, I'd like to go back to my cell."

Warden Clive exchanged glances with the district attorney, signaled the guards behind Rome with a gesture.

Back in the death house, Shacker told Rome, "Have a smoke now, if you want. Two days solitary for you."

THE days passed, since no method has been devised of impeding time. In the late afternoon of the 24th, the Protestant chaplain was let into Rome's cell. The killer, reading a letter, looked up.

The Reverend Berglund said cheerfully, "Hello, son. Interesting letter?"

"From my lawyer. He'll be here tomorrow."

The Reverend took the chair and pulled it close to the bunk. "It's good news, I hope."

Rome shook his head. "He's still trying for a reprieve. He won't get it, though. He's a good guy; always says to hope."

The chaplain picked up this opening. "Have you given thought to man's one true, eternal hope? God?"

"Save that for Leggett. He probably needs a parson as well as a priest." Humor glimmered in the blue eyes. "I just wanted to ask you if you'd ever gone fishing."

"Fishing? Why, yes—yes." The beginnings of a smile worked its way into the kindly face. "Every season, when I can find the time. Why, are you a fishing enthusiast?"

"I don't know," said the prisoner. He seemed to be thinking back. "My real folks I don't remember very well. My real mother divorced my old man, married another guy. He beat the hell out of her, and me, too. She died when I was six. He married again. They booted my tail around good and plenty, but I was useful to have around. I never got to go any place—just the streets when I could sneak away. I think I was about thirteen when a guy that boarded with us asked me to go fishing the next Sunday. I could hardly sleep, figuring how that fishing trip was going to be. I'd have to sneak away, and I'd get beaten when I got back, but I figured it was worth it. Only thing, the guy went on a bender Saturday night, and didn't show up for a couple of days. So I never did get to go."

The prisoner appeared to have forgotten his visitor. Berglund, rising, cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "that was too bad."

"Just one of those things," said the killer. "I keep thinking about it all the time, that's the funny part. I felt like I wanted to tell somebody, so I'd have it off my mind."

The next evening, Shacker came up to Rome's cell and unlocked it. Rome's face revealed surprise.

"Someone to see you. Come on."

There was a man in the tiny visiting room, but inside the screen and seated in an extra chair. Although his hair was pure white, his handsome unlined face put him on the young side of early middle age.

Shacker said, "This is Martin Rome, sir."

The man made no move to rise, but showed white teeth in a serious, attractive smile, and said, "Sit down, Martin."

ROME eased down to the other chair a few feet away, but sat sidewise to give room for stretching out his right leg.

"Leg bother you?" asked the man.

"In a couple of days, it won't."

The brilliant eyes were reading the prisoner. "You know who I am?"

"Sure. Andrew MacDonald, the Governor. What can I do for you?" If there was malice, there was also humor in the blue eyes.

"I am glad you put it that way. There is something you can do for me, but—" He paused deliberately.

"You can't do anything for me," the prisoner finished.

"That is it. Believe me, I am sorry. When there seems to be the faintest doubt of guilt, or possibility of a miscarriage of justice, I gladly commute sentence. In your case, I sincerely regret this could not be done."

Rome smiled an infinitely tired smile. "What you're getting at," he said, "is Rose Given and Whitey Leggett. I guess no governor likes not being merciful to a woman. You'd commute her sentence if she was guilty of just poisoning, wouldn't you?"

"It is possible," said the governor. "Women's groups and religious organizations are asking it."

"And Whitey?"

"Certain factors in his case—somewhat sketchy circumstantial evidence, his unvarying claims of innocence, and evidence which his lawyer obtained from the police involving you in the de Grazia case—determined me to come to you as a last resort."

"Suppose," said Rome, "I admitted I was the one who did the de Grazia job, and Whitey and Rose had nothing to do with it."

"I would accept your word sufficiently to reprieve them, and have my own investigators work with the police in a thorough check-up. Of course"—with a trace of embarrassment—"both the police and the district attorney will want to know who the girl in the case is."

"Sorry I can't help," Rome said. "You see, I didn't do the de Grazia job."

"You mean Leggett and Rose Given are the guilty ones?"

"I mean only," said Rome, with a touch of anger, "that *I* didn't do it. For the rest, you'll have to ask them."

THERE was a definite atmosphere of strain in the death house, with a triple execution coming up. The Catholic chaplain, a big young priest with a stern face, was frequently with Leggett. Whitey rent the air with his cries of innocence, persecution and hate. Reports from the women's quarters revealed Rose Given as being just as easy to get along with as a tortured wildcat.

Martin Rome had eaten the traditional last meal with fair appetite. He just sat or lay on his bunk, blue eyes consulting some mysterious universe. He was so much in his usual character that McGuire told Shacker, "I could almost love that guy."

Rome had refused to have his head clipped and shaved. His left leg showed slim and hirsute through the slitted dark trousers, and the flimsy white shirt made him look thinner than ever. He, as the possessor of the best nerve, was to go last; Rose Given in courteous tradition, was to go first. Whitey was second.

At eight o'clock Shacker came to Rome's cell, unlocked it, and said in a low tone, "Come on, Marty—visiting room." Rome seemed to have no surprise left in him. He got up in his slow, silent way.

Lieutenant Saul Mendel sat in the visiting room. "Hello, Marty," he said getting up and holding out his hand. He looked tired, and there was a stubble of beard on his usually clean-shaved jaw.

Rome seemed not to see the hand. "We didn't make a deal, Moses."

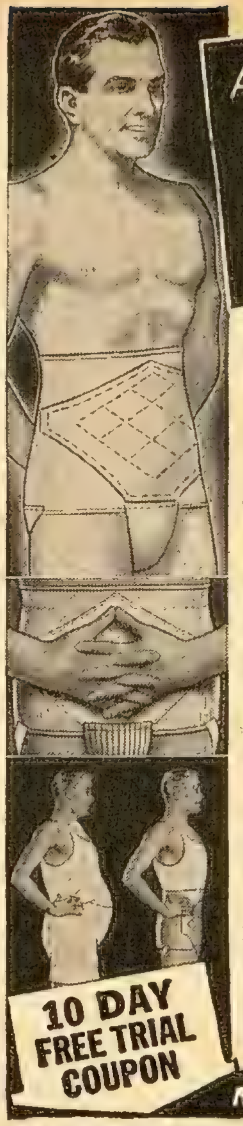
"That's okay, Marty. Sit down." Rome did so, but the detective remained standing. He took a paper from his coat pocket. "This is a list of the stick-ups we think you and Tom Mills pulled. Do you want to look through it and tell me if it's right?"

When Rome handed it back he said, "I'm not sure about the dates or amount of money, but you've got it right otherwise."

"Swell. The department likes to have these things cleaned up. Well—I guess that's all, then."

The killer looked up. "No more curiosity about the de Grazia job?"

"No." The lieutenant seemed to



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approve some quality in the condemned man. "I know you didn't do it. Leggett and Rose Given were the ones, all right. If you'd come clean with me in the first place, a lot of trouble would have been saved, and a nice girl like Lucille Pruett wouldn't have had to risk a prison sentence for helping you and Teena Riconti."

Rome's head snapped up. "So you did it!" he snarled. "You couldn't lay off like a decent guy!" His entire body quivered with rage.

Mendel made a gesture like a careless salute. "So long, Marty."

The killer sat like stone.

Mendel, in an aside to the waiting Shacker, said, "You understand they're to get fifteen minutes." On the captain's nod, he went out.

Shacker moved to the door, holding it open for a girl who stood there uncertainly. She was about twenty, short, rather thin. Her hair, beneath a scarf, was platinum blond. Brown eyes, enormous and beautiful in a thin, pale-olive face, looked up to the captain inquiringly. Shacker moved a little, so that she saw the killer.

"Oh, no," she breathed, "that isn't Martin." The killer lifted his head.

"Oh!" It was a cry at once of pain and recognition. She seemed to fly the distance between them, and went to her knees beside him. "Mart! Darling!" She put her arms around his waist, and her face against his side, and began to weep.

"Teena!" He slipped back the kerchief and, leaning down, put his cheek against her hair. "Hello, baby." She hugged him tighter.

"Don't cry," he soothed. His face had gone marvelously tender.

CAPTAIN SHACKER went out, though he left the door ajar. Lieutenant Mendel leaned against the wall just outside. He said to the captain, "Tough, huh?"

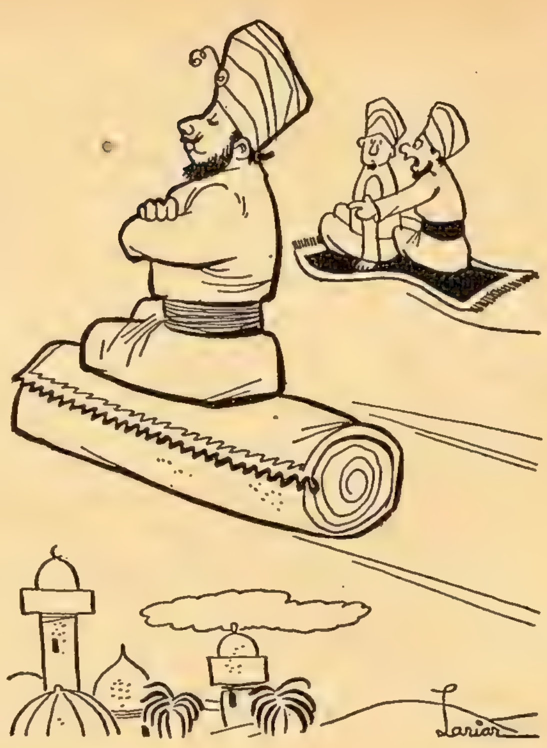
Shacker assented, "All I hope is this doesn't break his nerve."

Minutes went by. The girl's sobbing died away as Rome spoke endearments against her hair. When she turned up her tear-stained face, he kissed her. "You've got thin," he said, "but you're even more beautiful than I remembered. Were you sick for long?"

"Weeks. The Pruetts were wonderful to me. Oh, Martin! I didn't know you at first. What have they done to you?"

"Not anything, baby," he said, stroking her hair. "I've been kind of tired, that's all. How did Mendel find you?"

"He followed Lucille to the farm. He didn't let on to her folks that he was a policeman or anything. And he's been just as nice as could be. He fixed it so the reporters won't know who I am. There were some out by the warden's office. One of them tried to jerk my scarf away from my face, and the Lieutenant hit him."



"He isn't showing his new model yet!"
LIBERTY

Perplexity showed on the gaunt face. "Why would he go to all that trouble? If he has charges preferred against Lucille, you'll naturally be brought into it. God, I wish you could be spared that mess!"

The brown eyes mirrored puzzlement. "Mendel isn't going to get Lucille into any trouble. He said there's no sense to doing that, now that he knows I'm not a—a criminal."

Rome looked intently down into her face. "Just thinking about that happening drove me nearly crazy. I—well, I did things to try to prevent it, but I guess I didn't do very well." He added softly, "Poor baby, I gave you a bad deal all along. I lied to you. You didn't guess about me until after the bank robbery, did you?"

"No." She had his right hand clutched firmly between her own small ones. "I thought there had been a terrible mistake. I didn't know your name was Rome. It was the picture showing you lying on the floor in the bank. I wasn't sure. I had to ask. Lucille sent me away from the hospital. When you didn't come or call me, I was sure and went to see that lawyer, Niles. Somehow, I didn't trust him. Then Lucille called me, and I went away with her up to the Pruetts' farm. I had all that money you won on the race that time, and so I asked Lucille to get you a lawyer. I—I still have the money. Mr. McLone wouldn't take any but expenses, and Mendel said I should keep it because it isn't stolen money."

He patted her shoulder. "That's right, baby, you keep it, and go away somewhere. Try to forget this ever happened."

"How can I ever forget?" Her nails dug into his hand. "They won't really do it—I mean—I mean—you know—they won't, will they?"

"Don't think about it, Teena," he said.

She had his hand against her breast now. "It's cruel! It's not fair! I won't let them!"

A shadow of bitter hardness returned to his face. "You've got to look at it this way. I killed two men. The law is going to make me pay for that. Don't grieve for me, baby. I want you to go away and forget. Will you do that?"

"How can I forget?" she said brokenly. "I love you."

He put his cheek against her hair again. "It's really the guy you first met that you love—not what's me now." He added, "I guess I'm kind of happy right now."

Out in the hallway, Captain Shacker looked at his wrist watch. "Will you give me a hand?" he asked the detective.

"Sure," said Mendel. "But go easy. She's been through a lot."

Rome saw them coming, and rather awkwardly got up, raising Teena to her feet. She still clung to his hand.

"We'll have to let Marty go now," Mendel said gently.

Martin Rome's face was deathly white, but he tried to grin. "It'll be all right, Teena, baby. Be a good girl and give me back my hand."

She looked down at it as if surprised she still retained it. Then suddenly she laid the palm against her cheek. "Must you really go? Must he?" she asked the others.

"Sure, baby, I've got to," the killer said as if he were soothing a child. "Good-by, Teena."

He let Shacker take his arm and turn him away. Then the girl awoke from her daze, and Mendel caught her to prevent her following.

"Martin!"

The prisoner turned his head, and he saw Teena's terror-stricken face at Mendel's shoulder. "Martin!" she called despairingly. "I'll never see you again."

THE executions were due to start at 9:30, in twenty-five minutes. Warden Clive entered through the green door, and Shacker went to meet him. Midway between the cells of the two condemned men, Clive whipped out two official documents, and after apologizing, "The law requires me to read the sentence to be executed upon the prisoners," hurried through the formal legal phrases and handed each death warrant through the cell bars. The priest accepted Whitey's on behalf of the kneeling man. Rome said, "Frame it!"

The warden took Shacker aside. "The Given girl is in a terrible state. I called in Dr. Miles. He's given her something. I hope to God those reporters think she's stupefied by fear. It was the only thing I could do."

"I wish," Shacker suggested, "you'd let me do something like that with Leggett. I'm pretty sure Rome's all right."

"It's illegal, though we know we're doing a kindness. The girl is all we can risk. I'm sorry. Do the best you can. I've got to go get those reporters now."

The shuffle of feet in the corridor lisped into the death house, as newsmen and witnesses went by to the execution chamber. The minutes passed. Whitey remained on his knees. The priest beside him was silent now. Chaplain Berglund sat with Rome, who lay staring at the ceiling, a quiet reflectiveness visible on his gaunt face. Then they all heard the thing for which they had been waiting. Shuffling footfalls slower, more measured; and then a voice intoning a psalm.

The procession passed the open door to the corridor—the warden with his head bowed, a priest, the matron supporting Rose Given, her brown eyes staring blankly; then two guards. The intonations of the priest grew fainter, died away. Seconds passed; thirty—eighty—a hundred.

THE chaplain leaned over and touched Rome. The killer looked at him. "Whitey goes first."

"My boy, my boy," said the pastor brokenly.

Rome sat up. "Don't take it so hard, Parson." He got off the bunk and went to the bars and motioned to the nearest guard, who happened to be McGuire. "How about one of the community cigarettes, Mac?"

"Sure, Marty." After he had held a flaring match, the guard said, "I guess they're coming now, for Whitey." Rome stayed at the bars watching, blue smoke curling upwards past the narrowed blue eyes.

Whitey refused to go. Crouched against the wall, hands gripping the bunk chain, he said over and over, "I won't go, I won't go!" Force was the last thing the guards wanted to use; they tried to talk him into it. Shacker commanded. They brought the warden, stricken by what he had already witnessed. He tried his authority.

"I won't go!" said Whitey. His white shirt clung wetly. His eyes were wide and desperate with fear.

They appealed to the young priest, who said, "It is not my duty to persuade this man to his death."

And then Rome spoke. "I'll get him out for you. Open up for me, Shacker." They turned their sweating anxious faces to him.

The warden gave the order and Shacker unlocked and swung out the gate. Rome limped to the open door of Leggett's cell, took a last inhale from his butt, dropped it and stepped on it. Then he slipped his hands inside the waistband of his trousers, palms inward, elbows jutting outward. He said, conversationally, "Okay, Whitey, let's go."

Whitey said, "I won't go!"

"Sure you will." Rome might have been talking about a walk in the park. "I'm going. You might just as well come along."

"You sound like you want to go." Whitey was intrigued.

"Sure I want to go. I'm sick and tired of this place and all these goofs stooging around, playing copper."

Whitey giggled. "That's tellin' 'em."

"Let's go, Whitey," Rome urged. "It's not much of a walk. The sooner we go, the sooner we get it over with."

WHITEY loosened his grip on the chain. "I don't want no one should touch me," he warned.

Rome looked at Shacker and the warden. His eyes glinted with malicious humor, but he said gravely, "No one will, huh, warden?"

"No, no, of course not," said Clive hastily, his face crimson.

Rome turned back to the man in the cell. "There you are, Whitey. The warden himself says no one shall touch you. Come on, then."

Whitey sidled out with a foolish grin, his eyes darting insanely from face to face. "They're really goofs, ain't they?"

They started off: the warden, McGuire and another guard, Rome and Whitey side by side, the young priest, the old pastor behind, plodding along.

"It's a big joke, ain't it?" Whitey whispered to his partner. "They ain't really gonna do nothin' to us."

"Of course not," said Rome. He limped along, his head slightly thrust forward, and the malice and hardness dropped away, revealing the face of a pilgrim, ill and worn, who has come within sight of his goal.

The chaplain began, in a wavering voice that grew firmer when the young priest seconded him: "Our Father, which art in Heaven . . ."

THE END

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Liberty

The preservation of freedom
is this magazine's purpose

PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

JUNE 7, 1947

Tip to June Grads—Classes '00 to '47

"THE Up-by-Your-Bootstraps tradition is still strong in American life," comments PM, New York's leading exponent of pink journalism. This observation was made in connection with the publication of a new book titled There's Plenty of Room at the Top and directed at those who want to earn more than $10,000 a year.

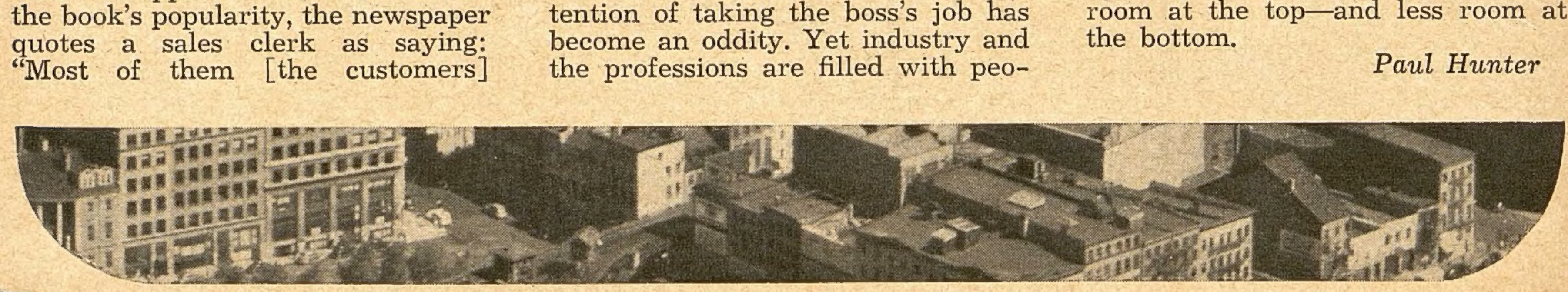
In an apparent effort to deride the book's popularity, the newspaper quotes a sales clerk as saying: "Most of them [the customers] looked like they earned between $25 and $35 a week. My opinion of them was, 'A helluva lot of good this is going to do you.'"

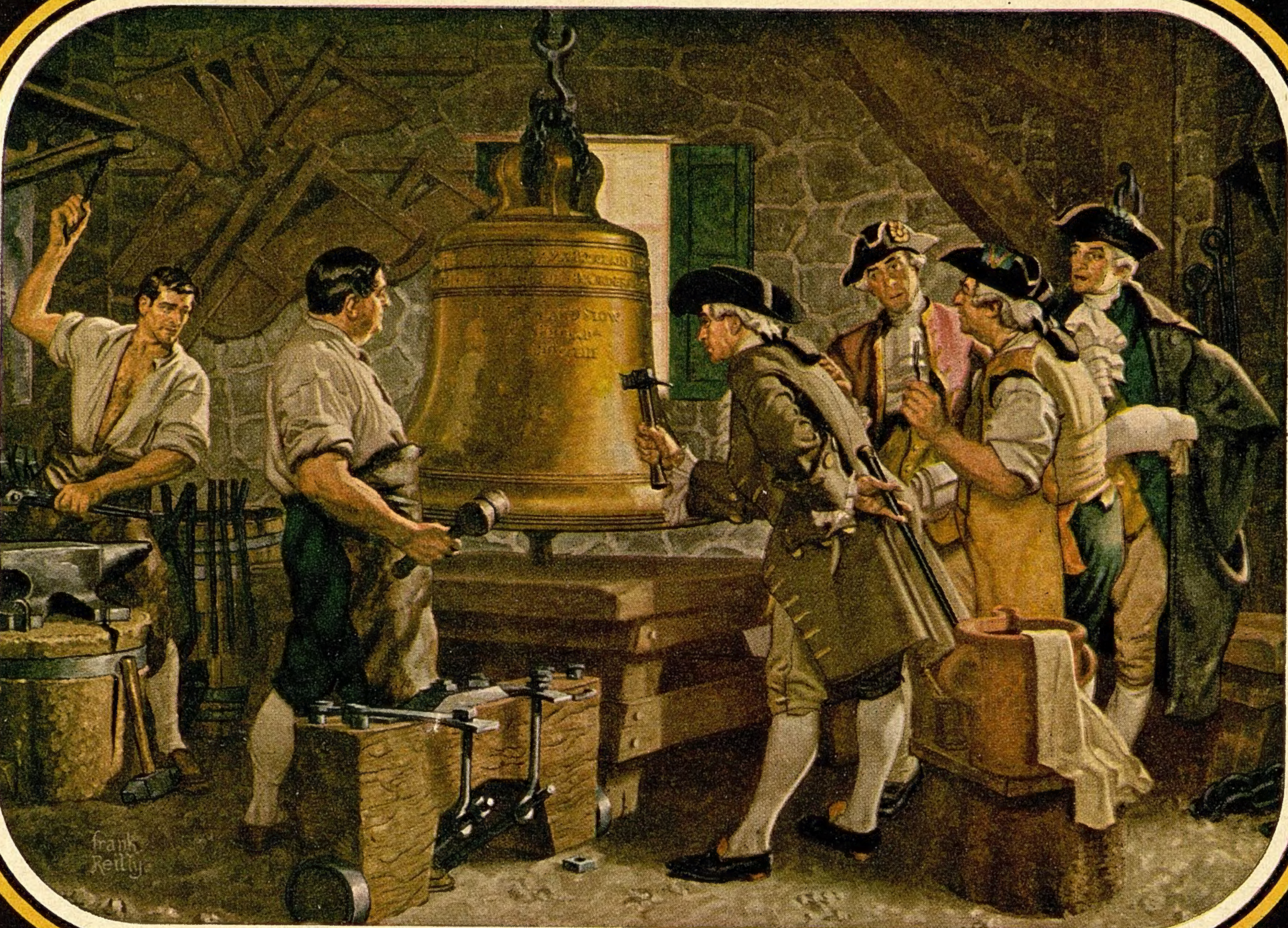
Nevertheless, the popularity of the book strikes us as a good sign. There have been times when we were ready to believe most young people no longer took any stock in the Alger tradition. Indeed, the lad who starts at the bottom with the avowed intention of taking the boss's job has become an oddity. Yet industry and the professions are filled with people who have done it, and within the last fifteen years at that.

Such live characters, in fact, face far less competition in their upward climb than the men who queue up for cog-in-the-wheel jobs.

For the lad who can show how to feather the boss's nest (and consequently his own), the way is still wide open to the big-money jobs. Actually, there never was more room at the top—and less room at the bottom.

Paul Hunter




Frank Reilly

COMMITTEE EXAMINING RE-CAST LIBERTY BELL, PASS & STOW'S FOUNDRY, PHILADELPHIA, 1753*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

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A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

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in a masterly manner and run the metal well..."
...FROM LETTER BY ISAAC NORRIS, APRIL 14, 1753

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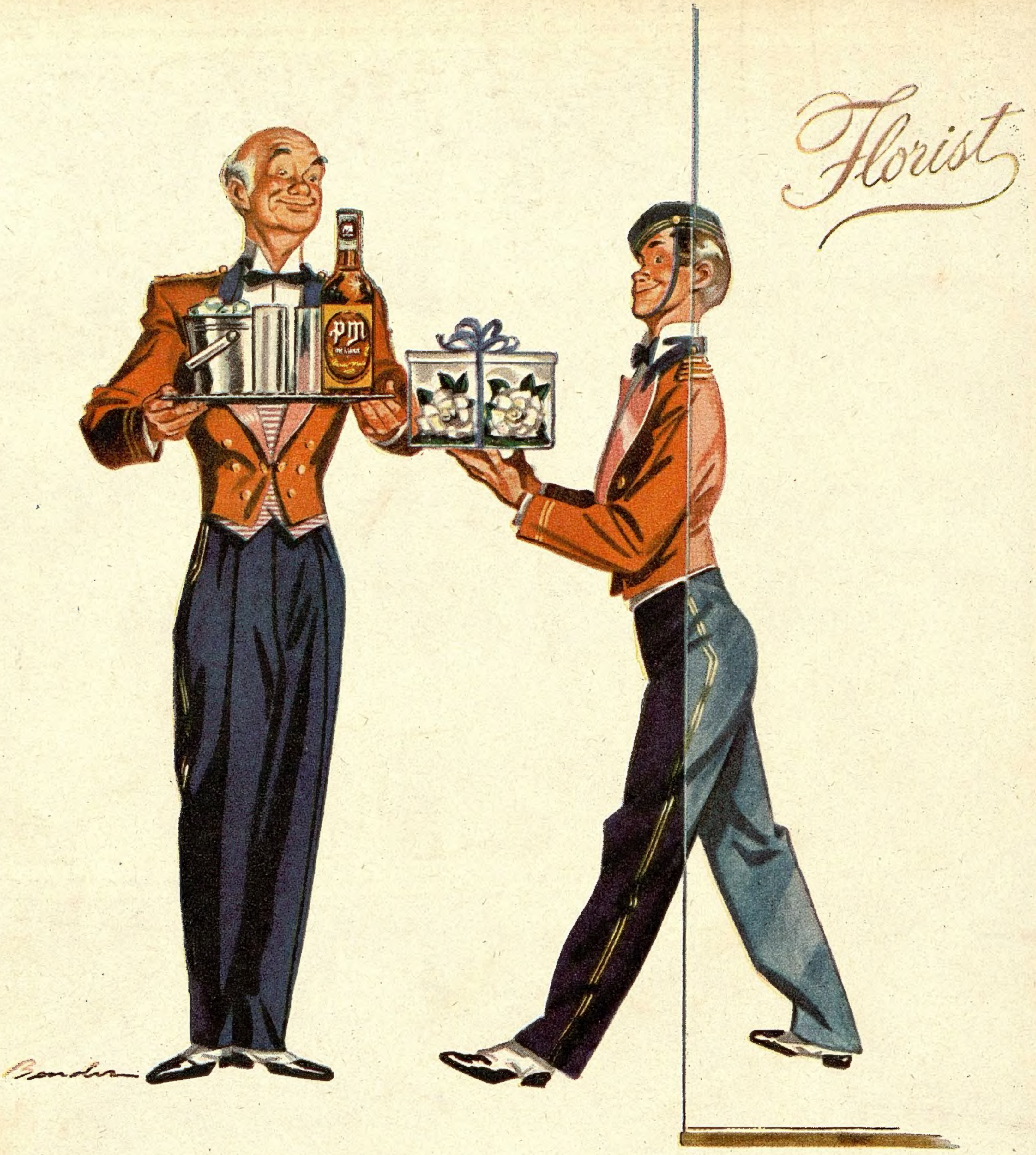
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